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THE

LIFE

OF

John Buncle, Esq;

CONTAINING

Various OBSERVATIONS and REFLECTIONS,
made in several Parts of the WORLD,

AND

Many extraordinary RELATIONS.

Μέμνησο, ὅτι ὑποκριτὴς εἶ δράματος, οἷον ἂν θέλῃ ὁ διδάσκαλος· ἂν βραχύ, βραχέος· ἂν μακρόν, μακροῦ.—Ἔστι γάρ τις καὶ ἐνθαδ' οἰκοδεσπότης, ἑκαστα διατάσσων· &c.
Arr. Epict. L. III. C. 22. Enchirid. C. 23.

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FOURTH VOLUME.

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THE

THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, Esq;

SECTION VIII.

When Love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love;
The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together.

The author returns to Harrogate, and from thence goes to Cleator in Weſtmoreland, to wait upon Miſs Spence.

FROM *Knareſborough*, I went to *Harrogate* again, and there found the following letter, of an old date, left for me.

" SIR,

" As you told me you intended to go " to *London* ſoon, and buſineſs obliges me " to ride up to the capital a few weeks " hence, I ſhould take it as a great fa-

" vour, if you would make *Weſtmoreland*
" your way, and through *Lancaſhire* to
" *Cheſter* road, that I may have your
" protection and guidance in this long
" journey.

" I am, Sir,

Cleator, ſix miles to the ſouth-weſt of *Wharton-Hall*. " Your humble ſervant,

" *Maria Spence.*"

This letter ſurprized me. Yes, dear creature, I ſaid, I will make *Weſtmoreland* my way to *London*. At four in the morning I mounted my horſe, and rid to *Cleator*. I arrived there at ſix in the evening, and had travelled that day 75 miles; to wit, from *Harrogate* to *Boroughbridge*, 8; from thence to *Catarric*, 22; to *Gretabridge*, 15; to *Bows*, 6; to *Brugh* in *Weſtmoreland*, 12; to *Kirkby-Steven*, near *Wharton-Hall*, 6; to *Cleator*, 6: — 75 miles. I dined at *Catarric* on a hot pigeon-pye juſt drawn, and ale of one ear, that is, admirable, (as *Rabelais* means by the phraſe, " We had wine of one ear," alluding to the one ſhake of the head to the right ſhoulder, when a thing is excellent;) and I gave the horſes another feed of corn at *Bows*, the *George*, kept by *Railton* the Quaker (an excellent inn, and the maſter of it an inſtructive and entertaining orator.)

I men-

I mention theſe things for your benefit, reader, that you may know where to ſtop to advantage, if you ſhould ever ride over the ſame ground I went that day. (13).

When

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(13) While I waited at the inn, till the horſes had eaten their corn, the landlord brought me a paper, dropt, by a lady he knew not, ſome days before at his houſe. He added, it was a curioſity, and worth my ſerious conſideration.

A Morning *and* Evening Prayer.

" Almighty and ever-living God, have mercy on " me. Forgive me all my ſin, and *make my heart one*, " to fear thy glorious fearful Name, *Jehovah*. Guide " me with thy counſel, I beſeech thee, and be the " ſtrength of my life and my portion for ever.

" O Lord *Jehovah*, defend me from the power " and malice, the aſſaults and attempts, of all " adverſaries, and keep me in health and ſafety, in " peace and innocence. Theſe things I aſk in the " name of *Jeſus Chriſt*, thy Son, our Lord; and in " his words I call upon thee as, Our Father, *who* " art in heaven, *&c.*"

Obſervations relative to Miſs Dudgeon's *Prayer.*

This prayer pleaſed me very much. In the moſt beautiful manner preſſes all wants, as well as in a few words, it expreſſes all we need aſk from heaven; and if Miſs *Dudgeon* of *Richmondſhire* was the compoſer of it, as I have been aſſured ſince, upon enquiry, I here place it to her honour, as a monument of her piety and ſenſe;

When I came to Miſs *Spence*'s door, I ſent in my name by a ſervant, and immediately *Maria* came out herſelf to welcome me to *Cleator*. She told me ſhe was glad to ſee me, and extremely obliged to me, for riding ſo many miles out of my way, to travel up with her to *London*; but as ſhe had never been further from home than *Harrogate*, and was afraid of going ſuch a journey by herſelf, ſhe writ to me, in hopes curioſity and my great complaiſance to the ladies, might induce me to take *Cleator* in my way to town, tho' ſo much about: but as ſo many weeks had paſſed ſince ſhe came away from the *Wells*, and ſhe heard nothing of me, ſhe had laid aſide all expectation of my coming. This made the viſit the more pleaſing.

In

ſenſe; and in hopes the illuſtrious of her ſex will uſe ſo ſhort and excellent a form of devotion in their cloſets morning and night.

There is an expreſſion in this prayer, which for ſome time I could not well comprehend the meaning of; that is, *Make my heart one:* but on conſidering it, I found it ſupported by the greateſt authorities.

Among the ſayings of *Pythagoras*, one is, be *ſimply thyſelf*. Reduce thy conduct to *one ſingle aim*, by bringing every paſſion into ſubjection, and acquiring that general habit of ſelf-denial, which comprehends temperance, moderation, patience, government, and is the main principle of wiſdom. Be ſimply thyſelf, and

In anſwer to this, I replied, that I if had got her letter ſooner, I would have been with her long before: but that was not poſſible, as I had been at a little lodge and farm of mine in the northern extremity of *Weſtmoreland*, to ſettle things there, and returned

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and ſo curb deſire, and reſtrain the inclinations, and controul the affections, that you may be always able to move the paſſions as reaſons ſhall direct. Let not every foremoſt fancy, or every forward appearance, have the leaſt maſtery over you; but view them on every ſide by the clear light of reaſon, and be no further influenced by the imaginations of pleaſure, and apprehenſions of evil, than as the obvious *relations and nature of things* allow. Let the reſult of a perception, which every rational mind may have of the eſſential difference between good and evil, be the *cauſe* or *ground of obligation*. This will add greatly to quiet, and be productive of much real felicity. It will render every preſent condition ſupportable, brighten every proſpect, and always incline us more to hope than to fear. This is the doctrine of *Pythagoras*.

I likewiſe find that *David* expreſſes the ſame thought in the 86th Pſalm, ver. 11. which is rendered in the Bible tranſlation, *Unite my heart to fear thy name*;—in the Common-Prayer Book, *O knit my heart unto thee, that I may fear thy name:* but the Hebrew is, "*Make my heart one*, to fear thy name;" meaning, Let the fear of thee be the *one ruling diſpoſition* of my ſoul, in oppoſition to the *double-minded* man, which the Hebrew elegantly expreſſes by a *heart and a heart*; one that draws to the riches, plea-

turned to *Harrogate* but yeſterday, when I had the honour of receiving your letter, and upon reading it, ſet out at day-break this morning to kiſs your hand, and execute any commands.

§. 2.

ſures, and honours of this world; and another to the practice of all virtue.

As to the other part of the prayer, which has the words—*glorious—fearful—Jehovah*;—whereas in the 86th Pſalm it is only ſaid—" to fear thy name;" the author certainly took them from the 28th chapter of *Deuteronomy*, ver. 38. The deſign of the dreadful threatnings in this chapter ſet before the people, is there thus expreſſed,—*that thou mayeſt fear this glorious and fearful name* JEHOVAH THY GOD; (in our tranſlation, *the Lord thy God.)* And therefore I think theſe words are very finely uſed in this prayer.

" It is amazing to me (ſays the *Rector* of St. *Mabyn,)* that throughout the Bible, the tranſlators have every where changed the word *Jehovah* for the word *Lord*, when God himſelf gave the word *Jehovah* as his name to be uttered; and as in this word the whole myſtery of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian diſpenſations ſeem to have been wrapped up.

Say to the people, *Ami Jehovah. I am Jehovah. Ye ſhall know that I Jehovah am your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians.* Exod. vi. 6, 7. And *Deut.* vi. 4. *Hear, O Iſrael, Jehovah our God is one Jehovah.*

Then as to this word's comprehending the two diſpenſations, a good writer obſerves that, though God was known to his true worſhippers by many other names, as *God Almighty, the High God, the Everlaſting God, &c.* yet *Jehovah* was his one *peculiar* name; a name

§. 2. Here an excellent hot ſupper was brought in, and after it, Miſs *Spence* ſaid, ſhe was ſurprized to hear I was an inhabitant of *Weſtmoreland*, as ſhe had never heard of me in

The manner of paſſing the evening at Cleator, the firſt night I was there.

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a name which he had appointed to himſelf, in preference to all others, and by which he declared by *Moſes* he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed for the time to come.

And as of all the names of God, this ſeems to be the moſt expreſſive of his eſſence, as it can only be derived from the *root* which ſignifies *to be*, and denotes the *one eternal ſelf-exiſtent Being, from whom* all other things *derive their being*, and *on whom* they muſt depend;—As the word does likewiſe ſignify *makes to be what was promiſed or foretold*, and by ſuch meaning declares, as often as the word is repeated, that *Jehovah* our God is not only *ſelf-exiſtent*, and the *Creator of the world*, but *Him in whom all divine prophecies and predictions center*; it follows, in my opinion, that we ſhould utter this *awful name* in our addreſſes to God, and not, like the *Jews*, through a ſuperſtition omit it, and uſe another inſtead of it."

N. B. The *Rector* of St. *Mabyn* is the Rev. Mr. *Peters*; and the paſſage is to be found in an excellent Preface to the octavo edition of his admirable *Diſſertation on the Book of Job*, in reply to that part of the *Divine Legation of Moſes demonſtrated*, in which the author, my Lord of *Glouceſter*, ſets himſelf to prove, that this *book* is a *work of imagination*, or *dramatic compoſition*, no older than *Ezra* the prieſt, whom he ſuppoſes to be the writer of it, in the year before

in the north, nor ſeen me at *Harrogate* before the other day.

I told her I was a ſtranger in the county, and by a wonderful accident, as I travelled a few

---

Chriſt 467, or the year 455, in the 20th year of the reign of *Artaxerxes*, king of *Perſia*, when *Daniel*'s ſeventy weeks begins; that is, the period of 490 years, that were to be fulfilled before the paſſion of our Saviour. And further, (according to the author of the *Legation,)* that this *allegorical drama* or *poem* was written to quiet the minds of the *Jewiſh* people under the difficulties of their captivity, and to aſſure them, as repreſented by the perſon of *Job*, of thoſe great temporal bleſſings which three prophets had predicted.

Now in the Preface to the book aforementioned, in anſwer to all this (and fully and beautifully anſwered it is,) you will find, I ſay, the paſſage relating to the word *Jehovah*, and more than I have quoted from it.

As to *Pythagoras* the *Samean*, mentioned in this note, on account of his ſaying—*Be ſimply thyſelf*;—he was famous in the 60th olympiad, as *Jamblicus* informs us; that is, his *Elikia*, or *Reign of Fame*, began in the firſt year of this olympiad, which was the year before Chriſt 540; for 60×4 gives $240 - 777$ leaves $537 + 3$, the plus years of the olympiad; *i. e.* $2, 3, 4 = 540$. —— And he died in the 4th year of the 70th olympiad, that is, the year before Chriſt 497: for $70 \times 4 = 280 - 777$ remains 497: there are no plus years to be added here, as it happened in the 4th or laſt year of the olympiad. This philoſopher was contemporary with, and a near friend to, the renowned *Phalaris*, who was murdered in the year before Chriſt 556,

few years ago out of curioſity, and in ſearch of a friend, up *Stanemore-hills*, I became poſſeſſed of a lodge I had on the northern edge of *Weſtmoreland*, where I lived a conſiderable time, and once imagined I ſhould never leave

---

556, when the *Belſhazzar* of *Daniel* aſcended the throne of *Babylon*. And as *Pythagoras* lived to the age of 90, according to *Diogenes*, he muſt have been born in the beginning of the reign of *Nebuchadnezzar*; the year this conqueror took *Jeruſalem*, and its king *Zedekiah*, which was olymp. 47. 3. and of conſequence before Chriſt 590: for $47 \times 4 = 188 - 777$, remains $580 + 1 = 590$. This was 54 years before *Theſpis* invented *tragedy* *, and 11 years before the birth of *Æſchylus*, the reformer of tragedy. *Cyrus* was then in the 10th year of his age.

It is likewiſe evident from hence, that *Pythagoras* muſt have lived through the reigns of *Cyrus*, *Cambyſes*, and the greateſt part of the reign of *Darius Hiſtaſpes*, who ſlew *Smerdis* the *Magi*, and is called in ſcripture *Ahaſuerus*; the king of *Perſia*, who married *Eſther*, and ordered *Haman* the *Amalekite* to be hanged on the gallows he had erected for *Mordecai* the *Jew*, in the year before Chriſt 510.

Note, *David* was before *Pythagoras* 519 years.

Reader, As to the word *Elikia*, which I have uſed to expreſs the *reign* or time of *flouriſhing* of *Pythagoras*, I have an obſervation or two to make in relation to it, which I think worth your attending to.

* Olymp. 61. 1. Selden's Comment on the Arundel Marble.

leave it, as it is the moſt romantic and the moſt beautiful ſolitude in the world.

While I was giving this ſhort relation, Miſs *Spence* ſeemed greatly amazed, and her uncle, an old clergyman, who had looked with great attention at me, hoped it would be no offence to aſk me how old I was.

None

Clemens Alexandrinus ſays (*Stromata*, p. 40,) Ἀπὸ Μώσεος επὶ τὴν Σολομῶνος ἐλικίαν ἔτε τὰ πάντα ἑξακόσια δέκα: that is, The years from *Moſes* to *Solomon*'s *Elikia* are 610; to wit, *Moſes*'s life — — — 120
From his death to *David*'s acceſſion — — 450
David's reign — — — — — — — 40
610

From this paſſage it is plain, that the *Elikia* of *Solomon* is not meant of his nativity, but of the beginning of his reign, when he was 33 years of age.

It is then very ſurprizing that *Dodwell* ſhould inſiſt upon it, that *Elikia* always ſignifies *nativity*. It is the more wonderful, as *Dodwell* quotes this paſſage from *Clement*; and as it is impoſſible to make out 610, without coming to the 33d of *Solomon*, as I have reckoned it.

Nay, in another place of the *Stromata*, *Clement* ſays, *Iſaiah*, *Hoſea*, and *Micah* lived after the *Elikia* of *Lycurgus*; where he can only mean the time when that lawgiver flouriſhed; for, from the *Deſtruction* of *Troy* to the *Akmé* of *Lycurgus*, was 290 years: and from *Solomon*, in whoſe time *Troy* was taken, to the time of the prophets, was 360 years.

Thus

None at all, Sir, I replied. I want ſome months of twenty-ſix; and though I dance and rattle at the wells, and am now going up to *London*, where all is tumult and noiſe, yet

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Thus does learning accommodate things. *Dodwell* wanted to fit a paſſage in *Antilochus* to his own calculation, and ſo 312 years from the *Elikia* of *Pythagoras*, that is, ſays *Dodwell*, from the *nativity* of the philoſopher (he meant taking the word in that ſenſe) to the death of *Epicurus*, brings us exactly to the time. Who can forbear ſmiling? A favourite notion is to many learned men a ſacred thing. *Dodwell* ſettles his paſſage in *Antilochus* to his mind, by perverting the word *Elikia*.

This, to be ſure, in profane things, can do no great harm: but when the practice is brought into things ſacred, it is a detriment to mankind. Some divines for example, to ſupport a notion as unreaſonable as it is dear to them, tell us that the word *Iſos* ſignifies *ſtrict equality*, not *like*: and that when St. *Paul* ſays ἴσα Θεῷ, we muſt conſtrue it, *Jeſus Chriſt* was *ſtrictly equal* to the moſt high God. This is ſad conſtruction, when *Homer*, *Euripides*, *Æſchylus*, make the word *Iſos* to import no more than *like*. *Iſanemos*, ſwift *as* the wind; *Iſatheos phos*, *like* a God; *Iſanerios*, *like* a dream.

And when a divine is poſitive that *os* and *kathos*, *as*, and *even as*, words occurring in the New Teſtament, ſignify a *ſtrict equality*, and not *ſome ſort of likeneſs*; this is miſerable perverſion, and hurts the chriſtian religion very greatly; as they endeavour, by ſuch a *given ſenſe*, to prove that the man *Chriſt Jeſus* is to be *honoured* with the *ſame divine honours* we offer to *God the Father Almighty*, by the *command* and *example* of

yet my paſſion for ſtill-life is ſo great, that I prefer the moſt ſilent retreat to the pleaſures and ſplendors of the greateſt town. If it was in my power to live as I pleaſe, I would paſs my days unheard of and unknown, at *Orton-Lodge*, ſo my little ſilent farm is called, near the ſouthern confines of *Cumberland*, with ſome bright partner of my ſoul. I am ſure I ſhould think it a compleat paradiſe to live in that diſtant ſolitude with a woman of Miſs *Spence's form* and *mind*.

But

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of *Jeſus*, who was *ſent from God*, and was a *worſhipper of God*; who lived *obedient* to the *laws* of *God*, *preached thoſe laws*, and *died* for them in the *cauſe* of *God*; who was *raiſed* from the *dead by God*, and now ſits on *God's right hand*; *intercedes* with *God*, and in his Goſpel owns *his Father* to be *his* and *our only true God*. This is ſad accommodation. Tho' the words never ſignify more than a *degree of likeneſs* in the *Greek claſſics*, yet our headſtrong orthodox monks will have them to mean *ſtrict equality*; and *Alexander* the Great and *Alexander* the Copperſmith are the ſame Being. Amazing! Gentlemen; here is but *One Ball*, and out of itſelf you ſhall ſee this one ball ſend forth two other balls, big as it is, and yet not loſe one atom of its weight and grandure. *Hocus pocus*, *Reverendiſſimi ſpectatores*, the *One is Three*.

And now, Gentlemen, be pleaſed to obſerve the miracle reverſed. *Pilluli pilluli*, *congregate*, *Preſto preſto*, *unite*: *obſervate*, *Signori Dottiſſimi*, the *Three are One*.—Such is the *hocus pocus* the *monks* have made of their *Trinity*.

But tell me, I requeſt, *Maria* ſaid, how did you get to the confines of *Weſtmoreland* over *Stanemore* hills, and what was that accident that put you in poſſeſſion of *Orton-Lodge?* It muſt be a curious account, I am ſure.

This, I replied, you ſhall hear to-morrow morning after breakfaſt; there is not time for it now. All I can ſay at preſent is, that it was love kept me among the mountains for ſome years, and if the heaven-born maid (vaſtly like you, Miſs *Spence*, ſhe was) had not, by the order of heaven, been removed to the regions of immortality and day, I ſhould not have left the ſolitude, nor would you ever have ſeen me at *Harrogate:* but deſtiny is the dirigent: mutable is the condition of mortals, and we are blind to futurity and the approaches of fate. This led me over the vaſt mountains of *Stanemore*, enabled me to croſs the amazing fells of *Weſtmoreland*, and brought me to that ſpot, where I had the honour and happineſs of becoming acquainted with Miſs *Spence*. Thus did we chat till eleven, and retired to our chambers.

But the old gentleman, the doctor, when he came with me into my apartment, told me we muſt have one bottle more, for it

was his nightcap, without which he could not ſleep: he then bid the ſervant make haſte with it, and when that was out, we had another. He was a ſenſible agreeable man, and pleaſed me very much, as he appeared a zealous friend to the illuſtrious houſe of *Hanover*; whereas almoſt all the clergymen I had been in company with ſince I came to *England*, were Jacobites, and very violent ones.

A converſation relating to the Revolution, and the excluſion of James II.

§. 3. I remember, among other things, I aſked this Divine, over our wine,—If *popery* is ever ſo corrupt, could men be debarred of their rights for an attachment to it?—— Are not crowns hereditary?—— And is not *treaſon* in our country ſtamped with ſo peculiar an infamy, as involving the delinquent's innocent children in the forfeitures, or penal conſequences that await it, on purpoſe to check the rebellion of *Britons* by ſuch an accumulated puniſhment of evil doers?

To this the doctor replied, that the excluſion of a popiſh prince muſt be lawful, if we ought to ſecure our property and religion, and, as in duty bound, oppoſe his trampling upon the laws, and his own ſolemn

lemn declarations. If the people have privileges and intereſts, they may defend them, and as juſtifiably oppoſe notorious domeſtic oppreſſions, as foreign invaſions. The head of the community, has no more a licence to deſtroy the moſt momentous intereſts of it, than any of the inferior members, or than any foreign invader. If a king has no paſſion to indulge, incompatible with the welfare of his people, then, as protection and obedience are reciprocal, and cannot ſubſiſt, the one without the other, it muſt be a crime in the people not to honour and obey, and aſſiſt the royal authority. It is not only the intereſt, but the duty of the ſubject to obey the prince, who is true to the important truſt repoſed in him, and has the welfare of the people at heart. But ſuch a king cannot be a papiſt. The Romiſh prince will not only ſtretch a limited prerogative into lawleſs power, and graſp at abſolute monarchy; but will break through the moſt ſacred ties, and ſubvert the rights he was ſworn to guard, to re-eſtabliſh *popery* in this kingdom. Could *James* the Second have kept the ſeat of government, and baffled all oppoſition, we may conclude from what he did, from his trampling upon the laws, and his own ſolemn declarations; from his new court of *inquiſition* (the high commiſſion court) to ſubvert the

conſtitution of the church of *England*, and to lay waſte all its fences againſt popery; from that furious act of his power, which fell on *Magdalen-college*, and his *two cruel acts of parliament* in *Ireland*, *(repeal of the act of ſettlement*, by which the proteſtant gentlemen were deprived of their eſtates; and the *act of attainder*, by which they were to be hanged, for going to beg their bread in another country, after they had been robbed of all in their own by their king, who had ſworn to protect them;) from hence, I ſay, it is plain, that if *James* could have ſat firm upon the throne, his miſguided conſcience would have induced him to the moſt inhuman acts of violence. He would have proceeded to the barbarities, and rekindled the flames of *Mary*. Had he continued to reign over theſe kingdoms, it is moſt certain, that inſtruction and perſuaſion only would not have been the thing, but where inſtruction and perſuaſion failed, impriſonments, tortures, death, would have been uſed, to compel us to believe all the *groſs abſurdities* of *Rome*, their *impieties* to *God*, and *contradictions* to *common-ſenſe*. We muſt throw away our reaſon and our bibles, the nobleſt gifts of heaven, and neither think nor ſpeak, but as we are bid by men no wiſer than ourſelves; or, we muſt expire under

under torments as great as the devil and the monks could deviſe. It was therefore neceſſary, for the preſervation of our church and ſtate, to exclude *James* and his popiſh heirs. The common welfare required this ſalutary precaution. The collected intereſt of the community is the primary end of every law.

All this, I ſaid, ſeems quite right. To be ſure, during that ſhort twilight of power, which dawned upon *popery* in *England* in the years 1689 and 90, its rage was imprudent. It did diſcover its fury and reſentment. In one of the *Iriſh* acts you have mentioned, more than 2000 people were attainted, and ſome of them the moſt noble and venerable characters in *Ireland*. Yet had ſucceſs attended the arms of *James*, this would have been but the beginning of ſorrows. And probably a ſon of chriſtian *Rome* would have proſcribed more in theſe two iſlands, than in heathen *Rome*, out of the whole vaſt *Roman* empire, were given up to deſtruction for their virtue, by their cruel triumvirate, *Auguſtus*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*: And of conſequence, ſince dear experience convinced, it was equally abſurd and vain, to imagine that a popiſh head would govern a proteſtant church by any councils, but

but thoſe of *popiſh prieſts*, as it was to imagine that a popiſh king would govern a proteſtant ſtate by any councils, but thoſe of *popiſh counſellors*; it muſt therefore be owned, that the Lords, and others, aſſembled at *Nottingham*, were juſt in declaring, *that King's James's adminiſtrations were uſurpations on the conſtitution; and that they owned it rebellion to reſiſt a king that governed by law, but to reſiſt a tyrant, who made his will his law, was nothing but a neceſſary defence.* This, to be ſure, is juſt. But ſtill, if crowns are hereditary, and one ſevere puniſhment of treaſon was intended to check all rebellion, were we not a little too haſty in the affair of the Revolution? And might we not have expected ſomething better from the good ſenſe and good nature of *James*, if we had waited a while, till he could ſee the folly of his proceedings?

To this the Doctor replied, that as to *James*'s good ſenſe, it never appeared he had any: and in reſpect of his many real good qualities, they were extinguiſhed by his bigotry, and could never be of ſervice to a proteſtant ſpirit, the ſpirit of freemen: it was therefore incumbent on them, who knew and loved the invaluable bleſſings they enjoyed, to act as they did; that is,

as

as the wiſdom of our conſtitution requires in ſuch caſes.

As to the crown's being hereditary,—— and the ſevere puniſhment of treaſons;—— in reſpect of the firſt particular, there is no natural or divine law declares crowns hereditary. If a certain rule of ſucceſſion has been eſtabliſhed in moſt kingdoms, the ſingle point of view in it was public good, or a prevention of thoſe inteſtine commotions, which might attend an election: But as every rule is diſpenſible, and muſt give way when it defeats the end for which it was appointed; ſhould the cuſtomary ſucceſſion in a kingdom prove at any time productive of much greater evils than thoſe it was intended to obviate, it may queſtionleſs be ſuperſeded occaſionally. This point is evident from reaſon. Though the crown in our own country is generally hereditary, yet that right is to be ſet aſide, if the ſecurity of our civil and religious liberty requires it. If the *pretence* of *James* was a right to *dominion*, in oppoſition not only to the ſenſe of the *legiſlature*, but to that of the nation, then the *popiſh prince was juſtly excluded*, for denying the public good to be the ſupreme law. Had the right he claimed been eſtabliſhed, then our religion, our liberties, and the ſafety of our fortunes, had been

been no longer our own. In caſe of ſuch eſtabliſhment, the glory of our conſtitution was no more. The ſum of the matter is, the royal family of the *Steuarts* being *Roman Catholics*, makes their caſe ſimilar to an extinction of it.

And as to the accumulated puniſhment of treaſon in *Great Britain*, that can only be deſigned as a powerful check to rebellion, againſt a king whoſe darling view is the welfare of the people. No infamy, forfeitures, or death, can be too ſevere for the man, who rebels againſt a prince that governs for the good of the people, and endeavours to tranſmit our ſtate ſafe to poſterity. To plot againſt ſuch a ſovereign is a great crime indeed. To conſpire againſt a prince, whoſe life is of the utmoſt conſequence to the community, is an enormity that ought to be ſtamped with a peculiar infamy, and puniſhed in the ſevereſt manner. But it can be no treaſon to act againſt a *papiſt*, who violates every maxim of our conſtitution, and by every maxim of popery labours to deſtroy our religion and liberties. Every man may repel unlawful attempts upon his perſon and property, and is armed by God with authority for ſelf-defence.

To

To this it was replied, that I thought the Doctor quite right, and for my own part was determined to oppose a *popish prince*, whenever he comes on with his *unalienable* and *indefeasible* claim, to introduce his *absurd and cruel religion*, to deprive us of our *rational christianity*, and make us *slaves*, instead of *free-born subjects*. No *popish James*, to write our themes, but (filling a bumper) may this nation be ever happy in a king whose right is founded upon law, and who has made it the rule of his government. May *Britons* ever remember the *mercileſs rage of popery*, and the *envious malice of France*; each ready to lay waſte the whole fabric of our excellent conſtitution, and cry aloud, with all the embittered ſons of *Edom*, *Down with it*, *down with it*, *even to the ground*.——Here the clock ſtruck one, and we parted.

A Deſcription of Cleator.

§. 4. Early the next morning I was up, according to my wont, and walked out, to look at the place. *Cleator* is one of the fineſt ſpots that can be ſeen, in a wild romantic country. The natural views are wonderful, and afford the eye vaſt pleaſure. The charming proſpects of different kinds, from the edges of the mountains, are very fine.——The winding hills, pretty plains, vaſt

vaſt precipices, hanging woods, deep vales, the eaſy falls of water in ſome places, and in others cataracts tumbling over rocks,---- form all together the moſt beautiful and delightful ſcenes. All the decorations of art are but foils and ſhadows to ſuch natural charms.

In the midſt of theſe ſcenes, and in a theatrical ſpace of about two hundred acres, which the hand of nature cut, or hollowed out, on the ſide of a mountain, ſtands *Cleator-Lodge*, a neat and pretty manſion. Near it were groves of various trees, and the water of a ſtrong ſpring murmured from the front down to a lake at the bottom of the hill.

Character of Maria Spence.

§. 5. This was Miſs *Spence*'s country-houſe. Here the wiſe and excellent *Maria* paſs'd the beſt part of her time, and never went to any public place but *Harrogate* once a year. In reading, riding, fiſhing, and ſome viſits to and from three or four neighbours now and then, her hours were happily and uſefully employed. Hiſtory and Mathematics ſhe took great delight in, and had a very ſurprizing knowledge in the laſt. She was another of thoſe ladies I met with in my travels, who underſtood

derſtood that method of calculation, beyond which nothing further is to be hoped or expected; I mean the *arithmetic of fluxions*.

Very few men among the learned can conſider magnitudes as generated by motion, or determine their proportions one to another from the celerities of the motion by which they are generated. I queſtion if the *Critical Reviewers* can do it (I am ſure they cannot,) though they have made ſo licentiouſly free with me. They may however pretend to know ſomething of the matter, and ſo did *Berkley*, late Biſhop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland:* yet that prelate, in reality, underſtood no more of the method than a porter does, though he preſumed to write againſt it, and the divine *Newton*, the inventor of it: I ſay it. But *Maria Spence*, in the 24th year of her age (at this time,) was a maſter in the fluxionary way. She had not only a clear and adequate notion of fluxions, but was able to penetrate into the depths of this ſcience, and had made ſublime diſcoveries in this incomparable method of reaſoning. She aſtoniſhed me. I thought Mrs. *Burcott* and Mrs. *Fletcher* (mentioned in my firſt volume, p. 275.) were very extraordinary women, on account of their knowledge in algebra, and the fine

anſwers

anſwers they gave to the moſt difficult problems in univerſal arithmetic: but this ſort of reaſoning is far inferior to the fluxionary method of calculation; as the latter opens and diſcovers to us the ſecrets and receſſes of nature, which have always before been locked up in obſcurity and darkneſs. By fluxions, ſuch difficulties are reſolved, as raiſe the wonder and ſurpriſe of all mankind, and which would in vain be attempted by any other method whatſoever. What then muſt we think of a young woman well ſkilled in ſuch work;—— not only able to find the *fluxions* of flowing or determinate quantities, that is, the velocities with which they ariſe or begin to be generated in the firſt moments of formation (called the velocities of the incremental parts,) and the velocities in the laſt ratio's, as vaniſhing or ceaſing to be; but from given fluxions to find the fluents;——and be ready in drawing tangents to curves; in the ſolution of problems *de maximis & minimis*, that is, the greateſt or leaſt poſſible quantity attainable in any caſe; in the invention of points of inflection and retrogreſſion; in finding the *evoluta* of a given curve; in finding the cauſtic curves, by reflection and refraction, *&c. &c.*—— this was amazing beyond any thing I had ſeen; or did ever ſee ſince, except Mrs. *Benlow*

of

of *Richmondſhire*, with whom I became acquainted in 1739. (See *Memoirs of ſeveral Ladies of Great Britain*, Vol. I.) With aſtoniſhment I beheld her. I was but a young beginner, or learner, in reſpect of her, though I had applied ſo cloſe to *fluxions* (after I had learned *algebra*), that my head was often ready to ſpilt with pain; nor had I the capacity, at that time, to comprehend thoroughly the proceſs of ſeveral operations ſhe performed with beauty, ſimplicity, and charming elegance. Admirable *Maria!* No one have I ever ſeen that was her ſuperior in this ſcience: one equal only have I known, the lady a little beforementioned. And does not this demonſtrate, that the faculties and imagination of women's minds, properly cultivated, may equal thoſe of the greateſt men? And ſince women have the ſame improvable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? Why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other. Learning and knowledge are perfections in us not as we are men, but as we are rational creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this

A reflection on the education of the women.

this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies they belong to. And if women of fortune were ſo conſidered, and educated accordingly, I am ſure the world would ſoon be the better for it. It would be ſo far from making them thoſe ridiculous mortals *Moliere* has deſcribed under the character of *learned ladies*; that it would render them more agreeable and uſeful, and enable them by the acquiſition of true ſenſe and knowledge, to be ſuperior to *gayety* and *ſpectacle*, *dreſs* and *diſſipation*. They would ſee that the *ſovereign good* can be placed in nothing elſe but in *rectitude of conduct*; as that is agreeable to our nature; conducive to well-being; accommodate to all places and times; durable, ſelf-derived, indeprivable; and of conſequence, that on rational and maſculine religion only they can reſt the ſoal of the foot, and the ſooner they turn to it, the happier here and hereafter they ſhall be. Long before the *power of ſenſe*, like the ſetting ſun, is gradually forſaking them, (that *power* on which the pleaſures of the world depend) they would, by their acquired underſtanding and knowledge, ſee the *folly* of *pleaſure*, and that they were born not only to *virtue*, *friendſhip*, *honeſty*, and *faith*, but to *religion*, *piety*, *adoration*, and a *generous ſurrender* of their *minds* to the ſupreme cauſe. They would be

be glorious creatures then. Every family would be happy.

But as to Miſs *Spence*, this knowledge, with a faultleſs perſon, and a modeſty more graceful than her exquiſite beauty, were not the things that principally charmed me: nor was it her converſation, than which nothing could be more lively and delightful: nor her fine fortune. It was her *manners*. She was a *Chriſtian Deiſt*, and conſidered *Benevolence* and *Integrity* as the *eſſentials* of her religion. She imitated the *piety* and *devotion* of *Jeſus Chriſt*, and worſhipped *his God* and *our God*, *his Father* and *our Father*, as St. *John* expreſsly ſtiles the God of Chriſtians, xx. 17. She was extremely charitable to others, and conſidered conſcious virtue as the greateſt ornament and moſt valuable treaſure of human nature. Excellent *Maria!*

The author's departure from Cleator for London, July 31 1731.

§. With this young lady, and her two ſervants (her footman and her woman,) I went up to *London*. We ſet out from *Cleator* the 31ſt day of *July*, and without meeting with any miſchiefs in all that long way, came ſafe to *London*. We were nine days on the road; and as the weather was fine, and our horſes

excellent, we had a charming journey. My companion was ſo agreeable, that had it been two thouſand miles from *Cleator* to *London*, inſtead of 272, I ſhould ſtill have thought it too ſhort. Her converſation was ſo various and fine, that no way could ſeem tireſome and tedious to him that travelled with her. Her notions and remarks were ever lively and inſtructive. It was vaſt pleaſure to hear her, even on the drieſt and moſt abſtruſe ſubjects, on account of the admiration her diſcourſe raiſed, and the fine knowledge it communicated, to one who underſtood her. I will give an inſtance.

§. 7. In riding over the mountains the firſt day, we miſſed the road in the evening, and inſtead of getting to a very good inn, where we intended to reſt, we were forced to ſtop at a poor little public houſe, and right glad to get in there, as the evening was tempeſtuous and wet, dark and cold. Here we got ſome bacon and freſh eggs for ſupper, and the ale was good, which amuſed us well enough till nine o'clock. We then propoſed to play at cribbage for an hour, and called for a pack of cards; but they had none in the houſe, and we were obliged to divert ourſelves with converſation,

verſation, till it was time to retire. Miſs *Spence* began in the following manner.

A diſcourſe on fluxions.

Was *Newton*, Sir, or *Leibnitz*, the author of that method of calculation, which lends its aid and aſſiſtance to all the other mathematical ſciences, and that in their greateſt wants and diſtreſſes? I have heard a foreigner affirm, that the *German* was the inventor of fluxions.

That cannot be (I replied.) In the year 1696, Dr. *Barrow* received from Mr. *Newton* a demonſtration of the rule of the *quadrature of curves*, which the Doctor communicated to Mr. *Collins*; and as this is the foundation of *fluxions*, and the *differential calculus*, it is evident Mr. *Newton* had invented the method before that time.

In the beginning of the year 1673, *Leibnitz* was in *England*, again in *October* 1676; and the interval of this time he ſpent in *France*, during which he kept a correſpondence with *Oldenburgh*, and by his means with *J. Collins*; and ſometimes alſo with *Newton*, from the laſt of whom he received a letter, dated *June* 18, 1676, wherein is taught the method of reducing quantities into infinite ſeries, that is, of

exhibiting the increments of flowing quantities. This method was utterly unknown to *Leibnitz*, before he received the above-ſaid letter of *Newton*'s, as he himſelf acknowledges in a letter to *Oldenburgh*, dated *Auguſt* 27, 1676; for before that time, he ſays in his letter, he was obliged to transform an irrational quantity into a rational fraction, and then by diviſion, after the method of *Mercator*, to reduce the fraction into a ſeries.

It is likewiſe certain, that *Leibnitz* did not then underſtand theſe ſeries, becauſe, in the ſame letter, he deſires *Newton* would explain to him the manner how he got theſe ſeries. And again in a ſecond letter from *Newton* to *Leibnitz*, dated *October* 24, 1676, he gives yet clearer hints of his method, and illuſtrates it by examples, and lays down a rule, by which, from the ordinates of certain curves, their areas may be obtained in finite terms, when it is poſſible.

By theſe lights, and aſſiſted by ſuch examples, the acute *Leibnitz* might have learned the *Newtonian* method.

It

It is plain he did ſo; for in 1684, he firſt publiſhed, in the *Leipſic Acts*, his *Elements of the Differential Calculus*, without pretending to have had the method before the year 1677, the year he received the two letters from *Newton*: and yet, when Sir *Iſaac* publiſhed his books of the number of curves of the firſt kind, and of the quadrature of figures, the editors of the *Acts* ſaid *Leibnitz* was the firſt inventor of the *differential calculus*, and *Newton* had ſubſtituted *fluxions* for *differences*, juſt as *Honoratus Faber*, in his *Synopſis Geometrica*, had ſubſtituted a progreſſion of motion for *Cavallerius*'s method of indiviſibles; that is, *Leibnitz* was the firſt inventor of the method, *Newton* had received it from him (from his *Elements of the Differential Calculus,*) and had ſubſtituted *fluxions* for *differences*; but the way of inveſtigation in each is the ſame, and both center in the ſame concluſions.

This excited Mr. *Keil* to reply; and he made it appear very plain from Sir *Iſaac*'s letters, publiſhed by Dr. *Wallis*, that he *(Newton)* was the firſt inventor of the algorith, or practical rules of fluxions; and *Leibnitz* did no more than publiſh the ſame, with an alteration of the name, and manner of notation. This however did not ſilence *Leibnitz*, nor ſatisfy the foreigners who admired

mired him. He abuſed Dr. *Keil*, and appealed to the Royal Society againſt him; that they would be pleaſed to reſtrain the Doctor's vain babblings and unjuſt calumniations, and report their judgment as he thought they ought to do, that is, in his favour. But this was not in the power of the Society, if they did juſtice; for it appeared quite clear to a committee of the members, appointed to examine the original letters, and other papers, relating to the matter, which were left by Mr. *Oldenburgh* and Mr. *J. Collins*, that Sir *Iſaac Newton* was the firſt *inventor* of *fluxions*; and accordingly they publiſhed their opinion. This determines the affair. When this is the caſe, it is ſenſeleſs for any foreigner to ſay *Leibnitz* was the author of fluxions. To the divine *Newton* belongs this greateſt work of genius, and the nobleſt thought that ever entered the human mind.

It muſt be ſo (*Maria* replied:) As the caſe is ſtated, Sir *Iſaac Newton* was moſt certainly the inventor of the method of fluxions: And ſuppoſing *Leibnitz* had been able to diſcover and work the *differential calculus*, without the lights he received from *Newton*, it would not from thence follow, that he underſtood the true method of *fluxi-*

ons:

ons: for, though a *differential* has been, and to this day is, by many, called a *fluxion*, and a *fluxion* a *differential*, yet it is an abuſe of terms. A *fluxion* has no relation to a *differential*, nor a *differential* to a *fluxion*. The principles upon which the methods are founded ſhew them to be very different; notwithſtanding the way of inveſtigation in each be the ſame, and that both center in the ſame concluſions: nor can the *differential* method perform what the *fluxionary* method can. The excellency of the *fluxionary* method is far above the *differential*.

This remark on the two methods ſurprized me very much, and eſpecially as it was made by a young lady. I had not then a notion of the difference, and had been taught by my maſter to proceed on the principles of the *Differential Calculus*. This made me requeſt an explication of the matter, and *Maria* went on in the following manner.

Magnitudes, as made up of an infinite number of very ſmall conſtituent parts put together, are the work of the *Differential Calculus*; but by the *fluxionary* method, we are taught to conſider magnitudes as generated by motion. A deſcribed line in this

way, is not generated by an *appoſition* of points, or *differentials*, but by the *notion* or *flux* of a point; and the velocity of the generating point in the firſt moment of its formation, or generation, is called its fluxion. In forming magnitudes after the *differential* way, we conceive them as made up of an infinite number of ſmall conſtituent parts, ſo diſpoſed as to produce a magnitude of a given form; that theſe parts are to each other as the magnitudes of which they are *differentials*; and that one infinitely ſmall part, or *differential*, muſt be infinitely great, with reſpect to another *differential*, or infinitely ſmall part: but by *fluxion*, or the law of *flowing*, we determine the proportion of magnitudes one to another, from the celerities of the motions by which they are generated. This moſt certainly is the pureſt abſtracted way of reaſoning. Our conſidering the different degrees of magnitude, as ariſing from an increaſing ſeries of mutations of velocity, is much more ſimple, and leſs perplexed than the other way; and the operations founded on *fluxions*, muſt be much more clear, accurate, and convincing, than thoſe that are founded on the *Differential Calculus*. There is a great difference in operations, when quantities are rejected, becauſe they really vaniſh;——and when they

they are rejected, becauſe they are infinitely ſmall: the latter method, which is the *differential*, muſt leave the mind in ambiguity and confuſion, and cannot in many caſes come up to the truth. It is a very great error then to call *differentials*, *fluxions*, and quite wrong to begin with the *differential* method, in order to learn the law or manner of *flowing*.

With amazement I heard this diſcourſe, and requeſted to know by what maſter, and what method, ſhe obtained theſe notions; for they were far beyond every thing on the ſubject that I had ever met with. What ſhe ſaid concerning the nature and idea of *fluxions*, I thought juſt and beautiful, and I believe it was in her power, to ſhew the *baſes* on which they are erected.

An account of Martin Murdoch.

My maſter, Sir, (*Maria* anſwered) was a poor traveller, a Scotchman, one *Martin Murdoch*, who came by accident to my father's houſe, to aſk relief, when I was about fifteen years old. He told us, he was the ſon of one of the miniſters of *Scotland*, and came from the remoteſt part of the Highlands: that his father taught him mathematics, and left him, at his death, a little ſtock on a ſmall farm;

but misfortunes and accidents obliged him in a ſhort time to break up houſe, and he was going to *London*, to try if he could get any thing there, by teaching arithmetic of every kind. My father, who was an hoſpitable man, invited him to ſtay with us a few days, and the parſon of our pariſh ſoon found, that he had not only a very extraordinary underſtanding, but was particularly excellent at figures, and the other branches of the mathematics. My father upon this, agreed with him to be my preceptor for five years, and during four years and nine months of that time, he took the greateſt pains to make me as perfect as he could in arithmetic, trigonometry, geometry, algebra, and fluxions. As I delighted in the ſtudy above all things, I was a great proficient for ſo few years, and had *Murdoch* been longer with me, I ſhould have been well acquainted with the whole glorious ſtructure: but towards the end of the fifth year, this poor *Archimedes* was unfortunately drowned, in croſſing one of our rivers, in the winter time, and went in that uncomfortable way, in the thirty-ſixth year of his year, to the enjoyment of that felicity and glory, which God has prepared for a virtuous life and honeſt heart. Why ſuch men, as the poor and admirable *Murdoch*, have often ſuch hard meaſure in this world,

world, is not in my power to account for; nor do I believe any one can: but what I tell you is one of thoſe ſurprizing things, and I lamented not a little the loſs of ſuch a maſter. Still however I continued to ſtudy by many written rules he had given me, and to this day, mathematics are the greateſt pleaſure of my life.

As to our method, my maſter, in the firſt place, made me perfectly underſtand arithmetic, and then geometry and algebra, in all their parts and improvements, the methods of ſeries, doctrine of proportions, nature of logarithms, mechanics, and laws of motion: from thence we proceeded to the pure doctrine of *fluxions*, and at laſt looked into the *Differential Calculus*. In this true way my excellent maſter led me, and in the ſame difficult path every one muſt go, who intends to learn *Fluxions*. It would be but loſt labour for any perſon to attempt them, who was unacquainted with theſe *Precognita*.

When we turned to *fluxions*, the firſt thing my maſter did, was to inſtruct me in the arithmetic of *exponents*, the nature of powers, and the manner of their generation. We went next to the doctrine of infinite ſeries; and then, to the manner of gene-

generating *mathematical quantities*. This generation of quantities was my firſt ſtep into *fluxions*, and my maſter ſo amply explained the nature of them, in this operation, that I was able to form a *juſt idea* of a *firſt fluxion*, though thought by many to be *incomprehenſible*. We proceeded from thence to the *notation* and *algorithm* of *firſt fluxions*; to the finding ſecond, third, *&c.* *fluxions*; the finding *fluxions* of *exponential quantities*; and the *fluents* from given *fluxions*; to their uſes in drawing *tangents* to *curves*; in finding the *areas* of *ſpaces*; the *valves* of *ſurfaces*; and the *contents* of *ſolids*; their *percuſſion*, *oſcillation*, and *centers of gravity*. All theſe things my maſter ſo happily explained to my underſtanding, that I was able to work with eaſe, and found no more difficulty in conceiving an adequate notion of a *naſcent* or *evaneſcent quantity*, than in forming a true idea of a *mathematical point*. In ſhort, by the time I had ſtudied fluxions two years, I not only underſtood their fundamental principles and operations, and could inveſtigate, and give the ſolution of the moſt general and uſeful problems in the mathematics; but likewiſe, ſolve ſeveral problems that occur in the phænomena of nature.

Here

Here *Maria* ſtopped, and as ſoon as aſtoniſhment would permit me to ſpeak, I propoſed to her ſeveral difficult queſtions, I had heard, but was not then able to anſwer. I requeſted her, in the firſt place, to inform me, how the time of a body's deſcending through any arch of a cycloid was found: and if ten hundred weight avoirdupoiſe, hanging on a bar of ſteel perfectly elaſtic, and ſupported at both ends, will juſt break the bar, what muſt be the weight of a globe, falling perpendicular 185 feet on the middle of the bar, to have the ſame effect?——My next queſtions were, how long, and how far, ought a given globe to deſcend by its comparative weight in a medium of a given denſity, but without reſiſtance, to acquire the greateſt velocity it is capable of in deſcending with the ſame weight, and in the ſame medium, with reſiſtance?—And how are we to find the value of a ſolid formed by the rotation of this curvilinear ſpace, A C D about the axis A D, the general equation, expreſſing the nature of the curve, being $y = \frac{\overline{a-x \times x}^{\frac{m}{n}}}{\overline{an}^{\frac{m}{n}}}$?—

How is the center of gravity to be found of the ſpace incloſed by an hyperbola, and its

its aſymptete? And how are we to find the center of oſcillation of a ſphere revolving about the line P A M, a tangent, to the generating circle F A H, in the point A, as an axis?—Theſe queſtions *Maria* anſwered with a celerity and elegance that again amazed me, and convinced me that, notwithſtanding the *Right Rev. metaphyſical diſputant*, Dr. *Berkley*, late biſhop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland*, could not underſtand the doctrine of fluxions, and therefore did all he could to diſgrace them, and the few mathematicians who have ſtudied magnitudes as generated by motion; yet, the doctrine, as delivered by the divine *Newton*, may be clearly conceived, and diſtinctly comprehended; that the principles upon which it is founded, are *true*, and the demonſtrations of its rules *concluſive*. No oppoſition can hurt it.

When I obſerved, that ſome learned men will not allow that a velocity which continues for no time at all, can poſſibly deſcribe any ſpace at all: its effect, they ſay, is abſolutely nothing, and inſtead of ſatisfying reaſon with truth and preciſion, the human faculties are quite confounded, loſt, and bewildered in fluxions. A velocity or fluxion is at beſt we do not know what;—whether ſomething or nothing: and how

can

can the mind lay hold on, or form any accurate abſtract idea of ſuch a ſubtile, fleeting thing?

Diſputants (*Maria* anſwered) may perplex with deep ſpeculations, and confound with myſterious diſquiſitions, but the method of fluxions has no dependance on ſuch things. The operation is not what any ſingle abſtract velocity can generate or deſcribe of itſelf, but what a continual and ſucceſſively variable velocity can produce in the whole: And certainly, a variable cauſe may produce a variable effect, as well as a permanent cauſe a permanent and conſtant effect. The difference can only be, that the continual variation of the effect muſt be proportional to the continual variation of the cauſe. The method of *fluxions* therefore is true, whether we can or cannot conceive the nature and manner of ſeveral things relating to them, though we had no ideas of perpetually ariſing increments, and magnitudes in naſcent or evaneſcent ſtates. The knowledge of ſuch things is not eſſential to fluxions. All they propoſe is, *to determine the velocity or flowing wherewith a generated quantity increaſes, and to ſum up all that has been generated or deſcribed by the continually variable fluxion.* On theſe two baſes fluxions ſtand.

This

This was clear and juſt, and ſhewed that the nature and idea of *fluxions* is agreeable to the nature and conſtitution of things. They can have no dependance upon any *metaphyſical ſpeculations*, (ſuch ſpeculations as that *anti-mathematician*, my Lord of *Cloyne*, brought in, to cavil and diſpute againſt principles he underſtood nothing of, and *malicioufly* run the account of them into the dark;) but are the genuine offſpring of nature and truth. An inſtance or two may illuſtrate the matter.

1. A heavy body deſcends perpendicularly $16\frac{1}{12}$ feet in a ſecond, and at the end of this time, has acquired a velocity of $32\frac{1}{6}$ feet in a ſecond, which is accurately known. At any given diſtance then from the place the body fell, take the point A in the right line, and the velocity of the falling body in the point may be truly computed: but the velocity in any point above A, at ever ſo ſmall a diſtance, will be leſs than in A; and the velocity at any point below A, at the leaſt poſſible diſtance, will be greater than in A. It is therefore plain, that in the point A, the body has a certain determined velocity, which belongs to no other point in the whole line. Now this velocity is the fluxion of that right line in the point A; and

and with it the body would proceed, if gravity acted no longer on the body's arrival at A.

2. Take a glass tube open at both ends, whose concavity is of different diameters in different places, and immerse it in a stream, till the water fills the tube, and flows thro' it. Then, in different parts of the tube, the velocity of the water will be as the squares of the diameters, and of consequence different. Suppose then, in any marked place, a plane to pass through the tube perpendicular to the axis, or to the motion of the water, and of consequence, the water will pass through this section with a certain determinate velocity: But if another section be drawn ever so near the former, the water, by reason of the different diameters, will flow through this with a velocity different from what it did at the former, and therefore to one section of the tube, or single point only, the determinate velocity belongs. It is the fluxion of the space which the fluid describes at that section; and with that uniform velocity the fluid would continue to move, if the diameter was the same to the end of the tube.

3. If a hollow cylinder be filled with water, to flow freely out through a hole at the bottom,

bottom, the velocity of the effluent will be as the height of the water, and ſince the ſurface of the incumbent fluid deſcends without ſtop, the velocity of the ſtream will decreaſe, till the effluent be all out. There can then be no two moments of time, ſucceeding each other ever ſo nearly, wherein the velocity of the water is the ſame; and of conſequence, the velocity, at any given point, belongs only to that particular indiviſible moment of time. Now this is accurately the fluxion of the fluid then flowing; and if, at that inſtant, more water was poured into the cylinder, to make the ſurface keep its place, the effluent would retain its velocity, and ſtill be the fluxion of the fluid. Such are the operations of nature, and they viſibly confirm the nature of *Fluxion*. It is from hence quite clear, that the *fluxion* of a *generated quantity*, cannot retain any one determined value for the leaſt ſpace of time whatever, but the moment it arrives at that value, the ſame moment it loſes it again. The *fluxion* of ſuch quantity can only paſs gradually and ſucceſſively through the indefinite degrees contained between the two extreme values, which are the limits thereof, during the generation of the fluent, in caſe the fluxion be variable: But then, though a determinate degree of fluxion does not continue at all, yet, at every

every determinate indiviſible moment of time, every fluent has ſome determinate degree of fluxion; that is, every *generated quantity* has every where a certain *rate* of increaſing a *fluxion*, whoſe abſtract value is determinate in itſelf, though the *fluxion* has no determined value for the leaſt ſpace of time whatever. To find its value then, that is, the *ratio* one fluxion has to another, is a *problem ſtrictly geometrical*; notwithſtanding the Right Rev. anti-mathematician has declared the contrary, in his hatred to mathematicians, and his ignorance of the true principles of mathematics.

If my *Lord* of *Cloyne* had been qualified to examine and conſider the *caſe* of *fluxions*, and could have laid aſide that unaccountable obſtinacy, and invincible prejudice, which made him reſolve to yield to no reaſon on the ſubject;—not to regard even the great *Maclaurin*'s anſwer to his *Analyſt*; —— he would have diſcovered, that it was very poſſible to find the *abſtract value* of a *generated quantity*, or the *contemporary increment* of any *compound quantity*. By the binomial theorem, the ratio of the fluxion of a ſimple quantity to the fluxion of that compound quantity, may be had in general, in the loweſt term, and as near the truth as we pleaſe, whilſt we ſuppoſe ſome very ſmall

increment actually deſcribed: And whereas the ratio of theſe fluxions is required for ſome one indiviſible point of the fluid, in the very beginning of the increment, and before it is generated, we make, in the particular caſe, the values of the ſimple increments nothing, which before was expreſſed in general: then all the terms wherein they are found vaniſh, and what is left accurately ſhews the relation of the fluxions for the point where the increment is ſuppoſed to commence. As the abſtract value of the fluxion belongs only to one point of the fluent, the moments are made to vaniſh, after we have ſeen by their continual diminution, whither the ratio tends, and what it continually verges to; and this becomes as viſible as the very character it is written in.

But Dr. *Berkley* was unacquainted with mathematical principles, and out of his averſion to theſe ſciences, and zeal for orthodoxy, cavilled and diſputed with all his might, and endeavoured to bring the matter to a ſtate unintelligible to himſelf, and every body elſe.——Here *Maria* had done, and for near a quarter of an hour after, I ſat ſilently looking at her, in the greateſt aſtoniſhment.

But

But as to our travels, the 10th of *Auguſt* we got ſafe to *London*, and the conſequence of the journey was, that the laſt day of the ſame month, I had the honour and happineſs of being married to this young lady.

SECTION

SECTION IX.

I am thinking with myſelf every day, (ſays one of the philoſophers) how many things are dear to me; and after I have conſidered them as temporary and periſhable, I prepare myſelf, from that very minute, to bear the loſs of them without weakneſs.

CLEANTHES. (14)

The death of the author's fourth wife, and his behaviour thereupon.

§. 1. WISE is the man, who prepares both for his own death and the death of his friends; who makes uſe of the foreſight of troubles, ſo, as to abate the uneaſineſs of them, and puts in practice this reſolu-

(14) *Cleanthes* was a native of *Aſſus* in *Lyſia*, in *Aſia Minor*, and ſo very poor, when he came to *Athens* to ſtudy, that, for his ſupport, he wrought at nights in drawing water for the gardens, and in grinding behind the mill. He attended the lectures of *Zeno*, ſucceeded him in his ſchool, and grew into very high eſteem with the *Athenians*. He lived to 99, but the year he died we know not. His maſter *Zeno* died 342 years before *Chriſt*, and had converſed with *Socrates* and *Plato*.

The

tion of the philoſopher. I thought of this the morning I married the beautiful and ingenious Miſs *Spence*, (as related in the latter end of my eighth ſection,) and determined if I loſt her, to make the great affliction produce the peaceable fruits of righteouſneſs. The man muſt feel, in ſuch a caſe; the chriſtian will ſubmit. Before the end of ſix months, ſhe died, and I mourned the loſs with a degree of ſorrow due to ſo much excellence, endearment and delight.

The antient *academics* were *Plato* (the *diſciple* of *Socrates,*) *Speucippus*, *Zenocrates*, *Polemo*, *Crates*, and *Crantor*; and from *Crates*, the fifth *academic*, ſprung the old *ſtoics*, to wit, *Crates*, *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Chryſippus*, and *Diogenes* the *Babylonian*; not he that was *ſurly* and *proud*. *Cicero* in his works often mentions this *Babylonian*, the *ſtoic*. We find in the *Roman* hiſtory, that he was living in the year of *Rome* 599, that is, 155 years before *Chriſt*; but when he died we know not. Theſe gentlemen of the two *old ſchools* were to be ſure great philoſophers,—excellent men: but then, to be ſtrictly impartial, we muſt own, that all they knew in relation to the *will of God*, and a *kingdom to come*, was but poor moral learning, in reſpect to what is written in the *New Teſtament* for our inſtruction, if we will lay aſide our *fancies* and *ſyſtems*, and let *reaſon* explain revelation. The *Chriſtian religion* is really more for the *glory of God*, and the *good of mankind*, than *reaſon*, without inſpiration, has been able to teach. *Chriſtianity*, without the *additions* and *ſupplements* of *monks*, is not only above all juſt except on, but preferable to any other ſcheme.

My complaint was bitter, in proportion to the deſires of nature. But as *nature* ſays, *let this cup paſs: grace* ſays, *let thy will be done.* If the flower of all my comfort was gone—*the glory departed!* yet thy glory is, O man, to do the will of God, and bear the burthen he lays upon thee. Let nature, grace, and time, do their part, to cloſe the wound, and let not ignorance impeach the wiſdom of the Moſt High. The cup which my father hath given me: ſhall I not drink? I will. I will not quarrel with Providence. In ſhort, I reſigned, and not long after I had buried this admirable woman, (who died at her ſeat in *Weſtmoreland,*) I went into the world again, to relieve my mind, and try my fortune once more. What happened there, I will report, when I have related the extraordinary caſe of my wife, Miſs *Spence*, and the four phyſicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

The caſe of a lady in a fever, and an account of four phyſicians who attended her.

§. 2. This young lady was ſeized with that fatal diſtemper, called a *malignant fever:* Something *foreign* to *nature* got into her blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the *luctus* or ſtriſe to get clear thereof became very great. The effer-

efferveſcence or perturbation was very ſoon ſo violent as to ſhew, that it not only endangered, but would quickly ſubvert the animal fabrick, unleſs the blood was ſpeedily diſperſed, and nature got the victory by an excluſion of the noxious ſhut-in particles. The thirſt, the dry tongue, the coming *cauſus*, were terrible, and gave me too much reaſon to apprehend this charming woman would ſink under the conflict. To ſave her, if poſſible, I ſent immediately for a great phyſician, Dr. *Sharp*, a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diſeaſes.

This gentleman told me, the *Akaline* was the root of fevers, as well as of other diſtempers, and therefore, to take off the efferveſcence of the blood in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viſcous humour, to drain the tartarous ſalts from the kidnies, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar in whey, and preſcribed ſpirit of ſulphur, and vitriol, the cream, chryſtals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it muſt be plenty of acid. *In acidis poſita eſt omni curatio.* But theſe things gave no relief to the ſufferer.

I ſent then in all haſte for Dr. *Hough*, a man of great reputation, and he differed ſo much in opinion from *Sharp*, that he called an *acid* the *chief enemy*. It keeps up the *luctus* or ſtruggle, and if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our ſheet-anchor then muſt be the *teſtacea*, in vehicles of mineral-water, and accordingly he ordered the *abſorbent powders* to conflict with this *acidity*, the principal cauſe of all diſeaſes. *Pearl* and *coral*, crab's eyes, and crab's claws, he preſcribed in divers forms; but they were of no uſe to the ſick woman. She became worſe every hour.

Dr. *Pym* was next called in, a great practitioner, and learned man. His notion of a fever was quite different from the opinions of *Sharp* and *Hough*. He maintained that a *fever* was a *poiſonous ferment* or *venom*, which ſeized on the *animal ſpirits*: it breaks and ſmites them; and unleſs by *alexipharmics* the ſpirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two, this *ferment* will bring on what the *Greeks* call a *ſynochus*, that is, a continual fever. In that ſtate, the *venom* holds faſt the animal ſpirits, will not let them expand, or diſengage themſelves, and then they grow enraged, and tumultuating, are hurried into a ſtate of explo-ſion, and blow up the fabric. Hence the in-

inflammatory fever, according to the diverſe *indoles* of the *venom*; and when the *contagious miaſms* arrive at their higheſt degree, the *malignant fever* ariſeth. The ſpirits are then knocked down, and the marks of the enemies weapons, the ſpots, *&c.* appear. This (the Doctor continued) is the caſe of your lady, and therefore the thing to be done is, to make the *malignant* tack about to the mild, and produce an extinction of the ferment, and relief of the ſymptoms. This I endeavour to do by *alexipharmics* and *veſicatories*, and by ſubduing the poiſon by the *bark* and the *warmer antidotes*. Thus did my Doctor marſhal his *animal ſpirits*, fight them againſt the enemy *venom*, to great diſadvantage. If his talk was not romance, it was plain his *ſpirits* were routed, and *venom* was getting the day. His *alexipharmics* and *warm antidotes*, were good for nothing. The malady increaſed.

This being the caſe, I ſent again in haſte for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and therefore, in opinion, oppoſite, and againſt their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. *Froſt*. He *was* a *mechanician*, and affirmed that, the ſolid parts of the human body are ſubjected to the rules of *geometry*, and the fluids to the *hydroſtatics*; and there-

fore, to keep the *machine* in right order, that is, in a ſtate of *health*, an *æquilibrium* muſt be maintained, or reſtored, if deſtroyed. The balance muſt not turn to one ſide or the other. To reſtore *ſanity* in acute caſes, and in chronic too, our buſineſs is to prevent the veſſels being elevated or depreſt beyond the *ſtandard of nature*: when either happens, the diviſion of the blood is increaſed, the motion is augmented, and ſo beget a fever. There cannot be an inordinate elevation of the oily or fiery parts of the blood, till the veſſels vibrate above the *ſtandard of nature*.

In a ſlight *fever*, the blood increaſes but little above the *balance*; but if more than one day, turns to a *ſynochus*, which is but the ſame fever augmented beyond the *balance of nature*. This turns to a putrid *ſynochus*, and this to a *cauſus*. This is the caſe of your lady. From an elevated contraction (the Doctor continued, to my amazement,) her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence greater diviſion, hence an increaſe of quantity and fluidity: and thus from greater diviſion, motion and quantity increaſed, ariſes that heat and thirſt, with the other concomitant ſymptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faſter than it can be detached through the perſpiratory

ſpiratory emunctories of the ſkin, is the immediate cauſe of the heart's preternatural beating: And this preternatural diviſion of the blood ariſes from the additional quantity of obſtructed perſpirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

Things being ſo, (the Doctor went on) and the fever riſing by the blood's dividing faſter than can be detached by the ſeveral emunctories; and this from an elevation of the *ſolids* above the *balance*, we muſt then ſtrive to take off the tenſion of the ſolids, and ſubtract the cauſe. This makes me begin in a manner quite contrary to the other phyſicians, and I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon get the better of the *fury* and *orgaſm*, make an alteration in the black ſcabrous tongue, and by according with the *modus of nature*, throw forth the matter of the diſeaſe. I will enable nature to extricate herſelf. I hope to diſentangle her from the weight.

Thus did this very learned man enlarge; and while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched ſkin, the black and bruſhy tongue, the cruſty fur upon the teeth, and all the ſignals of an *incendium* within, declared her diſſolution very near. As the ſerum diminiſhed faſt, and the inteſtine motion of the *craſſamentum* increaſed, nature

was brought to her laſt ſtruggles. All the diſmal harbingers of a general wreck appeared, to give the by-ſtanders notice of approaching death. She died the ninth day, by the ignorance of four learned Phyſicians.—— Had theſe Gentlemen conſidered the *fever* no otherwiſe than as a *diſeaſe* ariſing from ſome unuſual *ferment*, ſtirred up among the humours of the blood, diſturbing both thoſe natural motions and functions of the body, hindering perſpiration, and thereby giving quick and large acceſſion to ſuch parts of the aliment or liquors taken down, as are diſpoſed to ferment; and there is always a ſtrong diſpoſition that way; for the blood has a three-fold motion,---*fluidity*, common to all liquors,---*protruſive*, from the impulſe of the heart and arteries,---and *fermentative*, that is, a motion throughout of all its parts, which quality is owing to the diſſimilar parts of the blood;---for being a compound of various particles, there muſt be a colluctation when they occur, and of conſequence, a continual fermentation: As this is juſt and moderate, it is for the good of the animal, and purifies the blood: if it is too much, it tends to a fever;---if it ſtill increaſes, it produces the *burning cauſus*: Hard is the ſtruggle then, and if *nature* cannot *diſpume*, even helped by art, the patient has no hazard for life:

Hence

Hence it is, that we are ſo ſubject to fevers,---and that it carries away more people than all the reſt of the diſeaſes: Out of every forty-two that have it, twenty-five generally die. It was ſo in the time of *Hippocrates*, 430 years before *Chriſt*: And ſo Dr. *Sydenham* and Dr. *Friend* found it, in their practice:

But (I ſay) had my four Doctors conſidered the *fever* as I have plainly ſtated it, without vainly pretending to be ſo wiſe as to know the *eſſential cauſes* of it; and in the beginning of it, before the terrible appearances, the *vigil*, *delirium*, *ſubſultus*, the dry black tongue, the furred teeth, and the pale, unconcocted urine, had cauſed a *depletion* by large bleeding, had opened the pores by a mild ſudorific, had then given a vomit, *Rad. Ipecacuanha* in ſmall ſack-whey or chicken-water, and let the ſufferer indulge in that thin diluting liquor, an emulſion of the ſeeds and almonds in barley-water, and, if the patient required it, a draught of table-beer with a toaſt, between whiles; had this been done very ſoon, there might be relief as quickly; or if the fever ſtill run high, to bleed again, and waſh down ſome *proper alexipharmic* powder with a *proper cordial* julap, it is poſſible nature would have been able to accompliſh

the work, and health had been again reſtored. I uſe the word *proper* alexipharmic, and *proper* cordial julap, becauſe the *Theriaca* and *Mithridatium* of the ſhops, which are commonly, almoſt always ordered as an *alexipharmic bole*, are rather *poiſons* than uſeful in a fever; and becauſe the *tincture* and *ſyrup of ſaffron*, the *treacle-water*, or any other diſtilled compound, are not fit *cordials* in the caſe; but it ſhould be the *conſerva lujulæ* in an *emulſion ex ſem. fr. cum amygd. in aq. hordei.* This is the *true alexipharmic*,---and the *only cordial*, to be given in a *fever*.---But it was the deſtructive *alexipharmics* and *cordials* of the ſhops they forced down *Maria*'s throat, and this, with the other bad preſcriptions and management, killed one of the fineſt and moſt excellent women that ever lived.

And now to give the world a better idea of this admirable woman than any deſcription of mine can exhibit, I ſhall here place a few religious little pieces, which ſhe writ, while Miſs *Spence*, and which I found among her papers.

MORAL

MORAL THOUGHTS: *Written by Miſs* SPENCE.

MORALITY.

ABSTRACT, mathematical, or phyſical truth, may be above the reach of the bulk and community of mankind. They have neither the leiſure, nor the neceſſary helps and advantages to acquire the natural knowledge of arts and ſciences. The many calls and importunities of the animal kind, take up the greateſt part of their time, thoughts, and labour, ſo that the more abſtract ſpeculations, and experimental diſquiſitions of philoſophy, are placed by Providence quite out of their reach, and beyond their ſphere of action.

On the contrary, *moral truth*, right and wrong, good and evil, the doing as we would be done by, and acting towards all men as they really are, and ſtand related in ſociety; theſe things are as evident to the underſtanding, as light and colours are to the eye, and may be called the intellectual, moral ſenſe. Here needs no deep learning, or trouble and expence of education, but

the ſame truths are as evident, and as much ſeen and felt by the learned and unlearned, the gentleman and the ploughman, the ſavage or wild *Indian*, as by the beſt inſtructed philoſopher. The divine perfections ſhine through all nature, and the goodneſs and bounty of the Creator to all his creatures, impreſs the obligation of imitating this wiſeſt and beſt of Beings upon every man's heart and conſcience.

But notwithſtanding the maxims of morality are thus ſolidly eſtabliſhed, and adapted to all capacities; and though every man has a happineſs to ſeek, and a main end to ſecure, which muſt be infinitely preferable to any concerns of life, yet here it is we find, that mankind in general have been moſt loſt and bewildered, as if Providence had placed their own happineſs, and the way to it, more out of their power than any thing elſe. How this ſhould happen, might ſeem unaccountable at firſt ſight, and yet it can be no great myſtery to any man tolerably acquainted with the world and human nature. It is no difficult matter to diſcover the reaſons hereof, and it is withal highly uſeful to give them their due conſideration.

1. The

1. The principal cauſe I take to be the prevailing ſtrength and bias of private, corrupt, animal affection, and deſires. Reaſon is ſilenced and borne down by brutal appetite and paſſion. They reſolve to gratify their ſenſual appetites and deſires, and will therefore never taſte or try the ſuperior pleaſures and enjoyments of reaſon and virtue. But ſuch men as theſe having declared open war againſt their own reaſon and conſcience, and being reſolved at all riſks to maintain the combat, muſt be ſelf-condemned, and cannot plead ignorance, or error of judgment in the caſe.

2. Another fundamental cauſe of moral error, is the prejudice and prepoſſeſſion of a wrong education. Falſe principles and abſurd notions of God and religion, wrought early into the tender, unexperienced mind, and there radicated and confirmed from time to time, from youth to riper age, by parents, teachers, our moſt intimate friends and acquaintance, and ſuch as we have the beſt opinion of, and confide moſt in; ſuch cauſes make ſuch ſtrong impreſſions, that the groſſeſt errors, thus rivetted and fixed, are with the greateſt difficulty ever conquered or cleared off. In this caſe, men turn out *well-grounded believers*, and are well-armed againſt conviction. Circum-

ciſion or baptiſm fixes their religion in their infancy, and their church is as natural to them as their country. Free enquiry is with them an apoſtacy from the orthodox party, and as the great and ſure trial of their faith and fortitude, they will hear no reaſonings about the holy religion they have taken upon truſt.

3. Then the few, who have applied themſelves to the ſtudy of morality, have done it for the moſt part in a manner confuſed; and ſuperficial enough: and often ſo, as even to build upon principles either entirely falſe, or obſcure and uncertain; either foreign to its proper buſineſs, or mixt up with groſs errors and abſurdities. From whence it comes to paſs, that in all languages, the terms of morality, both in common diſcourſe, and in the writings of the learned, are ſuch as have the moſt obſcure, confuſed, indetermined, and unfixed ideas, of any other terms whatever; men for the moſt part deſpiſing the things which are plain and ordinary, to run after ſuch as are extraordinary and myſterious; and that they either will not know, or reject even truth itſelf, unleſs ſhe brings ſome charm with her, to raiſe their curioſity, and gratify their paſſion for what is marvellous and uncommon.

In

In ſum, the prejudices of the underſtanding, the illuſions of the heart, and the tyranny eſtabliſhed in the world with relation to opinions, form a grand obſtacle to the ſerious ſtudy of morality; and to the attainment of a more exact knowledge of our duty. Nor is it to be expected that any will very much apply themſelves to make diſcoveries in theſe matters, whilſt the deſire of eſteem, riches, or power, makes men eſpouſe the well-endowed opinions in faſhion, and then ſeek arguments either to make good their beauty, or varniſh over and cover their deformity.——Whilſt the parties of men, cram their tenets down all men's throats, whom they can get into their power, without permitting them to examine their truth and falſehood; and will not let truth have fair play in the world, nor men the liberty to ſearch after it; what improvements can be expected of this kind? What greater light can be hoped for in the moral ſciences? The ſubject part of mankind in moſt places might, inſtead thereof, with *Egyptian* bondage, expect *Egyptian* darkneſs, were not the candle of the Lord ſet up by himſelf in men's minds, which it is impoſſible for the breath of man wholly to extinguiſh; how much ſoever the infallible guides of one church, and the orthodox rulers of another,

ther, may ſcheme and labour to ſubject conſcience to human juriſdiction, and bring the inward principle and motive of action within the cognizance of their political theocracy, or theocratic policy.

After all this, is it to be wondered at, that ſuch, whoſe occupations and diſtractions of life, or want of genius and outwards helps, do not allow them to engage in long and profound meditations, are found to have generally underſtandings ſo ſhort and narrow, and ideas ſo falſe or confuſed, in matters of morality?

And ſince this is the caſe of the greateſt part of mankind, it has no doubt been always God's will, that they, who had the greateſt light, and whom his Providence had furniſhed with the greateſt helps, ſhould communicate their knowledge to ſuch, as were not able of themſelves to acquire it ſo eaſily, or in ſo great a degree.

RELIGION.

WHAT is Religion? The true, eternal, immutable religion of God and nature, conſiſts, as I opine, in the filial love and fear of God, and the brotherly love of mankind;

kind; in the practice of all those moral duties of truth and righteousness, which result from it, under a fiducial trust in, and dependence on God, and the constant sense of his power and presence in all our actions, as the rewarder of good and punisher of bad men. This is the religion founded in nature and reason, and which must be at all times and every where the same. As this religion was in a great measure lost, and neglected, amidst the general ignorance, superstition, and idolatry of the world, it was the great business and design of revelation to restore it, and set moral truth and reason in its original light, by bringing mankind to the right use of their reason and understanding in such matters.

Of Eclectics.

After *Epicurus* and *Zeno*, there were no new succeeding schemes of morality, but each man betook himself to that sect, where he found what most suited his own sentiments.

In the reign of *Augustus*, *Potamo* of *Alexandria*, introduced a manner of philosophising, which was called the *Eclectic*, because it consisted in collecting from all the tenets of preceding philosophers, such as appeared most reasonable; out of which they

they formed each man his own ſyſtem of philoſophy. —— It appears from *Cicero*'s works, that he was an *Eclectic*.

And why ſhould it not be good in religion, as well as in philoſophy? I own I am an Eclectic *in divinis*. And the ſum of my religion is, without regard to modes or parties,—ſo to live to the glory of the Father,—without attachment to the creature,—for the ſanctification and happineſs of mankind; that when this fleeting ſcene of ſin and ſorrow ſhall vaniſh, and paſs away from ſight, the angels of God may give my ſoul a ſafe tranſition to that heavenly happineſs, which no thought can lay hold on, and which no art can deſcribe.

Of reaſon and truth.

The practice of reaſon and truth is the rule of action to God himſelf, and the foundation of all true religion. It is the firſt and higheſt obligation of all rational beings, and our divine Lord came down from heaven to earth to teach it to mankind. Chriſt preached a plain doctrine to men, fitted to reform their hearts and lives —intended to make them perfect in ſelf-denial, humility, love, goodneſs, and innocence; and to ennoble them, with hearts raiſed

raiſed above the world, to worſhip the *Father* in *ſpirit* and in *truth*.

But this glorious religion the *Romiſh* prieſts have perverted into a ſyſtem of myſteries, and ſtaring contradictions, the better to ſupport the worſt and moſt deplorable purpoſes of temporal wealth, power, pride, malice, and cruelty. In direct oppoſition to reaſon and common-ſenſe, we muſt commence *generous believers* in an *eccleſiaſtical* chriſtianity, and confeſs the ſymbol of their holy *Athanaſius*, though it be no more, or better, than the effects of a luxuriant fancy, without likeneſs and correſpondency, in the real nature and reaſon of things; 17, 4, and 19 are 41, ſays *convocation* to his *believers*, and your religion, my brethren, is all a tremendous myſtery: You muſt adore as ſuch, what the Infidels renounce as a contradiction.

Thus ſhamefully do theſe prieſts ſink the credibility of our goſpel, and impoſe upon the ſilly people, a ball of wax for the religion of Jeſus; making them believe contrary to knowledge, and prefer a ſyſtem that is a lie againſt the light of nature, and the goſpel.

But

But the chief end, duty, happineſs, and higheſt perfection that man can arrive at, conſiſts, and is found, in a perfect exerciſe of *human reaſon.*

Of Integrity.

We read in *Chronicles*, that *Hezekiah* began his *good reign* with the revival of religion, which had long ſuffered by the neglect and profanation, or through the neglect and omiſſion of his predeceſſors. To this purpoſe he opened the doors of the houſe of the Lord, and iſſued a decree, that all Iſrael ſhould come to keep the paſſover, which they had not done of a long time. But as the legal *cleanſing* and *purifying*, could not be performed by great numbers that did eat the paſſover, by the appointed time, on account of many things, and particularly the force of long interval and diſuſe; therefore this *irregularity* employed the devotion of the good king, as the canon of the paſſover, under the ſtricteſt prohibition, and the ſevereſt penalty, forbid any one to eat, that did not come with outward and legal purity, *No unclean perſon ſhall eat of it*; and he prayed for the people, ſaying, The good Lord pardon every one that prepareth his heart to ſeek God, the Lord God of their fathers, though he be not cleanſed according to the purification of the

the ſanctuary; and the Lord hearkened unto *Hezekiah*, ſays the next verſe, and *healed the people*, that is, took off the penalties of the *canon*, and gave them the benefit of the rite. From hence it follows, that, however defective we may be in outward rites and ceremonies of a church, yet *inward truth and purity* will be accepted in default of outward things. *Inward diſpoſition* is the ſubſtance of religion, and may compound for the want of outward matters; but outward ſervice can never be accepted inſtead of inward purification.

And it further follows, if the outward ſolemnities of religion cannot be obtained upon lawful terms, (which is the caſe of many, in reſpect of *Popery* and *Athanaſian* worſhip,) then will the good Lord pardon and be propitious to thoſe who prepare their heart to ſeek him, though they be not cleanſed according to the ſolemn inſtitution, and ritual purification.

This text is in the vulgar Latin, Dominus bonus propitiabitur cunctis qui in toto corde requirunt Dominum, Deum patrum ſuorum, et non imputabit eis quod minus ſanctificati ſunt.—The good Lord will be propitious to all thoſe, who in their whole heart ſeek the Lord God of their fathers,

and

and will not impute to them their being leſs ſanctified than they ought.

Of Prieſtcraft in the tranſmiſſion of moveables, from the deceaſed to the living.

* Hiſtories in all ages are full of the encroachments of the clergy, yet they all omit one of the moſt ſucceſsful ſtratagems to ingroſs money. We are indebted to our ſtatute-book for informing us of one of the moſt notorious pieces of prieſtcraft that ever was practiſed. Would one believe, that there is a country, and in *Europe* too, where the clergy gained ſuch an aſcendant over the minds of the people, as tamely to ſuffer the moveable eſtate of every man who died inteſtate, to be ſwallowed up by them; yet ſo prevalent was ſuperſtition in our country, that it produced a law preferring the Biſhop to the next of kin; and in its extenſion excluding the children, the wife, and the relations of the deceaſed, nay the creditor; and giving all to the Biſhop *per averſionem*. Such was the ſhameful rapacity of the clergy here for ag s. Such a monſtrous practice was eſtabliſhed upon this foundation, that the moveable effects of every deceaſed perſon,

* *Note*, This article relating to the encroachments of the clergy, was not found among Miſs *Spence*'s papers, but is inſerted here as in a proper place.

perſon, his own appointment failing, ought to be laid out for promoting the good of his ſoul; and ſo the *Ordinary* took poſſeſſion, without deigning to account with any mortal.—This began *temp.* Hen. I. when the *Ordinary*, for the good of the ſoul of the deceaſed, obtained a directing power, and was in the nature of an overſeer, and ſomewhat more. In the time of King John, the *Ordinary drew blood*, as *Bacon* well expreſſes it *; for though the poſſeſſion was as formerly, yet the dividend muſt be in the view of the church, and by which means, the dividers were but mere inſtruments, and the right was vaniſhed into the clouds. But *temp.* Hen. III. it was ſettled, the *Ordinary* had not only gotten the game, but gorged it. Both right and poſſeſſion were now become the clergy's: the *Ordinary* was to diſtribute it according to pious uſes: and no uſe ſo pious as to appoint to himſelf and his brethren.

* *Diſcourſe of laws, p.* 1, *and* 66, *and New abridgement of the law, p.* 398.

The 1ſt ſtatute that limited the power of the *Ordinary* was 13th Ed. I. c. 19. By this the *Ordinary* was obliged to ſatisfy the inteſtate's death ſo far as the goods extended.—And 31ſt Ed. III. cap. 2. the actual poſſeſſion was taken from the *Ordinary*, by

by obliging him to give a *deputation* to the next and moſt lawful friends of the inteſtate, for adminiſtrating his goods. But this ſtatute proved but a weak check to the avarice of the clergy. Means were fallen upon to elude it, by preferring ſuch of the inteſtate's relations, who were willing to offer the beſt terms: this corrupt practice was ſuffered in the days of Hen. VIII. when the clergy loſing ground, the ſtatute 21 Hen. VIII. was enacted, bearing, "That in caſe any perſon die inteſtate, or the executors refuſe to prove the teſtament, the *Ordinary* ſhall grant adminiſtration to the widow, or to the next of kin, or to both, taking ſurety for true adminiſtration."

This ſtatute, as it points out the particular perſons who are intitled to letters of adminiſtration, without leaving any choice to the *Ordinary*, was certainly intended to cut him out of all hope of making gain of the effects of perſons dying inteſtate. But the church does not eaſily quit its hold. Means were fallen upon to elude this law alſo. Though the poſſeſſion given by this ſtatute was wreſted out of the hands of the *Ordinary*, yet his pretenſions ſubſiſted intire, of calling the adminiſtrator to account, and obliging him or her to diſtribute the

effects

effects to pious uſes. This was an admirable engine in the hands of a churchman for ſqueezing money. An adminiſtrator who gave any conſiderable ſhare to the Biſhop, to be laid out by him, *without doubt*, in pious uſes, would not find much difficulty in making his accompt. This rank abuſe moved the judges ſolemnly to reſolve, that the *Ordinary*, after adminiſtration granted by him, cannot compel the adminiſtrator to make diſtribution*. And at laſt, the right of the next of kin was fully eſtabliſhed by ſtatute 22 and 23 Car. II. cap. 10. This cuts out the *Ordinary* intirely.

* *New abridgement of the law. p.* 398.

Of the Athanaſian creed.

If I thought the *Athanaſian creed* was a part of the religion of *Jeſus*, I ſhould be induced to entertain a hard thought of Chriſtianity. I ſhould think it enjoined a ſlaviſh ſubmiſſion to the dictates of deſigning men; and inſtead of a reaſonable ſervice, required us to renounce our underſtandings, to apoſtatize from humanity, and degenerate into brutes, by giving up our reaſon, which alone diſtinguiſhes us from them. Moſt unjuſt charge upon our holy religion! A religion, which enlarges our rational faculties, filling the mind with

an aſtoniſhing idea of an eternal duration, and thereby giving us a contempt of the mean, tranſient pleaſures of this life, and which we and the brutes enjoy in common: A religion that requires only the higheſt degree of reverence towards the MOST HIGH, the moſt refined purity of heart and mind, and the moſt noble and diffuſive charity towards all mankind: In ſhort, that eſtabliſhes righteouſneſs upon earth, and intire obedience to the will of God; that ſo having put the *oil* into our *lamp*, according to the goſpel parable, it may not only meaſure the courſe of time, but light us beyond it, to the *coming of the bridegroom*, and the morning of eternity.

But this will not do for the Doctors, they muſt have eſtabliſhed *Credenda* for judgments of all ſizes—they muſt have a formulary of dogmatic theology — an *Athanaſian jumble*, to ſupport the *Holy Church*; though their creed burleſques mathematical certainly, and renders their eccleſiaſtical chriſtianity inferior to the ancient pagan religion. A *trinity* is the *eccleſiaſtical God*; but whether *three diſtinct conſcious beings of coordinate power, equal independency, and unorigination*, and ſo THREE *proper deities*;—— or, only *three ſymbols of natural powers*—In this the Doctors are not agreed; but the majority

majority are for the THREE *proper Deities*: this *hereſy of three Gods* we muſt ſubſcribe to, or the prieſts will number us with the infidels, and do us all the miſchief they can.—Hence it comes to paſs, that *humanity*, *ſweetneſs of temper*, and *moderation*, are baniſhed from ſociety; religion, like a cloak, is made uſe of to authoriſe hatred, violence, and injuſtice; and the chriſtian religion, as the prieſts have forged it, and ſhew it off, that is, upon its preſent footing, as an eſtabliſhment, is pernicious to mankind, and ought to go, that the people may be reſtored again to *Chriſt's religion*, and be led to attend to the command of God; *which is to believe in the name of his ſon Jeſus Chriſt, and to love one another.*

FAITH.

"Faith is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not ſeen;" (Heb. xi. 1.) that is, faith is ſuch a firm perſuaſion as gives, as it were, a ſubſtance or preſent exiſtence to the good things which we hope for, and which are not yet in being, and as engages us to depend upon the truth of unſeen things, as really, as upon ocular demonſtration.

——"He endured, as ſeeing him who is inviſible;" (ver. 27.) that is, *Moſes* as really believed the being and attributes of the *inviſible* God, as if he had ſeen him with his eyes; and fully depended upon his conduct and aſſiſtance.

The better thing provided for Chriſtians.

"And theſe all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promiſe, God having provided *ſome better thing for us*, that they without us ſhould not be made perfect;" (Heb. xi. 39, 40.) that is, —Though the upright under the law have a good character in *Scripture*, and of conſequence were accepted of God upon the account of their faith in the divine power and goodneſs, yet they received not the promiſed reward of another life, immediately on their leaving this world: God provided this better thing for us Chriſtians, that we ſhould be made happy *immediately*, as ſoon as we leave this world, that ſo they might not be made happy in heaven, till Chriſtianity commenced, and Chriſtians ſhould be there received to happineſs with them.

Note 1. It is plain from what the Apoſtle ſays before, that the thing *promiſed* is the better and more enduring ſubſtance in heaven.

2. The

2. The *better thing provided for Chriſtians*, cannot be the *reſurrection* from the dead, and the being, *after that*, received into the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; ſince herein we ſhall have nothing better than the good people who lived under the law: therefore, better things can only mean our enjoyment of God immediately upon our leaving this world.

It is ſtrange then that Biſhop *Fell*, and *Whitby* ſay, the *better thing* means the *Meſſias*, or the heavenly country to be fully poſſeſſed at the end of the world.

Of the ſame opinion is *Pyle*. — He ſays, our pious anceſtors under the law, though in a ſtate of reſt and happineſs, after death, yet received not the full and complete enjoyment of *celeſtial* glory, that being deferred till the laſt and great diſpenſation of the Meſſiah be paſt, that ſo they and ſincere Chriſtians, may be all rewarded and crowned together, with the happineſs both of body and ſoul, at the final day of judgment: But if ſo, tell me Mr. *Pyle*, where is the *better thing* provided for us Chriſtians?

3. Beſides, if the Apoſtle may be his own interpreter, the word *perfect* means the intermediate ſtate of good ſouls in paradiſe, and not the complete ſtate after the reſur-

rection. In the next chapter, he ſpeaks of the ſpirits of the juſt made perfect, by which he means undoubtedly the *ſeparate* ſouls now in glory.

In a word, the deſign of the Apoſtle was to prove that, ſince God has provided ſome better thing for us, we appear to be more in his favour; and therefore the argument from their being juſtified to our being juſtified by faith, is ſtronger, that is, ſuch a faith as has an operative influence, by rendering our lives a comment upon the bleſſed nature of God.

And that this was the meaning of the Apoſtle in the *ſomething better* provided for us Chriſtians, appears yet plainer from the conſequence drawn by the inſpired writer, to wit, that we ought with the greater patience and courage to endure perſecution, ſince God has provided ſomething better for us than for them. If the ancient believers held out, who expected but a ſtate of ſleep, till the time of the general reſurrection: much more ſhould we patiently ſuffer affliction and even death itſelf, for the ſake of truth, and of the goſpel, when we know, that God has promiſed us ſomething *better*; to wit, that we ſhall be conducted to paradiſe immediately after death, and

and be there ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and be with Chriſt, which is far better than either to ſleep after death, or to live longer in this world.

Let us lay aſide (then) every weight, and the ſin which doth ſo eaſily beſet us, and let us run with patience the race that is ſet before us. Let us put away every thing from us, that would hinder us from improving in virtue and goodneſs; looking to and imitating *Jeſus*, the leader and captain of the faithful, and an example of ſpotleſs virtue and perfect obedience. The *love of the world* is *enmity with God*, and to place our *affections* here, is to vilify that *better proviſion* which he has made for us. We are but *ſtrangers* and *pilgrims here*. The human ſtate is but a paſſage, not a place of abode. It is a ſtation of exerciſe and diſcipline, and was not deſigned for the place of enjoyment. That happy country is before us.

AVOIDINGS.

Avoid all *indirect arts* in the purſuit of a fortune.—All *unlawful methods* in ſelf-preſervation.—And every *gratification* that *militates* with *reaſon* and *benevolence*.

The Offices of a Chriſtian.

Theſe are heavenly-mindedneſs, and contempt of the world, and chuſing rather to die than commit a moral evil. Such things, however, are not much eſteemed by the generality of Chriſtians: Moſt people laugh at them, and look upon them as indiſcretions; therefore there is but little true chriſtianity in the world. It has never been my luck to meet with many people that had theſe three neceſſary qualifications.—And as for the people, excluſive of their going to church to make a character—or to ogle one another—or out of ſuperſtition to perform ſo much *opus operatum*, a job of lip-ſervice, which they idly fancy to be religion, they, I mean the great and the ſmall, might as well be Heathens as Chriſtians, for any real chriſtian purpoſe they anſwer, in a ſtrict adherence to the three offices aforementioned. The name of Chriſtian ſounds over *Europe*, and large parts of *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*: But if a Chriſtian is what St. *Paul* defines it, to wit, a man that is heavenly-minded, that contemns the world, and would die rather than commit a moral evil, then is the number of Chriſtans very ſmall indeed.

The meaning of John vi. 44. *No man can come to me, except the Father draw him.*

That is, — No one can be a Chriſtian, unleſs his regard for the Deity and natural religion inclines him to receive a more improved ſcheme of religion.

But Dr. *Young*, in one of his ſermons, explains this text in the following words.— No man can live up to the religion of *Jeſus*, and reach Chriſtian perfection, unleſs the Father enlightens and enables him, by the operative influence of his Holy Spirit. We can do nothing, in reſpect of what ought to be done, to be more than nominal Chriſtians, without the inward principle of ſanctification. —— This I think is mere methodiſm.

N. B. The excellent Dr. *Lardner* expounds the text in the following words: — No man will come to me, and receive my pure, ſublime, and ſpiritual doctrine, unleſs he have firſt gained ſome juſt apprehenſions concerning the general principles of religion. And if a man have ſome good notions of God, and his perfections, and his will, as already revealed, he will come unto me. If any man is well diſpoſed; if he

has a love of truth, and a deſire to advance in virtue, and religious knowledge; he will readily hearken to me, and believe in me. *Sermons, Vol.* I. *p.* 303.

Of Baptiſm, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

What is the meaning of baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt?

It ſignifies receiving men by baptiſm to the profeſſion and privileges of that religion, which was taught by the Father, Son, and Spirit, that is, which the *Father* taught by the *Son*, in his *life*-time, and by the *Spirit*, after his *aſcenſion*.

Or, to be baptized, is ſolemnly to profeſs our reſolution to adhere to that holy doctrine, which is the mind and will of God the Father, publiſhed to the world by his Son, whom he ſent from Heaven for that purpoſe, and confirmed by the power of the Holy Ghoſt.

Note, An able writer, St. *Hillary*, ſays (*De Trinitate, lib.* 2. *ad calcem*, on Matt. xxviii. 19.) that baptiſing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

Holy Spirit, ſignifies,—*In confeſſion of the author of all things, and of the only begotten, and of the gift.*

Of Chriſtian Idolatry.

What a ſurprizing incident is idolatry in the church of Chriſt! that after the religion of Jeſus had accompliſhed its glorious deſign, and ſubverted idolatry and ſuperſtition throughout the world, it ſhould itſelf be wounded almoſt to death, by the enemy it had ſubdued! This is the caſe all over the realms of popery. And can they be ſaid to have any true religion among them, where the theology of *Athanaſius* prevails?

Churchiſm and Creeds.

I have no very good opinion of creeds. Jeſus Chriſt came with a legatarian power from God, the Supreme Being, to declare his will to mankind; and the great work to be done, (ſo far as I can find in the goſpel,) is, the perfecting our minds in all that is truly excellent; by labouring to excel in all the virtues of the goſpel, by loving the whole race of mankind with an univerſal charity, and ſtriving to add to the ſatisfaction and happineſs of all about us, and with whom we have any connexion.

SECTION

SECTION X.

Thou attribute divine! thou ray of God!
Immortal reaſon! come, and with thee bring,
In thy exulting train, invincible,
The honeſt purpoſe, and the chearful heart;
The joyful fancy, fill'd with images
Of truth, of ſcience, and of ſocial love.
There is no ground for fear, while we are good:
Nature's the nurſe, and Providence the guide.

An account of Richmond the beau, and old Ribble the chemiſt.

§. 1. HAVING loſt *Maria*, as related in the ninth ſection, I went up to *London*, and on my way to the metropolis, dined at a pleaſant village, not far from *Nottingham*, where I ſaw two gentlemen well worth mentioning. They were ſitting in a room the waiter ſhewed me into, and had each of them a porringer of mutton broth. One of them ſeemed a little conſumptive creature, about four feet ſix inches high, uncommonly thin, or rather exſiccated to a cuticle. His broth and bread however he ſupped up with ſome reliſh. He ſeemed to be paſt threeſcore. His name was *Ribble*.

The other was a young man, once very handſome, tall and ſtrong, but ſo conſumed and weak, that he could hardly ſpeak or ſtir. His name was *Richmond*. He attempted to get down his broth, but not above a ſpoonful or two could he ſwallow. He appeared to me to be a dying man.

While I beheld things with aſtoniſhment, the ſervant brought in dinner, a pound of rump ſtakes, and a quart of green peas; two cuts of bread, a tankard of ſtrong beer, and a pint of port wine: with a fine appetite, I ſoon diſpatched my meſs, and over my wine, to help digeſtion, began to ſing the following lines:——

I.

Tell me, I charge you, O ye ſylvan ſwains,
Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
Beſide what fountain, in what breezy bower,
Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

II.

Soft, I adjure you, by the ſkipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
Nor with your dances wake my ſleeping love.

Come

III.

Come, *Roſalind*, O come, and infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and ſmile, and form their charms by yours;
By you the lilly ſhall her white compoſe,
Your bluſh ſhall add new bluſhes to the roſe.

IV.

Hark! from yon bow'rs what airs ſoft warbled play!
My ſoul takes wing to meet th' inchanting lay.
Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
While thus it warbles, all your ſongs are noiſe.

V.

See! from the bower a form majeſtic moves,
And ſmoothly gliding, ſhines along the groves;
Say, comes a goddeſs from the golden ſpheres?
A goddeſs comes, or *Roſalind* appears.

While I was ſinging theſe lines, and all the while I was at dinner, the gentlemen looked with wonder at me, and at laſt, as ſoon as I was ſilent, old *Ribble* expreſſed himſelf in the following words.—You are the moſt fortunate of mortals to be ſure, Sir. A happy man indeed. You ſeem to have health

health and peace, contentment and tranquillity, in perfection. You are the more ſtriking, when ſuch ſpectacles as my couſin *Richmond* (pointing to the dying gentleman in the room) and I are in contraſt before you. I will tell you our ſtories Sir, in return for your charming ſong, and hope what I am going to ſay may be of ſervice to you, as you are coming on, and we go off from this world.

The picture of beau Richmond.

My kinſman there, the dying *Richmond*, in that chair, was once a *Sampſon*, and the handſomeſt man of his time, tho' the remains of beauty or ſtrength cannot now be traced. By drinking and whoring he brought himſelf to what you ſee; to a ſtate that eludes all the arts of medicine. He has an aggravated cough, which produces a filthy pus of an aſh-colour, ſtreaked with blood, and mixed with filaments torn from his lungs and membranes, and with the utmoſt difficulty he reſpires. He has a perpetual violent pain in his breaſt, a pricking ſoreneſs in his paps when he coughs, and defects in all his functions. He has that flux of the belly, which is called a *lientery*, and the fluids of his body are waſted in colliquative ſweats. A ſtretching pain racks him if he lies on either

ther ſide, by reaſon of ſome adheſion of the lungs to the *pleura*. His hair is fallen off, and his nails you ſee are dead-coloured, and hooked. His countenance, you obſerve, is *Hippocratical*, the very image of death: his face a dead pale, his eyes ſunk, his noſe ſharp, his cheeks hollow, his temples fallen, and his whole body thin like a ſkeleton. What a figure now is this once curled darling of the ladies: It was done, good Sir, by the hand of *Intemperance*.

The picture of a temperate man, born with a conſumption.

§. 3. As to myſelf, (*Ribble* continued,) I brought a conſumption into the world with me, and by art have ſupported under it. I was born with the ſharp ſhoulders you ſee, which are called *pterogoides*, or wing-like, and had a contracted thorax, and long cheſt, a thin and long neck, a flaccid tone of all the parts about the breaſt, and a very flabby contexture of the muſcles all over my body: but nevertheleſs, by a ſtrict temperance all my life, and by following the directions of Dr. *Bennet* in his *Theatrum tabidorum*, I have not only made life tolerable, but ſo removed the burden of ſtagnant phlegm from the thorax, by throwing it down by ſtool, and up by expectoration,—exhaling it ſometimes through the ſkin, and

and at other times digeſting it with faſting, that I contrive more uſeful hours to myſelf than the ſtrong and young can enjoy in their continued ſcenes of diſſipation and riot. In me is ſeen the wonderful effect of rule and ſobriety. I am now paſt fifty ſeveral years, nothwithſtanding my very weak and miſerable conſtitution, and by attending to nature, and never indulging in gratification or exceſs, am not only able to live without pain, but to divert life by experimental philoſophy. (*Ribble* went on) I came down to this pleaſant place, chiefly for the benefit of poor *Richmond*, my kinſman, (whom you ſee with his eyes ſhut before you, the very picture of death,) and alſo, with a view to do ſome good to myſelf, as it is the fineſt air in the world. I took a houſe in the village to live the more eaſily, as the lodging-houſes are all crouded here, and reſolved to amuſe the days I have left in cultivating the ſcience of chemiſtry; not in order to finiſh what nature has begun, do you ſee me, (as the alchymiſts talk,) and procure to the imperfect metals the much deſired *coction*; but, to examine ſubſtances, and by the examination, obtain ideas of the bodies capable of the three degrees of fermentation, *ſpiritous*, *acetous*, and *putrid*; and of the products of thoſe fermentations, to wit, *ardent ſpirits*, *acids* *ana-*

analogous to thoſe of vegetables and animals, and *volatile alkalis*.

To this purpoſe, I made for myſelf a laboratory, and about a year ago, began to employ my veſſels and furnaces in various proceſſes. A vaſt variety of entertaining things have ſince occured, and my life is thereby made agreeable and pleaſing; tho' to look at my poor frame, one would think me incapable of any ſatisfactions. I will give you an inſtance or two of my amuſements, and do you judge, if they may not afford a mind more delight, than the tumultuous joys of love and wine, horſe-racing, cock-fighting, hunting, and other violent pleaſures can yield.

A hiſtory of metals.

§. 4. You know, good Sir, I ſuppoſe, that there are ſix metals, two perfect, and four imperfect. Gold and ſilver, perfect: the others, copper, tin, lead, and iron. Quickſilver is by ſome called a ſeventh metal: but that I think cannot be, as it is not malleable. Yet it is not to be confounded with the ſemi-metals, as it differs from the metals no otherwiſe than by being conſtantly in *fuſion*; which is occaſioned by its aptneſs to flow with ſuch a ſmall degree of heat, that be there ever ſo

ſo little warmth on earth, there is ſtill more than enough to keep mercury in *fuſion*. It muſt be called then, in my opinion, a metallic body of a particular kind: And the more ſo, let me add, as art has not yet found out a way of depriving it wholly of its *Phlogiſton*.

What Phlogiſton is.

I muſt obſerve to you, good Sir, in order to be intelligent in what I am ſaying, that the *Phlogiſton* in metals is the matter of fire as a conſtituent principle in bodies. It is the element of fire combined with ſome other ſubſtance, which ſerves it as a baſis for conſtituting a kind of ſecondary principle; and it differs from pure fixed fire in theſe particulars, that it communicates neither heat nor light,— it cauſes no change, but only renders body apt to fuſe by the force of a culinary fire,—and it can be conveyed from body to body, with this circumſtance, that the body deprived of the *phlogiſton* is greatly altered, as is the body that receives it.

What ſemi-metals are.

And as to the *ſemi-metals*, (which I mentioned) you will be pleaſed to obſerve, that they are *regulus of antimony*, *biſmuth*, *zinc*, and *regulus of arſenic*. They are not malle-

malleable, and eaſily part with their *phlogiſton*. *Zinc* and *biſmuth* are free from the *poiſonous quality*: but *arſenic* is the moſt *violent poiſon*; eſpecially the *ſhining cryſtalline calx* of it, or *flowers* raiſed by the fire, and named *white arſenic*: and *regulus of antimony* is likewiſe a *poiſon*; not in its nature, but becauſe it always contains a portion of arſenic in its compoſition.

The nature and compoſition of Antimony.

Antimony is of a pretty white bright colour, and has the ſplendor, opacity, and gravity of a metal, but under the hammer crumbles to duſt. And moderate heat makes it flow, and a violent fire diſſipates it into ſmoke and white vapours. They adhere to cold bodies, and when the *farina* is collected, we call theſe vapors *flowers of antimony*.

What butter of antimony is.

Butter of antimony, good Sir, that wonderful corroſive, is a compound made by diſtilling pulverized regulus of antimony, and corroſive ſublimate. The production, on operation, is a white matter, thick and ſcarce fluid, which is the regulus of antimony united with the acid of ſea-ſalt. Here the corroſive ſublimate is decompounded, the mercury revivified, and the

the acid combined with it, quits it to join the regulus of antimony, becauſe its affinity with it is greater.

(Little *Ribble*, the *Chemiſt*, went on, and with difficulty I could refrain from laughing; not on account of the man's talking nonſenſe, for his diſcourſe was the very reverſe of that; but by reaſon of the gripe he had of my arm, the pulls he gave me, if I happened to look another way, and the ſurprizing eagerneſs with which he ſpoke; which ſhewed, that he was chemically ſtruck to an amazing degree.)

Liver of Antimony.

But *liver of antimony*, good Sir, is made of equal parts of nitre and antimony. On the mixture's being expoſed to the action of fire, a violent detonation enſues, and the deflagrating nitre conſumes the ſulphur of the antimony, and even a part of its phlogiſton. A greyiſh matter remains after the detonation, and this is what we call *liver of antimony*. It contains a fixed nitre, a vitriolated tartar, and the reguline part of antimony vitrified.

How antimony ſeparates gold from other metals.

The principal uſe the *Chemiſts* make of antimony is to ſeparate gold from the other metals. All metals, gold ex-

excepted, have a greater affinity with ſulphur than the reguline part of antimony. As to gold, it is incapable of contracting any union with ſulphur. If therefore I have a maſs compounded of various metals, and want to get the gold out, I melt it with antimony, and as ſoon as it flows, every thing in the maſs which is not gold, unites with the ſulphur, in or of the antimony, and cauſes two ſeparations, that of the ſulphur of antimony from its reguline part, and that of the gold from the metals with which it was mixed: This produces two new combinations. The metals and the ſulphur, in fuſion, being lighter, riſe to the ſurface; and the gold and the reguline part of antimony being heavieſt, the combination of them ſinks to the bottom. Now the buſineſs is to part theſe two, and to this purpoſe, I expoſe the combination to a degree of fire, capable of diſſipating into vapors all the *ſemi-metal* the maſs contains. The reguline being volatile, goes off by the great heat, and my gold remains pure and fixed in my crucible.

The excellence of antimonial wine.

As to the *antimonial wine*, made by the eſſence of antimony, that is, by impregnating the moſt generous white wine, with the minims or leaſts of antimony, which the

the phyſicians have found out, it is not the part of a chemiſt to ſpeak of that; and therefore, I ſhall only obſerve to you, that it is the *beſt vomit*, the *beſt purge*, and the beſt thing for a *ſweat*, in the world. I will tell you, good Sir, what I heard an eminent Doctor ſay of it.—Affirmo ſanctiſſime, nihil inde melius, nihil tutius, nihil efficacius, deprehendi unquam, quam tritum illum, ac ſimplicem vini automonialis infuſum ex vino albo generoſo, aromate aliquo ſtomachico adjecto. Epotus largiter maximas movit vomitiones, in minuta tantùm quantitate, ad guttas puta viginta aut triginta, adhibitus ſudores elicit benignos; paulo tamen majoræ aleum ſolvit leniter. Medicamentum, paratu quidem facillimum, at viribus maximum.—And therefore, good Sir, when any thing ails you, let me recommend the *antimonial wine* to you. Thirty drops will ſweat you effectually. About forty or fifty purge in a happy manner.

The nature of Biſmuth.

But as to the ſecond ſemi-metal, *biſmuth*, it has almoſt the ſame appearance as *regulus of antimony*, but of a more duſky caſt, inclining ſomewhat to red. It requires leſs heat than antimony to flow, and like it, and the other ſemi-metals, is volatile, by the action of a violent fire, and under the hammer

mer is duſt. In fuſion, it mixes well with all metals, and whitens them by union, but deſtroys their malleability. In flowing, it loſes its phlogiſton with its metallic form. And it has a ſingular property, which the other ſemi-metals have not, of attenuating lead ſo as to make it amalgamatic with mercury, ſo perfectly as to make it paſs with it through ſhamoy leather. As ſoon as the amalgama is made, the biſmuth goes off or ſeparates; but the lead for ever remains united with the mercury.

An extraordinary ſympathetic Ink.

It is of a ſolution of the ore of *biſmuth*, we make that very curious and uſeful thing, called *ſympathetic Ink*, which is a liquor of a beautiful colour, like that of the lilach or pipe-tree bloſſom. The proceſs in prep ring this liquor is tedious and difficult by *aqua fortis*, *aqua regis*, and fire, and therefore the ink is rarely to be met with. It is not to be had unleſs ſome gentleman who makes chemiſtry his employment, gives one a preſent of a bottle of it; as I do now to you, in hopes it may ſome time or other be of ſingular ſervice to you; for I have conceived a great regard for you, though I never ſaw you before, as you ſeem not only more teachable than any

any I have met with, but to delight in the information I give you relating to chemical things.

Here I returned my *Chemiſt* many thanks, and profeſſed my eternal obligation to him; that I could liſten for years to him; and wiſhed it was poſſible to become his diſciple, that I might ſee him by experiment facilitate the ſtudy of a ſcience, more entertaining, inſtructive, and extenſively uſeful than any other. But how, dear Sir, am I to uſe this ink, you are ſo vaſtly good as to give me, to make it more uſeful than any other ink could be?

I will tell you (*Ribble* replied:) you muſt write with this lilach-coloured liquor, on good well gummed paper, that does not ſink; and the ſingularity of the ink, conſiſts in its property of diſappearing entirely, and becoming inviſible, though it be not touched with any thing whatever: And this diſtinguiſhes it from all others: The writing muſt dry in a warm air, and while it is cold no colour can be perceived: but gently warming it before the fire, the writing gradually acquires a greeniſh blue colour, which is viſible as long as the paper continues a little warm, and diſappears entirely when it cools. When other ſympa-

thetic inks are made to appear by proper application, they do not diſappear again; but this liquor from the ore of *biſmuth* muſt have the fire or heat kept to it, to render it legible. If a man writes to his miſtreſs, ſuppoſe, or to a miniſter of ſtate, with lemon juice, once the writing has been warmed by the fire, and the letters by that means appear, the epiſtle may be afterwards read at any time and place; but if the lady's father ſhould by accident get your letter, written in lilach-coloured liquor, it muſt ſtill remain a ſecret to him: For if on getting it, and opening the ſeal, he could ſee no writing, and therefore imagining it was writ with lemon juice, or ſome other ſympathetic ink, he ſhould hold it himſelf to the fire, or bid his ſervant hold it to the heat, that the letters might be produced, and made viſible, yet the moment *biſmuth-ink* is taken away from the fire, and begins to cool, it is as inviſible again, as a ſheet of white paper. How ſerviceable this may be on various occaſions, may be eaſily conceived.

Of Zinc. But as to our third ſemi-metal, called *Zinc*, this is ſo like *biſmuth* to appearance, that ſome have confounded it with *Zinc*; though it differs from it eſſentially in its properties, and will unite

unite with all metalline ſubſtances, except *biſmuth*. It is volatile by fire above all things, and makes a ſublimate of the metallic ſubſtances with which it is fuſed. *Zinc* mixed with *copper* in the quantity of a fourth part, produces braſs. If the *Zinc* is not very pure, the compoſition proves *tombac*, or *Prince's metal*.

The nature of regulus of Arſenic.

Regulus of arſenic, the fourth ſemi-metal, has a colour reſembling lead, unites readily with metallic ſubſtances, and renders them brittle, unmalleable, and volatile. The *calx* of it produced by fire, may be made volatile by more fire, and in this differs from the *calx* of all metalline ſubſtances; for all other *calx*'s are fixed, and cannot be moved. It has likewiſe a *ſaline character*, in which its corroſive quality or poiſon conſiſts: a quality from which the other metallic ſubſtances are free, when they are not combined with the ſaline matter. Theſe things being noticed, in relation to metals, and ſemi-metals in general, I will now proceed to relate a few curious caſes, in reſpect of the metals.

The characters of Gold.

Gold, our firſt metal, has ten ſenſible criterions. It is the heavieſt and denſeſt

of all bodies: the moſt ſimple of all bodies: the moſt fixed of all bodies: the only body that cannot be turned into ſcoriæ, by antimony and lead; the moſt ductile of all bodies: ſo ſoft as to be ſcarcely elaſtic or ſonorous: muſt be red-hot to melt: is diſſolvable by ſea-ſalt and its preparations, but remains untouched by any other ſpecies of ſalts; and of conſequence not liable to ruſt; as *aqua regia* and ſpirit of ſea-ſalt do not float in the air, unleſs in laboratories, or chemiſts ſhops, where we find them ſometimes: It unites ſpontaneouſly with pure quickſilver: It never waſtes by emitting *effluvia*, or exhalations. Theſe are the ten ſenſible properties or characteriſtics of this metal. It is certainly pure gold, if it has theſe criterions, and they are of great uſe in life; eſpecially to perſons who have to do with that ſubtil tribe, the *alchemiſts*.

As to the *weight* of gold, it is more than nineteen times heavier than water, bulk for bulk, and this property is inſeparable from it; it being impoſſible to render gold more or leſs heavy; and for this reaſon, the *ſpecific gravity* of gold, if it had no other criterion, might demonſtrate *real gold*. To make gold, other metals muſt be rendered equiponderant to it: And therefore, if an alchemiſt ſhould offer to obtrude a metal

no

on you for gold, hang an equal weight of pure, and of ſuſpected gold by two threads to a nice balance, and on immerging them in water, if the alchemiſt's gold be pure, the water will retain both pieces in *æquilibrio*; otherwiſe, the adulterate metal will riſe, and the pure deſcend.

The reaſon is, all bodies loſe ſome of their weight in a fluid, and the weight which a body loſes in a fluid, is to its whole weight, as the ſpecific gravity of the fluid is to that of the body. The ſpecific gravity of a body is the weight of it, when the bulk is given; 38 grains of gold weighed in the air, is not the true weight of it: for there it loſes the weight of an equal bulk of air: It weighs only 36 grains in the water, and there it loſes the weight of as much water, as is equal in bulk to itſelf, that is, two grains, and as the gold weighs 38 grains, it follows, that the weight of water is to that of gold, bulk for bulk, as 2 to 38, that is, as the weight loſt in the fluid is to the whole weight.

And ſo, if a piece of gold, and a piece of copper, are equiponderant in air, yet in water the gold will outweigh the copper; becauſe their bulks, tho' of equal weight, are inverſely as their ſpecific gravities, that

is, the gold muſt be as much leſs than the copper, as the ſpecific gravity of gold is greater than that of copper: And as they muſt both loſe weight in proportion to bulk in water, therefore the gold, the leſſer of the two, loſes leſs of its weight than the copper does, and conſequently, out-weighs the copper in water. I hope this is clear. The caſe is the ſame, in proportion, in pure gold, and gold mixed with other metals. The bulk of the pure gold muſt be leſs than that of allayed gold, and its weight greater in water; though both equiponponderate (a pound ſuppoſe) in air.

It is very plain, Sir, and I requeſt you will proceed. You give me valuable information, and oblige me very much. This pleaſed the Chemiſt, and the ingenious little *Ribble* went on.

As to the *ſimplicity* of gold, we mean, by a ſimple body, that whoſe minuteſt part has all the phyſical properties of the whole maſs. Now diſſolve a grain of gold in *aqua regia*, and from a ſingle drop of the ſolution, a particle of gold may be ſeparated, and have all the characters of gold, (except thoſe of magnitude,) though the ſeparated particle of gold ſhall only be the millionth part of the grain.—Or, fuſe a

ſingle

ſingle grain of gold with a maſs of ſilver, and mix the whole together, ſo that the gold ſhall be equally diſtributed: then take a particle thereof, and you will have a particle of perfect gold; for diſſolve the leaſt part of the mixture in *aqua fortis*, and a quantity of gold will precipitate to the bottom. It will bear the ſame proportion to the grain, that the part diſſolved did to the whole maſs.

Having mentioned *aqua regia* and *aqua fortis*, I muſt, to be intelligible, ſay two or three words in relation to them. *Aqua regia* is an extract by fire from ſea-ſalt and ſpirit of nitre. The acid liquor that comes over from them into the receiver, is *aqua regis*.—*Aqua fortis*, or *ſpirit of nitre*, is a nitrous acid ſeparated from its baſis, *nitre*, by the vitriolic acid. *Aqua regis* only will diſſolve gold. Silver is not ſoluble by *aqua regis*; its proper ſolvent is the *acid of nitre*, or *aqua fortis*.—But if you want to ſeparate a maſs of gold and ſilver, either will do. You may diſſolve the gold by *aqua regia*, and let the ſilver remain pure: or, diſſolve the ſilver by *aqua fortis*, and let the gold remain pure. Only note in this caſe of a mixed lump of gold and ſilver, the operation by *aqua fortis* is preferable, for this reaſon; that *aqua regis* in diſſolving gold,

takes up likewiſe a little ſilver; but *aqua fortis* hath not the leaſt effect on gold:—And note further, that if there be equal parts of gold and ſilver in the mixture, they cannot be parted by *aqua fortis*. It has not then the leaſt effect on the ſilver, which is very ſtrange. To make *aqua fortis* act duly on ſilver mixed with gold, the ſilver muſt be at leaſt in a triple proportion to that of the gold. The reaſon of the ſingular effect is, that when the gold exceeds, or the parts of both are equal in quantity, then, as both are intimate, united in the maſs, the parts or minims of the gold coat over the parts of the ſilver, and defend them from the action of the *aqua fortis*. In this caſe, *aqua regia* muſt be uſed to diſſolve the gold, and leave the ſilver pure: or, as *aqua regia* takes up a little of the ſilver, when it diſſolves the gold, melt the metalline maſs, and add as much ſilver, as will make it a triple proportion to the gold. Then you may by *aqua fortis* take up all your ſilver in the diſſolution, and leave all the gold pure.

But as to the third criterion of gold, its being the moſt fixed of all bodies, this is evident from the violence of fire having no effect on it. An ounce of it expoſed for the ſpace of two months, in the eye of a glaſs

glaſs furnace, does not loſe half a grain. It may from thence be ſaid to be incorruptible.

As to gold's reſiſting *antimony*, and not turning into *ſcoriæ* by its force, it is moſt certain from hence, that if you take a maſs conſiſting of gold, ſilver, copper, the other metals, with ſtones, &c. and fuſe it with antimony, the bodies will flow on the ſurface, and be eaſily blown off by the bellows: the antimony all evaporates, and leaves the gold alone. This is called the laſt teſt of gold, to try the purity of it. If the remaining gold have loſt nothing of its weight, it is allowed perfectly pure, and called *gold of twenty-four carats*; or if it be found $\frac{1}{24}$ lighter, it is ſaid to be twenty-three carats fine.

The wonderful ductility of gold.

But as to the *ductility* of gold, this is the moſt extraordinary property of it. The arts of gold-beating and wire-drawing, ſhew us things quite amazing. In leaf-gold, a grain and a quarter of the metal, may be made to cover an area of fifty ſquare inches; and if the leaf be divided by parallel lines $\frac{1}{100}$ part of an inch, a grain of gold will be divided into five hundred thouſand minute ſquares, all diſcernible by the eye:

yet this is not the moſt can be done by the hammer. A ſingle grain of gold may be ſtretched into a leaf that will cover a houſe, and yet the leaf remain ſo compact, as not to tranſmit the rays of light, nor ever admit ſpirit of wine to tranſude. This however is nothing to the effects of wire-drawing.

A gold wire is only a ſilver one gilt, and if you coat a ſilver cylinder of forty-eight ounces weight, with one ounce of gold, which is ſufficient, this cylinder may be drawn out into a wire ſo very fine, that two yards thereof ſhall weigh only one grain, and 98 yards only 49 grains, ſo that one grain of gold gilds 98 yards; and of courſe the ten thouſandth part of a grain, is above one third part of an inch long. And ſince the third part of an inch is yet capable of being divided into ten leſſer parts viſible to the eye, it is evident that the hundred thouſandth part of a grain of gold, may be ſeen without the help of a microſcope: And yet ſo intimately do its parts cohere, that though the gold wherewith the wire is coated, be ſtretched to ſuch a degree, there is not any appearance of the colour of ſilver underneath. Nor is this all.

In

In *ſupergildings*, that is, to make the richeſt lace, they employ but ſix ounces of gold, to cover or gild 45 marks of ſilver, that is, *twenty-two pounds and a half avoir-dupoiſe weight*, rounded into the form of a cylinder or roller, which hath fifteen lines in diameter, and twenty-two inches in length; and here the ſtratum of gold which invelopes the ingot that is to be drawn into wire, hath no more thickneſs than the fifteenth part of a line, which is extremely thin; as a line is the twelfth part of an inch.

But to make the common gold-thread, they do not uſe more than two ounces of gold, and ſometimes not more than one, to gild or cover the ingot I have mentioned, and then the inveloping ſtratum is not more in thickneſs, if two ounces be employed, than the 45th part of a line; and if one ounce be uſed, but the 90th part of a line. Two ounces of gold are generally uſed, in gilding or covering the ingot I have mentioned, and vaſtly thinner muſt the ſtratum be, when the ingot is drawn till it ſurpaſſes the *fineneſs* of a *hair*, and the diameter is nine thouſand times ſmaller than what it had in the maſs: By weighing out half a dram of this thread or wire, it is found by meaſuring the length of the half dram,

dram, that the ingot of 22 ½ pounds, and 22 inches long, is changed into a length of 1163520 feet, that is, ninety-ſix leagues and 196 fathom; for the half dram of wire or thread meaſures 202 feet; by conſequence, an ounce of it, 3232 feet; a mark of it, or eight ounces, 25856 feet. And yet, aſtoniſhing as this length is, for two ounces of gold to be drawn to, the gold which covers the ſilver never ceaſes to gild it. The gold ſtill keeps pace with the wire, ſtretch it to what length the drawers can, through the wire-drawing irons, and holes much ſmaller one than another. The ſilver never appears.

It does not however reſt there. Before the thread or wire is wound on ſilk, and before they ſpin it, it muſt be flatted by paſſing it between ſteel wheels extremely well poliſhed, and this flatting increaſes its length no more than a ſeventh part. One ingot, therefore, of 8 marks or 22 ½ pounds, and 22 inches long, by this increaſe of a 7th part, is brought to the length of 111 leagues, that is, about 300 Engliſh miles.

But amazing as this extent is, it is not the utmoſt bounds to which the ductility of gold may be carried. One ounce only of gold is ſometimes uſed to cover one ingot, and

and drawn to the length I have mentioned, and by the time it has paſſed the flatting wheels, the gold that covers the ſilver *laminæ*, muſt have its thickneſs reduced to leſs than the millionth part of a line; that is, a twelve millionth of an inch. This is beyond the reach of our conception. Imagination cannot plumb her line ſo low.

But, Sir, (I ſaid) May not the gold be divided into ſmall grains *ſeparate* one from another, but yet *near enough* to give their colour to the ſilver? Though we may not be able to ſee the thing, yet I think it may be imagined; the *gold* on the *laminæ*, doth not form a continued leaf.

Experience, good Sir, demonſtrates the contrary,—that every point of ſilver hath its cover of gold. Put a piece of this gilt wire in *aqua fortis*, the ſilver will be diſſolved, and the gold left a perfect, continuous tube. It is an amazing thing! And ſhews the aſtoniſhing power of the firſt cauſe! As to the reaſon of this ductility, and why gold in ſuch a manner adheres to ſilver, ſo as never to part from it, if the 22 ½ pounds of ſilver gilded with one ounce of gold could be extended by art for ever, this is

paſt

paſt our finding out. It is a ſecret of nature we cannot form any idea of.

Caligноſa noctе premit Deus.

Ribble went on. Theſe are the things moſt remarkable in relation to *gold*; and I have only to add, that as to the manner of getting it, it is found ſometimes in glebes or clods, conſiſting of gold alone; ſometimes in a powdry form, and then called *gold-duſt*, or ſand-gold, in the ſands and mud of rivers and brooks; but moſt commonly in whitiſh clods, dug out of mines of vaſt depth, and intermixed with ſilver and various foſſils. This they reduce by fire to a maſs of metal, and by *aqua regia* or *aqua fortis*, the gold is eaſily taken out of the ore.

And as to *gold*'s being ſo yielding and *ductile* by human art, it is to be obſerved, that in return it exerts a greater power on the human mind. Paſſive it is in its ductility, but more active in its influence on man. It is a *greater tyrant* than a *ſlave*. It drives repeated millions of the human race to death and hell. King of metals as it is, bright and glorious to behold, and what procures innumerable bleſſings to mankind; yet, without the grace of God, to moderate the

the paſſion for it, and to direct the mind in a true uſe of it, it is more dangerous to beings on a trial in a firſt ſtate, than even poverty can be in this lower hemiſphere. What villanies are daily committed to get it! What iniquities daily perpetrated by thoſe who have plenty of it! *Lead us not into temptation*, ſhould relate as well to too much of it, as to a total want of it; and it is well prayed,—*In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us.*

Mr. Ribble's concluſion, containing his religious thoughts and advice.

In my opinion, neither poverty nor riches, but a middle ſtate, is the thing we ſhould deſire. It is in this condition, we can beſt live *ſoberly*, or with a ſound mind, and conduct ourſelves as thoſe who have an intelligent ſpirit to preſide in body. Too much gold moſt commonly inverts this order, and produces an apoſtacy that ſets the inferior powers in the throne, and enſlaves the mind to the body: It gives the *paſſions* the *commanding influence*, and makes *reaſon* receive *law* from *appetite.*

If we look into the world, we find too often, in this caſe, that wealth is big with innumerable ſins. The rich are filled with wine, wherein is exceſs, and ſhew an unbridled

bridled diſſoluteneſs of manners. Their eyes behold ſtrange women, and their hearts utter perverſe things. Inſtead of regarding the common good, they commit the moſt extravagant injuries. Of ſuch a hardning nature is too much *gold*, that it tends to make conſcience inſenſible and ſtupid, and renders it for ever unapt for impreſſion. Then whoredom and wine, and new wine, take away the heart, and men are made to forget the law of God.

But having neither poverty nor riches, in the calm middle ſtate, having all reaſonable conveniencies, we can fairly come by; a vaſt variety of creatures for our food, and *wine* in its ſeaſon, to *make glad the heart*; we may then partake of the bounties of Providence, with a ſober freedom, and at the ſame time, can beſt lay up for ourſelves a good foundation, or ſecurity for the time to come, that we may lay hold of eternal life.

Though it is with a proſpect of difficulties, that all muſt enter upon religion, and with labour and difficulty, maintain our ground, and acquit ourſelves like chriſtians, that is, reſiſt the devil in all his aſſaults, overcome the world in its enſnaring influence, and mortify the irregular inclinations

nations of nature; yet in the happy middle ſtate, where there is no poverty nor riches, that is, great wealth, we can make everlaſting glory and felicity our governing aim, and bound our ambition and deſires by nothing ſhort of the reſurrection of the dead. We may live in a full and ready ſubmiſſion of the ſoul to the authority of God's word. Things eternal may have the aſcendant in our practical judgment, and then with pleaſure we become followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promiſes.

Good Sir, this is all our ſowing time, and whatſoever a man ſoweth, that ſhall he alſo reap. He that ſoweth to his fleſh, ſhall of his fleſh reap corruption; but he that ſoweth to the ſpirit, ſhall of the ſpirit reap everlaſting life. And therefore, whether your lot be caſt in the happy middling ſtate, or you were born to thouſands a year, let wiſdom be your rule, and prefer that happineſs which has everlaſting duration, in the realms of light above, to any preſent good that can come in competition with it. Do not ſpend money for that which is not bread—and your labour for that which ſatisfieth not. Do not employ your pains for that which hath *vanity* written upon it, by the word of God, by the teſtimony of the wiſeſt

wiſeſt men, and by frequent experience: but let your principal regard be for your immortal ſoul, when nothing can be given in exchange for the ſoul. Implore the light and grace of the good ſpirit, and by the quickening influences of the Father of the univerſe, and the exertion of your whole ſtrength, let it be the principal labour of your every day, to make advances in the divine life, and be a bleſſing to ſociety wherever you come. In *virtue* and *charity* may you excel.

You will pardon old *Ribble*, I hope, good Sir, and excuſe his addreſſing himſelf to you in this manner. It is an odd concluſion, I own, to a diſcourſe on *metals* and *ſemi-metals*; but it is from an extreme regard I have conceived for you, that I talk as I do, and preſume to call upon you, (as you are a young man of fortune, I ſuppoſe) to conſider ſeriouſly of that *decree*, which is the reſult of unerring wiſdom, and the will of the Rector of the univerſe, to wit, that we are all under the *law of death*, and through that gate muſt paſs, perhaps at a day's, an hour's warning, to the *reſurrection of the dead*, to be adjudged to happineſs or miſery, as time has been employed, and life ſpent here. This is the *decree* of the Moſt High God, and of conſequence, it is incumbent on

on us, to prepare for the *awful hereafter*, and endeavour by good actions, and a virtuous mind, by purity of conſcience, and an exalted piety, to *come off well* in judgment. Happy—thrice happy they that do ſo.

Here little *Ribble* the *Chemiſt* had done, and I had reaſon to return him my very hearty thanks for the favour of his whole diſcourſe. I was vaſtly obliged to him for the knowledge he had given me, in relation to the philoſophy of metals, and taking him by the hand, promiſed him, that I would ever gratefully remember his moral concluſion. This pleaſed the old gentleman, and at four in the afternoon we parted.

A charming vale and country-houſe in Nottinghamſhire, the ſeat of Mr. Monckton.

§. 3. Reflecting on the wonders of the metals, which I had heard old *Ribble* ſo well diſcourſe of, and being more intent on what had been told me of theſe things, that I might never forget ſuch uſeful learning, I trotted on for ſeveral hours without minding the road, and arrived as the ſun was ſetting in a deep and melancholy vale, through which a pleaſant river run, that by the murmur of its ſtreams, ſeemed to be

be marked out for the rendezvous of the thoughtful, who love the deep receſſes, and embowering woods, with the ſoft thrillings of gliding ſtreams, as much as the ſprightly court the gayeſt ſcenes. In this ſweet ſpot, I found a pretty country-houſe, and not knowing where I was, rid up to the door, to enquire my way. A gentleman, who ſeemed to be about forty, immediately appeared, let me know I was at a conſiderable diſtance from any town, and as it was near ten, told me I had beſt reſt with him that night, and I was moſt heartily welcome. This was humane and civil. I accepted the kind invitation, and immediately went in with him. He brought me into a decent room, and gave me a handſome meal. We had a couple of bottles after ſupper, talked of a thouſand things, and then withdrew to wind up the machines. He would not let me ſtir the next morning, and after dinner we became well acquainted. Six days this gentleman prevailed with me to ſtay at his houſe, and then I left him with regret. He was ſo generous, ſo civil, and in every thing ſo agreeable, that I could not avoid admiring him, and regarding him to an extreme degree. His name was *Monckton*.

§. 4. *Avery*

Character of Mr. Monckton.

§. 4. *Avery Monckton* had ſeen the world, when he was a young man, and by reading much, and thinking a great deal, had acquired an extenſive knowledge, and a deep penetration. In him the gentleman and the ſcholar were viſible. He ſeemed ſuperior to folly, and his philoſophy appeared to be an aſſiduous examination of his ideas, fancies, and opinions, in order to render them true and juſt. His religion conſiſted in a chearful ſubmiſſion to the divine pleaſure, with reſpect to all things independent of us, or abſolutely external to us; and in a continued exertion of benevolence, in doing all the good he could. What the theology of ſects was, and the notions of divines, he never minded. It was his opinion, that an *active charity* is the only thing that can *liken* and *approve* us to the original benevolent mind: and that it is reaſonable to ſubmit to all his diſpenſations, ſince the providence of an infinitely perfect Being, muſt do all for the b ſt in the whole. This was *Avery Monckton*, Eſq; In his perſon he was tall, and very thin.

This gentleman told me the following remarkable ſtory relating to himſelf, on my aſking him, if he had ever been married?—

Yes,

Yes, Sir, he replied: When I was about five and twenty, a young lady came in my way, who had all the external charms that ever adorned a woman, and I thought her mind as perfect in goodneſs of every kind, as minds can be on this earth. I made my addreſſes to her, and with ſome difficulty perſuaded her to accept of a good jointure, and be a wife; for ſhe had got it into her head, that chriſtian perfection conſiſted in a virgin-life. I loved her to an extreme degree, and fancied myſelf beyond mortals happy, as her fondneſs ſeemed equal to my paſſion, and ſhe expreſſed it in a moſt tranſporting way. Three months paſſed on in this delightful manner, and I ſhould have thought an age but minutes, if the ſcene was to have no change. But every thing muſt have an end in this poor ſtate. Buſineſs called me one morning early into the city, and till it was late at night, I thought not to return: Back however I was compelled to go for ſome papers I had forgot, and deſigning to ſurprize agreeably my wife, came in by a key I had, at the waſh-houſe door, and unſeen went ſoftly up to my chamber, where I expected to find my beloved in a ſweet ſleep. Gently I touched the lock, and intended, as my charmer ſlumbered, to give this idol of my heart a kiſs: But, as I opened the door without

being heard, I ſaw a man by my bed-ſide, and my fond faithful wife, buttoning up his breeches. Amazement ſeized me, but I was not in a rage. I only ſaid, is that *Louiſa* I ſee, and ſhut the door. Down ſtairs I went immediately, and out again the ſame way I came in. I was done with love for ever, and from that time never ſaw my wife more. A ſhip being to ſail the next day for *Conſtantinople*, I went a paſſenger in it, and reſolved to live abroad ſome years.

Six years I reſided in *Greece*, and viſited every curious place: Four I ſpent in *Aſia minor*, and two in *Italy* and *France*. I diverted myſelf with noting down the extraordinary things I ſaw, and I purchaſed ſeveral fine antiquities by the way. When done, I came back to my country again, and this little ſeat I now live at, being to be ſold, I bought it immediately, and have reſided here ever ſince. My ſtudy, my garden, and my horſe, divert me fully and finely every day. I have all I deſire in this world, and reign more happily over my few ſubjects, in this airy, ſilent, ſecret ſpot, than the greateſt monarch can do on a throne. My people are only one young man, who is my gardener, my footman, and my groom, and two old women, my maids.

maids. Theſe are ever attentive to my will, and by their good behaviour and management, make my lodge as agreeable, and life as pleaſing, as can be expected in the ſyſtem of things.

Monckton's ſtory pleaſed me much, and I wondered greatly at his happy temper, when he ſaw his beloved wife buttoning up the breeches of the man. But did you ever hear what became of her after?—And faulty as ſhe was, may there not be found an honeſt charming woman, to render your hours more delightful than ſtudy and contrivance can make them, without a ſoft partner through life? Come into the world with me, Sir, and I will engage to find out for you a mere primitive chriſtian of a woman, with all the beauties of body that *Lucian* gives his images.

You are very good, Sir, (*Monckton* replied) in offering to look out for another wife for me, and I thank you very heartily, for your well-meant kindneſs; but as I never enquired what became of my firſt wife, from the morning I left her, and know only that ſhe is dead, as her jointure has not been demanded for ſeveral years paſt; ſo ſhall I never be concerned with a ſecond. Perhaps there are ſome honeſt women in the

the world. I hope ſo: but I have had enough of marriage. Beſide, I think it time now to turn my thoughts a better way. In the forty-fifth year of my age, it cannot be weak, to begin to conſider the great change before me, and fix my hopes on a good remove into ſome better and happier region. If I was unfortunate with a wife when a young man, I have little reaſon to expect better days with one, as age comes on. I might find myſelf again moſt ſadly miſtaken. But there can be no diſappointment in making it the principal work of life, to prepare, in ſuch a retirement as this, for that approaching hour, when we muſt ſubmit to the power and tyranny of death and corruption. By this means, the greateſt happineſs may be ſecured. In every thing elſe, there is uncertainty and vanity. I ſpeak principally in reſpect of my time of life, who am haſtening faſt to fifty: but at every time, it is my opinion, that men, as rationals, and beings who take on themſelves the honourable profeſſion of the chriſtian religion, ſhould not comply with the criminal liberties allowed in the world, and give into the illicit uſages and cuſtoms of place and company, for fear of ridicule, or to avoid giving offence; but keep ſtrictly to the will and laws of their higher country, and in all

things have a ſpecial regard to holineſs, and truth, and purity.

I do not ſay this by way of preaching, but that you may thereby have a truer idea of the man you chanced to find in a lone houſe on this vaſt common. Seven years have I now lived here, and in all that time, have not been once in *London:* but ſometimes I ride to a neighbouring village, and if on the road, or at an inn, I can pick up a ſenſible agreeable man, I love to dine with him, and drink a pint of wine. Such a man I frequently ride in queſt of, and if he be intirely to my mind, (which is very rarely the caſe,) I invite him home with me, to paſs at my lodge two or three days. Far then am I from being unſocial, though I live in ſolitude; but I left the world, becauſe I was ill-uſed in it, and happen to think very differently from the generality of men. Here *Monckton* ended his ſtory, and a little after we parted.

A bait at a lone inn, and the arrival of Miſs Turner of Skelſmore-vale.

§. 5. I rid for ſix hours without meeting with any thing remarkable; but as I baited about three o'clock at a lone inn, the ſituation of which was ſo fine in foreſt and water, that I determined to go no further that day; there

there arrived a little after, a young lady, her maid, and two men ſervants. They were all well-mounted, and the lady's beaſt in particular, as great a beauty of its kind, as its miſtreſs was among women. I thought I had ſeen the face before, and had been ſome where or other in her company; but as it muſt be ſeveral years ago, and her face and perſon were a little altered, I could not immediately recollect her: but *Finn*, my lad, coming up to me, aſked me, if I did not remember Miſs *Turner* of *Skelſmore-vale* *? Miſs *Turner*, I ſaid;—to be ſure, now I think, it is ſhe; but this lady juſt arrived here is much fatter, and, if it be poſſible, ſomething handſomer. It is her, believe me, quoth *Finn*, and you ought to wait upon her inſtantly. I went. It was Miſs *Turner*, one of the beauties that adorns a *gallery* of *pictures* in the North, and who is with great truth in the following lines deſcribed, in a Poem written on this collection of paintings.

The Picture of Miſs TURNER.

But ſee! *Emilia* riſes to the ſight
In every virtue, in every beauty bright!
See thoſe victorious eyes, that heav'nly mein!
Behold her ſhine like Love's reſiſtleſs *Queen!*

* See the Life of *John Buncle*, Vol. I.

Thou faireſt wonder of thy faireſt kind!
By heav'n ſome image of itſelf deſign'd!
As if in thee it took peculiar care,
And form'd thee like ſome *fav'rite ſeraph* there.
But tho' thy beauty ſtrikes the raviſh'd ſight,
Thy virtue ſhines diſtinguiſhingly bright!
And all the graces of thy form combin'd,
Yield to the charms of thy unblemiſh'd mind;
Where all is ſpotleſs, gentle, and ſerene,
One calm of life untouch'd by guilt or pain!
Could I in equal lays thy worth deſign,
Or paint exalted merit ſuch as thine!
To lateſt ages ſhould thy name ſurvive,
And in my verſe *Emilia* ever live;
Th' admiring world ſhould liſten to thy praiſe,
And the fair *portrait* charm ſucceeding days.

This lady knew me at once, on my entring the room where ſhe was, and we dined together. She told me, her brother, my friend, died in *Italy*, on his return home; and Miſs *Jaquelot*, her couſin and companion, was happily married; and that being thus left alone, by theſe two accidents, ſhe was going up to *London*, to reſide in the world.

My addreſs to Miſs Turner.

§. 6. Miſs *Turner*, (I ſaid then) as you are now your own miſtreſs, I may with juſtice make my addreſſes, and tell you, that from the firſt hour I ſaw you, I was in love with you, and am ſo ſtill: that if you

you will do me the honour to be my wife, I will make the beſt of huſbands. I have now ſome fortune, and if you will allow, that an honeſt man is the beſt companion for an honeſt woman, let us marry in the country, and inſtead of going up to that noiſy tumultuous place called *London*, retire to ſome ſtill delightful retreat, and there live, content with each other, as happy as it is poſſible for two young mortals to be in this lower hemiſphere. What do you ſay, Miſs *Turner?*

Miſs Turner's anſwer: and our marriage.

§. 7. You ſhall have my anſwer, Sir, in a few days: But as to going up to *London*, I think I had beſt ſee it, ſince I am come ſo far. It may give me a new reliſh for ſtill-life, and make the country ſeem more charming than I thought it before. On the other hand, it may perhaps make me in love with the town, and put me out of conceit with the country. In ſhort, on ſecond thoughts, I will not go up to the *Capital*. I will return to *Skelſmore-vale*. I think ſo now: But how I may think in the morning, at preſent I do not know. In the mean time, (*Cæſia* continued) ring, if you pleaſe, for a pack of cards, and let us paſs the evening in play. The cards were brought in, the

game began, and before we had played many hours, I ſaw this dear charming creature was all my own. She ſat before me, like bluſhing beauty in the picture, (in the gallery of *Venus*,) enriched with thought, warm with deſire, and with delicate ſenſations covered over: I could not help wiſhing for father *Fleming*, my friend, to qualify us for the implanted impulſe, and ſanctify the call. Early the next morning I ſent *Finn* for him, and he was with me in a few days. The evening he arrived we were married. Man and wife we ſat down to ſupper.

The Author's apology for marrying again ſo ſoon.

§. 8. Here the *moroſe*, the *viſionary*, and the *dunce*, will again fall upon me, for marrying a fifth wife, ſo quickly after the deceaſe of the fourth; who had not been three months in her grave: But my anſwer is, that a dead woman is no wife, and marriage is ever glorious. It is the inſtitution of heaven, a bleſſing to ſociety, and therefore hated by the *devil* and *maſs-prieſts*. *Satan* by oppoſing it, promotes fornication and perdition. The prieſts by preaching againſt it, drive the human race into cloyſters; deſtroy every thing gentle, generous and ſocial; and rob the people of their property. *Celi-*

bacy

bacy is *popery* and *hell* in perfection. It is the doctrine of devils, and a war with the Almighty. It is againſt the inſtitutions of nature and Providence; and therefore, for ever *execrable* be the memory of the *maſs-prieſts*, who dare to call it *perfection*.

My dear Reader, if you are unmarried, and healthy, get a wife as ſoon as poſſible, ſome charming girl, or pretty widow, adorned with modeſty, robed with meekneſs, and who has the grace to attract the ſoul, and heighten every joy continually;—take her to thy breaſt, and bravely, in holy wedlock, *propagate*. Deſpiſe and hiſs the *maſs-prieſts*, and every *viſionary*, who preaches the contrary doctrine. They are foes to heaven and mankind, and ought to be drummed out of ſociety.

SECTION XI.

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes?——
An noceat vis ulla bono? Summaque perdat
Oppoſita virtute minas? Laudandaque velle
Sit ſatis, et nunquam ſucceſſu creſcat honeſtum?
Scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inferet Ammon.

Cato's *anſwer to* Labienus, *when he requeſted him to conſult the oracle of* Jupiter Ammon. Lucan, *B.* 9.

Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
What myſtic fate, what ſecret would'ſt thou know?
If this ſaid world, with all its forces join'd,
The univerſal malice of mankind,
Can ſhake or hurt the brave and honeſt mind?
If ſtable virtue can her ground maintain,
While fortune feebly threats and frowns in vain?
If truth and juſtice with unrightneſs dwell,
And honeſty conſiſt in meaning well;
If right be independent of ſucceſs,
And conqueſt cannot make it more nor leſs?
Are theſe, my friend, the ſecrets thou would'ſt know,
Thoſe doubts for which to oracles we go?
'Tis known, 'tis plain, 'tis all already told,
And horned Ammon can no more unfold.

ROWE.

Or thus.

Or thus.

What ſhould I ASK, my friend,---if beſt it be
To live enſlav'd, or thus in arms die free!
If it our real happineſs import,
Whether life's fooliſh ſcene be long or ſhort?
If any force true honor can abate,
Or fortune's threats make virtue bow to fate?
If when at noble ends we juſtly aim,
The bare attempt entitles us to fame?
If a bad cauſe, that juſtice would oppreſs,
Can ever grow more honeſt by ſucceſs?
All this we know, wove in our minds it ſticks,
Which Ammon nor his prieſts can deeper fix.
They need not teach with venal cant and pains,
That God's inevitable will holds our's in chains,
Who act but only what he pre-ordains.
He needs no voice to thunder out his law,
Or keep his creatures wild deſires in awe:
Both what we ought to do, or what forbear,
He once for all did at our births declare:
What for our knowledge needful was or fit,
With laſting characters in human ſoul he writ.
But never did he ſeek out deſert lands
To ſkulk, or bury truth in deſert ſands,
Or to a corner of the world withdrew,
Head of a ſect, and partial to a few.
Nature's vaſt fabrick he controuls *alone*;
This globe's his footſtool, high heaven his throne.

Eſtque Dei ſedes, ubi terra, et pontus, et aer,
Et cælum, et virtus. Superos quid quærimus ultra?

In earth, ſea, air, and what e'er elſe excels,
In knowing heads, and honeſt hearts he dwells.
Why vainly ſeek we then in barren ſands,
In narrow ſhrines, and temples built with hands,

HIM, whoſe dread preſence does all places fill,
Or look, but in our reaſon for his will!
Whate'er we ſee is God, in all we find
Apparent prints of his eternal mind.

Sortileges egeant dubii ſemperque, futuris
Caſibus Ancipetes: me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit: pavido fortique cadendum eſt,
Hoc ſatis eſt dixiſſe Jovem. Sic illa profatur.

Let floating fools their courſe by prophets ſteer,
And live of future chances ſtill in fear;
No oracle or dream the crowd is told,
Shall make me more or leſs reſolv'd and bold;
Death is my ſure retreat, which muſt on all,
As well on cowards, as on the gallant fall.
This ſaid he turn'd him with diſdain about,
And left ſcorn'd Ammon to amuſe the rout. (15)

Non exploratum populis Ammona relinquens.

The unfortunate death of Miſs Turner, the author's fifth wife.

§. 1. FOR ſix weeks after our marriage, we reſided at the inn, on account of the charms of the ground, and ſeemed to be in poſſeſſion of a laſting happineſs it is impoſſible for words to deſcribe. Every thing

(15) The *temple* of *Jupiter Ammon* was ſituated on the ſouth part of the *deſarts* of *Lybia*, about 200 miles from the borders of *Egypt*. Theſe *deſarts* conſiſting of fluctuating ſands are of a vaſt unknown extent, and by the riſing of the wind, roll like waves of the ſea, fall like ſnow, and have buried whole armies: But

thing was ſo ſmooth and ſo round, that we thought proſperity muſt be our own for many years to come, and were quite ſecure from the flames of deſtruction; but calamity laid hold of us, when we had not the leaſt reaſon to expect it, and from a fulneſs of peace and felicity, we ſunk at once into an abyſs of afflictions. Inſtead of

---

But the ſpot in the middle of which the *temple* ſtood, is fine fixed land, ſeven miles in circumference, richly planted and watered with fountains and ſtreams; a delightful and healthful place, though the vaſt deſarts all round are ſcorching ſands, without ſo much as one well or rivulet to be ſeen any where. *Alexander* the Great was there in the year 332 or 1 before *Chriſt*. And *Cato* in the year before *Chriſt* 46. *Lucan* gives a fine deſcription of this *march* of *Cato* in his IXth book. —— And of the ſpot where *Ammon* reigned, ſays——

Here, and here only, through wide *Lybia*'s ſpace,
Tall trees, the land, and verdant herbage grace.
Here the looſe ſands by plenteous ſprings are bound,
Knit to a maſs, and moulded into ground:
Here ſmiling nature wears a fertile dreſs,
And all things here the preſent God confeſs.

The Latin is vaſtly fine.

Eſſe locis ſuperos teſtatur ſylva per omnem
Sola virens Libyen, nam quicquid pulvere ſicco
Separat ardentem tepida berenicida lepti,
Ignorat frondes. Solus nemus abſtuſit Ammon.
Sylvarum fons cauſa loco, qui putria terræ
Alligat, et domitas unda connectit arenas.

This

of going back to *Skelſmore-vale*, as we had reſolved, my wife would go up to *London*, and paſs a few weeks there, and thereabout, before ſhe retired to the mountains.

I was

This ſpot in *Lybia* is to this day the ſame beautiful and wonderful place; the moſt charming piece of ground in the world, in the midſt of the moſt horrible deſarts; but inſtead of *Corniger* (as *Lucan* calls *Ammon*) an *African* prince name *Abu Derar*, now reigns there, and his palace ſtands where the temple ſtood in *Alexander*'s and *Cato*'s time. I ſaw not long ago a gentleman who had been on the ſpot and told me this. He further ſaid, that this king and his people had been converted to the chriſtian religion by an *Abyſſinian prieſt*, and had better notions of chriſtianity than many of our great divines; for they have not a thought of *trinity in unity*; nor would they ſay, to gain the whole world, what the great Dr. *Potter* does in one of his ſermons, to wit, *that whatſoever pain or miſery God himſelf did ſuffer* in his human nature: Or as *Trapp* expreſſes himſelf in his diſcourſe on the marriage at *Cana*, — *A ſweet ſmile ſat on the face of the great God*:—meaning *Jeſus*:—Horrible ſayings! O wretched orthodoxy! But they think, without daring to invent and add to the goſpel, that *Jeſus Chriſt* was (and was no more than) the *Meſſias, ſent by God for the ſalvation of mankind.*

At what time this *Oracle* of *Jupiter Ammon* ceaſed is not certain. We are ſure it was of no reputation in the time of *Trajan*. All the *Oracles* ceaſed, when men opened their eyes, and laid aſide their impertinent credulity. This was the true cauſe of the ceſſation; though the fathers aſcribed it to the coming of the Saviour of the world. It was mere prieſtcraft to make money.

I was againſt it, but her will was my law. We ſet out for the Capital, and the firſt day's journey was delightful: But her fine beaſt having met with an accident in the night, by a rope in the ſtable, which got about its foot, cut it deep, and rendered it unable to travel; we took a chariot and four to finiſh our way; but on driving by the ſide of a ſteep hill, the horſes took fright, ran it down, over came the carriage, and my charmer was killed. This was a diſmal ſcene. She lived about an hour, and repeated the following fine lines from *Boiſſard*, when ſhe ſaw me weeping as I kneeled on the ground by her;——

Nil proſunt lacrumæ, nec poſſunt fata moveri:
Nec pro me queror; hoc morte mihi eſt triſtius ipſa,
Mœror Atimeti conjugis ille mihi. (16)

Juſt as ſhe expired, ſhe took me by the hand, and with the ſpirit of an *old Roman*, bid me adieu.

Can

(16) Theſe lines from the antiquities of *Boiſſard*, are a real inſcription on a tomb in *Italy*, which this antiquary found in his travels, and copied it as a curioſity to the world. It is to be ſeen on the monument to this day. *Homonœa* was a great beauty at the court of the Emperor *Honorius*, and

Homonœa and *Atimetus*: and the epitaph of *Homonœa* at large.

Can you form an idea, Reader, of the diſtreſs I was then in? It is not poſſible I think, unleſs you have been exactly in the ſame

---

and married to *Atimetus*, a courtier and favourite, who preferred her to the moſt illuſtrious of ladies of that time, on account of her extraordinary charms, and uncommon perfections; but ſhe did not long enjoy the honour and happineſs ſhe was married into. Before ſhe was twenty, death ſnatched her away, in the year of the reign of *Honorius*, A. D. 401, and the following beautiful *epitaph* was cut on her monument, and remains to this day: I place it here for the entertainment of my readers, and likewiſe *La Fontaine*'s elegant tranſlation of it.

Homonœa's Epitaph.

Si penſare animas ſinerent crudelia fata,
Et poſſet redimi morte aliena ſalus:
Quantulacunque meæ debentur tempora vitæ
Penſarem pro te, cara *Homonœa*, libens.
At nunc quod poſſum, fugiam lucemque deoſque,
Ut te matura per ſtuga morte ſequar.

[Atimetus *the huſband, is the ſpeaker of theſe ſix lines.*]

Parce tuam conjux fletu quaſſare juventam,
Fataque merendo ſollicitare mea.
Nil proſunt lacrumæ, nec poſſunt fata moveri.
Viximus: hic omnes exitus unus habet.
Parce, ita non unquam ſimilem experiare dolorem.
Et faveant votis numina cuncta tuis!
Quodque mihi eripuit mors immatura juventæ,
Hoc tibi victuro proroget ulterius.

[Homonœa *is ſuppoſed to ſpeak theſe eight lines, to her huſband; and then relates her caſe to the traveller, who is paſſing by.*]

Tu

ſame ſituation; unleſs you loved like me, and have been as miſerably ſeparated from as

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Tu qui ſecura procedis mente parumper
Siſte gradum quæſo, verbaque pauca lege.
Illa ego quæ claris fueram prælata puellis,
Hoc *Homonœa* brevi condita ſum tumulo,
Cui formam paphia, et charites, tribuere decorem,
Quam Pallus cunctis artibus eruduit.
Nondum bis denos ætas compleverat annos,
Injecere manus invida fata mihi.
Nec pro me queror; hoc morte mihi eſt triſtius ipſa,
Mœror Atimeti conjugis ille mihi.

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier digniſſima vitâ
Quæque tuis olim perfruerêre bonis.

[*Theſe two lines may be the words of the Public, or of whoever erected the monument to the memory of* Homonœa.]

Now ſee how finely *La Fontaine* has done this inſcription into verſe.

Si l'on pouvoit donner ſes jours pour ceux d'un autre
Et que par cet échange on contentat le ſort,
Quels que ſoint les momens qui me reſtent encore
Mon ame, avec plaiſir, racheteroit la votre.
Mais le deſtin l'ayant autrement arrété,
Je ne ſçaurois que fuir les dieux & la clarté,
Pour vous ſuivre aux enfers d'une mort avancée.
Quittez, ô chere epoux, cette triſte penſée,
Vous alterez en vain les plus beaux de vos ans:
Ceſſez de fatiguer par de cris impuiſſans,
La parque et le deſtin, deïtez inflexibles.
Mettez fin â des pleurs qui ne le touchent point;
Je ne ſuis plus: tout tent â ce ſuprême poinct.
Ainſi nul accident, par des coups ſi ſenſibles

Ne

charming a woman. But it was in vain for me to continue lamenting. She was gone for ever, and lay as the *clod of the valley* before

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Ne vienne à l'avenir traverſer vos plaiſirs !
Ainſi l'Olimpe entier s'accorde à vos deſirs !
Veüille enfin atropos, au cours de vôtre vie
Ajoûter l'entenduë à la mienne ravire !
Et toy, paſſant tranquille, apprens quels ſont nos maux,
Daigne icy t'arréter un moment a les lire,
Celle qui preferée aux partis les plus hauts,
Sur le ceur d'Atimete acquir un doux empire ;
Qui tenoit de venus la beauté de ſes traits,
De Pallas ſon ſçavoir, des graces ſes attraits,
Giſt ſous ce peu d'eſpace en la tombe enſerrée,
Vingt ſoleils n'avoient pas ma carriere éclairés,
Le ſort jetta ſur mois ſes envieuſes mains ;
C'eſt Atimete ſeul qui fait que je m'en plains,
Ma mort m'afflige moins que ſa douleur amere.
O femme, que la terre a tes os ſoit legere ?
Femme digne de vivre ; et bientôt puſſes-tu
Recommencer de voir les traits de la lumieres,
Et recouvrer le bien que ton ceur a perdu.

Or thus in proſe.

S'il ſuffiſoit aux deſtins qu'on donât ſa vie pour celle d'un autre, et qu'il fût poſſible de racheter ainſi ce que l'on ayme, quelque ſoit le nombre d'années que les parques m'ont accordé, je le donnerois avec plaiſir pour vous tirer de tombeau, ma chere *Homonée* ; mais cela ne ſe pouvant, ce que je puis faire eſt de fuïr le jour et la preſence de dieux, pour aller bientôt vous ſuivre le long du Styx.

O mon chere epoux, ceſſez de vous affliger ; ne corrompez plus le fleurs de vos ans ; ne fatiguez plus ma deſtinée par de plaintes continuëlles ; toutes les larmes ſont

before me. Her body I depoſited in the next church-yard, and immediately after, rid as faſt as I could to *London*, to loſe thought in diſſipation, and reſign the better to the decree. For ſome days I lived at the inn I ſet up at, but as ſoon as I could, went into a lodging, and it happened to be at the houſe of the famous *Curl* the bookſeller; a man well known in the *Dunciad*, and *Pope's letters to his friends*, on account of *Curl*'s frauds in purchaſing and printing ſtolen copies of Mr. *Pope*'s works. It

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ſont icy vaines; on ne ſauroit émouvoir la parque: me voilà morte, chacun arrive à ce terme la. Ceſſez donc encore un fois: Ainſi puiſſiez-vous ne ſentir jamais une ſemblable douleur! Ainſi tous les dieux ſoient favorable à vos ſouhaits! Et veüille la parque ajoûter à vôtre vie ce qu'elle a ravi à la mienne.

Et toy qui paſſes tranquillement, arreté icy je te prie un moment ou deux, afin de lire ce peu de mots.

Moy, cette *Homonée* que preferra Atimete a de filles conſiderables; moy a qui Venus donna la beauté, les graces et les agrémens; que Pallas enfin avoit inſtruite dans tous les arts, me voila icy renfermée dans un monument de peu d'eſpace. Je n'avois pas encore vingt ans quand le ſort jetta ſes mains envieuſes ſur ma perſonne. Ce n'eſt pas pour moy que je m'en plains, c'eſt pour mon mari, de qui la douleur m'eſt plus difficile à ſupporter que ma propre mort.

Que la terre ſoit legere, ô éſpouſe digne de retourner à la vie, et de recouvrer un jour que tu a perdu!

N. B. *The Reader who does not underſtand French, will find this in Engliſh at the end of this* XIth Section.

It is in relation to theſe *tricks*, that *Pope* mentions *Curl* in his *Dunciad* and *Letters*. A ſuccinct hiſtory of him I ſhall here give: but had I complied with his requeſts, it would have been a long relation, to the advantage and glory of this extraordinary man: For he came one morning into my cloſet, with an apron full of papers; being letters, memorandums, parodies, and notes, written by or concerning himſelf; and requeſted I would, on a good conſideration, write his life, to his profit and honour, and make it a five ſhilling book. That I ſaid was not then in my power to do: but I would, one time or other, give the public a true account of him, and make it conclude I hoped to the glory of his character. Here it is.

The picture and character of Curl the bookſeller.

§. 2. CURL was in perſon very tall and thin, an ungainly, aukward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light-grey, large, projecting, gogle and pur-blind. He was ſplay-footed, and baker-kneed.

He had a good natural underſtanding, and was well acquainted with more than the title pages of books. He talked well on ſome ſubjects. He was not an infidel as Mrs.

Mrs. *Rowe* misrepresents him in one of her letters to lady *Hartford*, (afterwards Dutchess of *Somerset.)* He told me, it was quite evident to him, that the *scriptures* of the Old and New Testament contained a *real revelation.* There is for it a *rational*, a *natural*, a *traditionary*, and a *supernatural* testimony; which rendered it quite certain to him. He said, he no more doubted the truth of the christian religion, than he did the existence of an independent supreme Creator; but he did not believe the expositions given by the divines. So far *Curl* was right enough. His fault was, that with such a belief, he took no pains with his heart. Trusting entirely to the *merits of the Saviour*, like too many other mistaken christians, he had no notion of religion as an *invisible thing within us*, called the *kingdom of God:* He did not even consider it as a good outside thing, that recommends a man to his fellow-creatures. He was a debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four shilling book to ten. Thus, in particular, he managed *Burnet*'s Archiology: And when I told him he was very culpable in this, and other articles he sold, his answer was, What would I have him to do? He was a bookseller.

ſeller. His *tranſlators* in *pay*, lay three in a bed, at the *Pewter-Platter* Inn in *Holborn*, and he and they were for ever at work, to deceive the Public. He likewiſe printed the lewdeſt things. He loſt his ears for the *Nun in her Smock*, and another thing. As to drink, he was too fond of money, to ſpend any in making himſelf happy that way; but at another's expence, he would drink every day till he was quite blind, and as incapable of ſelf-motion as a block. This was *Edmund Curl:* But he died at laſt as great a penitent, (I think in the year 1748) as ever expired. I mention this to his glory.

As *Curl* knew the world well, and was acquainted with ſeveral extraordinary characters, he was of great uſe to me at my firſt coming to town, as I knew nobody, nor any place. He gave me the true characters of many I ſaw, told me whom I ſhould avoid, and with whom I might be free. He brought me to the play-houſes, and gave me a judicious account of every actor. He underſtood thoſe things well. No man could talk better on theatrical ſubjects. He brought me likewiſe to Sadler's Wells, to the night-cellars, and to *Tom King*'s, the famous night-houſe at *Covent Garden*. As he was very knowing, and well-

well-known at ſuch places, he ſoon made me as wiſe as himſelf in theſe branches of learning; and, in ſhort, in the ſpace of a month, I was as well acquainted in *London*, as if I had been there for years. My kind preceptor ſpared no pains in lecturing.

But what of all things I thought moſt wonderful, was the company I ſaw at the Sieur *Curl*'s. As he was intimate with all the high whores in town, many of them frequented his ſhop, to buy his dialogues, and other lively books. Some of theſe girls he often aſked to dine with him, and then I was ſure to be a gueſt. Many very fine women I thereby ſaw, but none worth mentioning, till *Carola Bennet* arrived. She did ſurprize me. Her mind and body were very wonderful, and I imagine a deſcription of her, and her ſtory afterward, will not be ungrateful to my readers.

The picture of Carola Bennet.

§. 3. *Carola Bennet* was at this time in the two and twentieth year of her age, a dazzling beauty in the height of life and vigour. Her eyes were black and amazingly fine: Her mouth charming: Her neck and breaſt very beautiful: Her ſtature was juſt what it ought to be. She had a glow of health, a luſcious air, and a be-

witching vivacity: Her manners were wonderfully winning, and the tone of her voice ſo ſweet and inſinuating, that her words and looks went directly to the heart. She had read many books of gaiety, wit, and humour; eſpecially the French; and talked delightfully on ſuch ſubjects. She ſang to perfection: but her converſation was too free, and ſhe ſeemed to have no ſenſe of any religion. It was a fine entertainment to be in her company, as I often was, yet I could not help ſighing, to ſee ſo many perfections on the brink of everlaſting deſtruction.—This young lady all of a ſudden diſappeared. *Curl* knew not what was become of her: but as I rid ten years after through *Devonſhire*, in the fineſt part of that romantic county, I ſaw her one morning, (as I ſtopped to water my horſe in a brook that ran from a park,) ſitting on a ſeat, under a vaſt beautiful cedar tree, with a book in her hand. I thought I was no ſtranger to the fine face, and as I was pretty near to her, I called out, and aſked, if ſhe was not Miſs *Bennet?* She knew me at once, and pointing to a gate that was only latched, deſired I would come to her. I went, and found ſhe was the miſtreſs of the fine ſeat at a ſmall diſtance off. She brought me into the houſe, would not ſuffer me to

ſtir

ſtir that day, and told me the ſtory of her life. I think it worth placing here.

Hiſtory of Miſs Bennet.

§. 4. *Carola Bennet* was the daughter of *John Bennet*, Eſq; a *Yorkſhire* gentleman, who died when ſhe was in her 19th year, and left her in the care of her aunt, an old lady who was outwardly all ſaint, and within a devil. This *Carola* knew well, and requeſted her father to get another guardian for her, or leave her to manage herſelf; for Mrs. *Hunfleet*, her aunt, was far from being that primitive chriſtian he took her for, and ſo great a miſer, that excluſive of all her other vices, her avarice alone was enough to ruin her niece. She would ſacrifice the whole human race for half a thouſand pounds. But all his daughter ſaid was in vain. He believed his ſiſter was godlineſs itſelf, in its utmoſt latitude and extent; that ſhe lived a continued oppoſition to our mortal enemies, the world, ſin, and the devil; and that her heart was a mere magazine of univerſal honeſty, probity of manners, and goodneſs of life and converſation. Integrity and rectitude, and benevolence, as he thought, were the bright criterions of her ſoul. She will teach you, *Carola*, to faſt and pray, and make you like herſelf, a perfect ſaint.

It was to no purpoſe then for the daughter to remonſtrate: She could only weep, as her father was poſitive, and after his death was obliged to go home with Mrs. *Hunfleet*. There, as ſhe expected, ſhe had too much of the outward bodily exerciſe of religion, every thing that can be named within the circle of external worſhip; ſuch as public and private ſervices, faſtings, macerations, bowings, expanded hands, and lifted eyes, which Lord *Halifax* (in his advice to a daughter) calls the *holy goggle:* but that all this accompanied the internal acts of the old woman's mind, and went along with her heart and ſoul, *Carola* had reaſon to doubt. She ſaw it was but outward profeſſion,—all hypocriſy,—that her life belied her creed, and her practice was a renunciation of the chriſtian religion. This appeared to be the caſe very quickly. The aunt ſold her to one *Cantalupe* for five hundred pounds. Under pretence of taking her to viſit a friend, ſhe brought her to a private *bagnio*, or one of thoſe houſes called *convents*.

A deſcription of a London convent: and an adventure there.

§. 5. Such houſes ſtand in back courts, narrow lanes, or the moſt private places, and ſeem to be uninhabited, as the front windows are ſeldom

dom opened, or like ſome little *friary*, where a company of viſionaries reſide; but within are elegantly furniſhed, and remarkable for the beſt wines. The woman who keeps the houſe is the only perſon to be ſeen in them, unleſs it be ſometimes, that a high-priced whore, who paſſes for the gentlewoman's daughter, by accident appears.

In theſe *brothels* the Sieur *Curl* was well known, and as the wine in them is always excellent, (but a ſhilling a bottle dearer than at the tavern,) and one ſits without hearing the leaſt noiſe, or being ſeen by any one, I have often gone with this ingenious man to ſuch places, on account of the purity of the wine, and the ſtillneſs of the houſe; as there are no waiters there, nor any well-dreſt huſſies to come in the way. You are as ſilent as in a cave; nor does a woman appear, except as before excepted, unleſs it be by appointment at this kind of *meeting-houſe*, as ſuch places may well be called; for there not ſeldom does many a married woman meet her gallant. One evening that I was there with *Curl*, there came in the wife of a very eminent merchant, a lady of as excellent a character as any in the world; who was never ſo much as ſuſpected by any of her ac-

quaintance, but allowed by every body to be a woman of pure morals and unſpotted chaſtity. She came in firſt with a black maſk on her face, from her chair, and was by the woman of the houſe ſhewn into a chamber up ſtairs: Half an hour after, there was another ſoft tap at the door, and a gentleman was let in, who was ſhewed up to the chamber the lady was in: As the door of the room *Curl* and I were ſitting in, happened to be open as this adventurer paſſed by, I knew the man. He was an *Iriſh* gentleman of large fortune, with whom I was well acquainted. He was ever engaged in amours, and was ſome years after this hanged at *Cork*, for raviſhing *Sally Squib*, the quaker. His name then can be no ſecret: But as to the lady's name, I ſhall never tell it, as ſhe left ſeveral children, who are now living in reputation; but only obſerve, that there are, to my knowledge, many women of ſuch ſtrict virtue in the world. If you aſk me reader, how I came to know who ſhe was? I will tell you. As ſhe came down ſtairs in a maſk at ten at night, in the manner ſhe went up, I concluded ſhe was a married woman of diſtinction, and followed her chair, when it went off. She changed at *Temple-Bar*, and then took a hackney coach, which drove beyond the *Royal-Exchange*;

change; I followed till it ſtopped at a grand houſe, into which ſhe went without a maſk, and had a full view of her fine face. I enquired next day who lived in the houſe I ſaw her go into, and was told it was Mr. *****, a merchant of the greateſt repute. Often did I ſee this lady after this, was ſeveral times in her company, and if I had not known what I did, ſhould have thought her a woman of as great virtue as ever lived. There was not the leaſt appearance of levity or indecency in her. To all outward appearance, ſhe was chaſtity and diſcretion in fleſh and blood. — But as to *Carola Bennet*.

The hiſtory of Miſs Bennet continued.

§. 6. Soon after her aunt and ſhe arrived at Mrs. *Bedewell*'s, in came *Cantalupe* as a viſitor, and after tea, they went to cards. Then followed a ſupper, and when that was over, they gave the innocent Miſs *Bennet* a doſe, which deprived her of her ſenſes, put her to bed, and in the morning ſhe found herſelf ruined in the arms of that villain *Cantalupe*. Diſtraction almoſt ſeized her, but he would not let her ſtir. She called, but no one came to her relief. He ſwore a million of oaths, that it was pure love made him buy her of her aunt, as he heard ſhe was

going to marry another man, and if ſhe would but ſhare with him in his great fortune, ſince the thing was done, he would, (by every ſacred power he vowed) marry her that evening or the next, the firſt time they went out, and be the trueſt and moſt tender huſband that ever yet appeared in the world. This, and the ſituation ſhe was in, naked and claſped in his ſtrong arms, without a friend to aid her, within doors or without, made her ſenſible her reſentments were in vain, and that ſhe had better acquieſce, and make the man her huſband, if ſhe could, ſince it was her hard fate, and that in all probability ſhe might conceive from the tranſactions of the night. This made her have done. She lay as he requeſted till noon, and hoped he would prove as faithful as he had ſolemnly ſwore to be.

But when the night came, an indiſpoſition he feigned, made him unable to ſtir out that evening, and he requeſted the idol of his heart, whom he loved more than life, to give him leave to defer it till the next. For ſix days he put it off in the ſame manner, during which time, they never ſtirred out of the bagnio, and the ſeventh day he left her faſt aſleep in bed. A billet doux on the dreſſing-table informed her,

her, that he was obliged to ſet out that morning for *France*, and as he intended to be back in a few months, he hoped ſhe would not think him faithleſs at once. He left her a hundred pound bank note, which was all he had then to ſpare, as he had paid to her aunt 500 l. a few days before.

Thus fell the beautiful Miſs *Bennet* by the treachery of her ever-curſed aunt, and was made a whore very much againſt her will. The aunt, in the mean time, had ſhut up her houſe, and was gone no one knew where. She took ſeveral jewels with her, and a large ſum of money, both the property of her niece. She left her but little of her fortune, and reported every where that *Carola* was gone into keeping with a great man, and had before been debauched by her footman. In ſhort, all that could be done this woman did, to impoveriſh and defame her niece, and as ſhe had paſſed upon the world for a praying virtuous old piece, her reports were thought ſo true, that all the female acquaintance Miſs *Bennet* had, laughed at the ſtory ſhe told, and ſhunned her as a foul fiend. She was baniſhed from all modeſt company. They conſidered her as the moſt deteſtable proſtitute, for excuſing herſelf (they ſaid) by blackning the character of ſo pious and

upright a woman as Mrs. *Hunſleet*, her aunt, was.

A reflexion on hypocrites.

§. 7. Thus did iniquity ruin and triumph over innocence in the maſk of religion, and a thouſand times, to my own knowledge, it has done the ſame thing. I have often known wretches pretend to ſeek the kingdom of God, and his righteouſneſs, in the firſt place, and by believing all the monks have invented, by conſtantly attending public worſhip, and an unnatural kind of ſobriety, paſs for people that were ready and willing to ſuffer every thing the cauſe of God and truth can require from rationals: yet theſe holy mortals could make the ſervice of God not only ſtand with unwilling infirmities, (the common caſe of the beſt humanity,) but conſiſt with wilful and preſumptuous ſinning, and a malevolence as great as the devil had againſt our firſt parents. A miniſter of the goſpel, who paſſed for an admirable man, did his beſt to ruin my character for ever with my father. One of the holieſt men in the world, cheated me of a thouſand pounds, left in his hands for my uſe, for fear I ſhould ſpend it myſelf. And a rich man, commonly called piety and goodneſs, from the ſeeming ſimplicity of his manners, the ſoftneſs

neſs of his temper, and the holy goggle of his eyes in his public devotion, arreſted me on a note of hand, one third of which was intereſt thrown into the principal, and made me pay intereſt upon intereſt, without mercy, or waiting as I intreated, till it was more convenient. Many more ſuch praying, ſanctified villains I could mention, in reſpect of whom *Edmund Curl* was a cherubim, fond as he was of a girl and a flaſk. *Curl* owned he was a ſinner, and that he was led by thirſt and repletion to indulge: but the *hypocrites* with profeſſions of eſteem for the *pearl of great price*, and that they have parted with their *Herodias*, for the ſake of eternal life; yet wilfully diſobey from a paſſion for ſubſtance; and the ſhrine of bright Mammon in this world, has a greater influence on their ſouls than all the joys of an everlaſting heaven to come. What they *do* is a farce. Upon what they *have*, they reſt their all.

But as to Miſs *Bennet:* In this ſad condition, ſhe ſecreted herſelf for ſome months from the world, and notwithſtanding her conſtitution and taſte, intended to retire among the mountains of *Wales*, and live upon the little ſhe had left: but unfortunately for ſo good a deſign, the matchleſs Sir *Frederic Dancer* came in her way, and

by money, and the force of love, perſuaded her to be his companion while he lived, which was but for a ſhort time. A young nobleman prevailed on her next, by high rewards, to be the delight of his life for a time; and at his death, ſhe went to the arms of an *Iriſh* peer. She had what money ſhe pleaſed from theſe great men, and being now very rich, ſhe determined, on the marriage of her laſt Lord, to go into keeping no more, but to live a gay life among the agreeable and grand. She had loſt all her notions of a *weeping and gnaſhing of teeth* to come, in the converſation of theſe atheiſtical men, and on account of her living as happily as ſhe could in this world. What religion ſhe had remaining, was placed in giving money to the ſick and poor, which ſhe did with a liberal hand: And her charity, in all its charms, ſhe often ſhewed to the moſt deſerving men. Thoſe who had much of this world's goods paid dear: but ſhe had compaſſion on the worthy, though they could not drive in a chariot to her door. This was the caſe of Miſs *Bennet*, when I ſaw her at *Curl*'s.

But all of a ſudden ſhe diſappeared, and no one could tell what was become of her: that I learned from herſelf, when I chanced to ſee her under the cedar-tree, (as before related) in the park.

A young

A young clergyman, Mr. *Tench*, an Iriſhman of the county of *Galway*, who was very rich, and had a fine ſeat in *Devonſhire*, ſaw her at the opera, and fell in love with her. He ſoon found out who ſhe was, waited upon her, and offered to marry her, if ſhe would reform. At firſt, ſhe ſhewed very little inclination to a virtuous courſe, and, as her manner was, ridiculed the intereſt of another life. The bleſſedneſs of heaven ſhe laughed at, and made a jeſt of riches, honours, and pleaſures to be found on the other ſide the grave. This did not however diſhearten *Tench*. He was a ſcholar and a man of ſenſe, and as he loved moſt paſſionately, and ſaw ſhe had a fine capacity, he was reſolved, if poſſible, to reclaim her, by applying to her bright underſtanding.

Mr. Tench's converſation with Miſs Bennet, in relation to religion.

§. 8. He obſerved to her, in the firſt place, (as ſhe informed me) that, excluſive of future happineſs, godlineſs was profitable in all things, that is, even in this life, in proſperity and adverſity, in plenty and in want, in peace and in war, in confuſion and ſecurity, in health, in honour and diſgrace, in life and in death, and in what condition ſoever we may be. This he

proved to her ſatisfaction, and made it plain to her conception, that by it only we can acquire a right judgment of perſons and things, and have a juſt and due eſtimate of ourſelves: that unleſs held in by *reaſon* and *religion*, pleaſure, though innocent of itſelf, becomes a thing of deadly conſequence to mortals; and if we do not uſe it in due time, place, circumſtance, meaſure and limits, it neceſſarily involves us in difficulties and troubles, pain and infamy: if we ſtifle the grand leading principles, *reaſon* and *religion*, by ſin and vice, and let deſire and inclination range beyond bounds, we muſt not only plunge into various woes in this world, but as creatures degenerated below the beaſt, become the contempt and abhorrence of the wiſe and honeſt. To this ſad condition muſt be annexed a reflective miſery, as we have conſcience or reaſon, that will examine, now and then, the whole procedure of life, do all we can to prevent it, and the remorſe that muſt enſue, on account of our wretched and ridiculous conduct, is too bitter a thing for a reaſonable creature to acquire, for the ſake of illicit gratification only; and this becomes the more grievous in reflexion, as pleaſures are not forbidden by religion, but allowed to the moſt upright, and ordained for the holy ſervice

of

of God; to recruit nature, and enliven the ſpirits; to propagate the human ſpecies, and preſerve the flame of love in the married ſtate. If there was then no other life but this, it is moſt certainly our intereſt in regard to fame and advantage, to be governed by reaſon and religion.

And if we are not to be annihilated with the beaſt, but are to anſwer hereafter for what we have done, whether it be good or bad, ſurely the main buſineſs of life ſhould be to govern ourſelves by godlineſs, that is, to be chriſtians in our principles, holy in our converſation, and upright in our behaviour. If the goſpel be true, (as has been proved a thouſand and a thouſand times, by the wiſeſt men in the world, to the confuſion and ſilence of infidelity,) and the Son of God came into the world, not to make *Judea* the ſeat of abſolute and univerſal empire, and eſtabliſh a temporal dominion in all poſſible pomp and magnificence, (as the *Jews* moſt erroneouſly and ridiculouſly fancied, and to this day believe,) but to prepare greater things for us; to relieve us from the power of ſin, and the endleſs and unſpeakable miſeries of the life which is to come; to propoſe a prize far more worthy of our expectations than the glories of civil power, and to ſecure to us the

the happineſs both of ſoul and body to all eternity, in the kingdom of God; then certainly, in regard to ourſelves, we ought to attend to his heavenly leſſons, and turn from the unlawful enjoyments of this life, to the endleſs and ſolid happineſs of a future ſtate. As this is the caſe, we ſhould cheriſh and improve a faith of inviſible things, by ſerious and impartial conſideration. We ſhould attend to the evidence which God has given us for the truth of chriſtianity, evidence very cogent and ſufficient; and then ſhew our faith by works ſuited to the doctrine of *Chriſt*; that is, by recommending the practice of virtue, and the worſhip of one God, the Creator of the univerſe.

Conſider then, Miſs *Bennet*, that you ſtand on the brink of death, reſurrection, and judgment; and it is time to begin by ſerious and humble enquiry to arrive at a faith of ſtrength and activity; that by your eminence in all virtue and holineſs, you may make the glorious attempt to be greateſt in the kingdom of heaven. This will be a work worthy of an immortal Soul: Nor will it hinder you from enjoying as much happineſs in this lower hemiſphere, as reaſon can deſire. For godlineſs is profitable unto all things, having promiſe

promiſe of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Thus (Miſs *Bennet* that was, continued) did this excellent young clergyman talk to me, and by argument and reaſoning in the gentleſt manner, by good ſenſe and good manners, made me a convert to chriſtianity and goodneſs. He ſnatched me from the gulph of eternal perdition, and, from the realms of darkneſs, and the ſociety of devils, brought me into the kingdom of the Meſſiah. To make me as happy as it was poſſible even in this world, he married me, and landed me in this charming ſpot you found me in. For ſeven years we lived in great happineſs, without ever ſtirring from this fine ſolitude, and ſince his death, I have had no inclination to return to the world: I have one lady for my companion, an agreeable ſenſible woman, a near relation of Mr. *Tench*'s, and with her, and ſome good books, and three or four agreeable neighbours, have all the felicity I care for in this world. When you ſaw me at *Curl*'s, I had no taſte for any thing but the *comedy*, the *opera*, and a *tale* of *La Fontaine*; but you found me with a volume of *Tillotſon* in my hand, under that aged and beautiful cedar, near the road; and in thoſe ſermons I now find more delight, in the

ſolemn ſhade of one of thoſe fine trees, than ever I enjoyed in the gayeſt ſcenes of the world. In theſe ſweet ſilent walks I am really happy. Riches and honour are with me, yea durable riches and righteouſneſs. To the bleſſings of time, I can here add the riches of expectation and comfort, the riches of future glory and happineſs. This makes me fond of this fine retreat. In contentment, peace, and comfort of mind, I now live. By hearkning to the commandments, my peace is a river.

Here Mrs. *Tench* had done, and I was amazed beyond expreſſion. This charming libertine was quite changed. It was formerly her wont (when I have ſat an evening with her at *Curl*'s) to make a jeſt of the chriſtian ſcheme,—to laugh at the devil and his flames; her life was all pleaſure, and her ſoul all whim: but when I ſaw her laſt, ſhe was ſerious, and ſeemed to enjoy as happy a ſerenity and compoſure of mind, as ever mortal was bleſſed with. Even her eyes had acquired a more ſober light, and in the place of a wild and luſcious air, a beautiful modeſty appeared.

A reflexion on the converſion of Miſs Bennet.

§. 9. And now to what ſhall I aſcribe this aſtoniſhing alteration? Shall I ſay with our methodiſts and other

other viſionaries, that it muſt be owing to immediate impulſe, and proceeded from inward impreſſion of the Spirit? No: this will not do. It was owing to be ſure, to the word (not in-ſpoken) but taught by *Chriſt* in his goſpel. When her friend *Tench* opened the *New Teſtament* to her, her good underſtanding inclined her to hearken. She began to conſider: She pondered, and had a regard to the goſpel, now laid before her, by that ſenſible and excellent young clergyman. She became a *believer*. And as the Apoſtle ſays, We can do all things through *Chriſt* who ſtrengthens us; that is, ſays Dr. *Hunt*, in one of his fine ſermons, *through the directions of Chriſt, and through the arguments and motives of the chriſtian doctrine*. Well ſaid, *Hunt*. It muſt be their own choice, to be ſure, to be good and virtuous. So far as men are paſſive, and are acted upon, they are not agents. Without power to do good or evil, men cannot be moral or accountable beings, and be brought into judgment, or receive according to their works.

Dr. *Lardner*, in his excellent ſermon on the power and efficacy of *Chriſt*'s doctrine, has a fine obſervation;—Would any ſay, that the neceſſity of immediate and particular influences from *Chriſt* himſelf, is implied

plied in this context, where he ſays, that *he is a vine*, and his diſciples *branches*, and that their bearing fruit depends as much upon influences from him, as the life and vigour of branches do upon the ſap derived from the root of the tree? It would be eaſy to anſwer, that the argument in the text is a ſimilitude, not literal truth. Neither is *Chriſt* literally a vine, nor are his diſciples, ſtrictly ſpeaking, branches. Men have a reaſonable, intellectual nature, above animals and vegetables. They are not governed by irreſiſtible, and neceſſary, or mechanical powers. But it is ſound doctrine, and right principles, particularly the *words* of *Chriſt*, which are the *words* of *God*, that are their life, and may, and will, if attended to, powerfully enable them to promote good works, and to excel, and perſevere therein.

Two Iriſh gentlemen call upon me, and bring me to a gaming-table, kept by a company of ſharpers, where I loſe all my fortune.

§. 10. But it is time to return to my own ſtory.—While I lodged at *Curl*'s, two Iriſh gentlemen came to ſee me, *Jemmy King* an attorney, and that famous maſter in chancery, who debauched *Nelly Hayden*, the beauty, and kept her ſeveral years. I knew theſe men were as great rakes as ever lived, and

and had no notion of religion; that they were devoted to pleaſure, and chaſed away every ſober thought and apprehenſion by company, by empty, vicious, and unmanly pleaſures: The voice of the monitor was loſt, in the confuſed noiſe and tumult of of the paſſions: but I thought they had honour at the bottom, according to the common notion of it. I never imagined they were ſharpers, nor knew, that being ruined in *Ireland*, they came over to live by a gaming-table. The *Doctor* eſpecially I thought was above ever becoming that kind of man, as he had a large eſtate, and the beſt education; always kept good company, and to appearance, was as fine a gentlemen as ever was ſeen in the world. With theſe two I dined, and after dinner, they brought me, as it were, out of curioſity, to a gaming-table, they had by accident diſcovered, where there was a bank kept by men of the greateſt honour, who played quite fair, and by hazarding a few guineas, I might perhaps, as they did, come off with ſome hundreds.

At entring the room, I ſaw about twenty well-dreſſed men ſitting round a table, on which lay a vaſt heap of gold. We all began to play, and for two or three hours, I did win ſome hundreds of pounds: the

Doctor

Doctor and the other cheat, his friend, ſeemed to loſe a large ſum; but before morning they won it all back from me, with a great deal more; and I not only loſt what I had got then, but, excepting a few pounds, what I was worth in the world; the thouſands I had gained by my ſeveral wives. I had ſold their eſtates, and lodged the money in my banker's hands. The villains round this table got it all, and my two Iriſhmen were not to be ſeen. They diſappeared, and left me madly playing away my all. I heard no more of them, till I was told ſeveral years after, that they were in the *Iſle of Man*, among other outlawed, abandoned, wicked men; where they drank night and day, according to the cuſtom of the place, and lived in defiance of God and man. There theſe two *advocates of impiety* dwelt for ſome time, and died as they had lived, enemies to all good principles, and friends to a general corruption.

As to the well-dreſt company round the table, they went off one by one, and left me all alone to the bitter thought, which led me to what I was ſome hours before, by what I then found myſelf to be. I was almoſt diſtracted. What had I to do with play, (I ſaid?) I wanted nothing.

And

And now by villains, with a ſett of dice that would deceive the devil, I am undone. By ſharpers and falſe dice I have ſat to be ruined. The reflexion numb'd my ſenſes for ſome time: and then I ſtarted, was wild, and raved.

Curl's ſcheme to carry off an heireſs, which I did in a ſucceſsful manner.

§. 11. This tranſaction made me very thoughtful, and I ſat within for ſeveral days, thinking which way to turn. *Curl* ſaw I was perplexed, and on his aſking me if I had met with any misfortune, I told him the whole caſe; that I had but one hundred pounds left, and requeſted he would adviſe me what I had beſt do. To do juſtice to every one, *Curl* ſeemed deeply concerned, and after ſome ſilence, as we ſat over a bottle at a Coffee-houſe, he bid me take notice of an old gentleman, who was not far from us. That is *Dunk* the *miſer*, who lives in a wood about 20 miles off. He has one daughter, the fineſt creature in the univerſe, and who is to ſucceed to his great eſtate, whether he will or not; it being ſo ſettled at his marriage; but he confines her ſo much in the country, and uſes her ſo cruelly every way, that I believe ſhe would run away with any honeſt young fellow, who could find means to addreſs her. Know then

then (continued *Curl)* that I ſerve Mr. *Dunk* with paper, pens, ink, wax, pamphlets, and every thing he wants in my way. Once a quarter of a year, I generally go to his country-houſe with ſuch things, as he is glad to ſee me ſometimes; or if I cannot go myſelf, I ſend them by ſome other hand. Next week I am to forward ſome things to him, and if you will take them, I will write a line by you to Miſs his daughter, recommend you to her for a huſband, as one ſhe may depend on for honour and truth. She knows I am her friend, and who can tell, but ſhe may go off with you. She will have a thouſand a year, when the wretch her father dies, if he ſhould leave his perſonal eſtate another way.

This thought pleaſed me much, and at the appointed time, away I went to Mr. *Dunk*'s country-houſe with a wallet full of things, and delivered *Curl*'s letter to Miſs. As ſoon as ſhe had read it, I began my addreſs, and in the beſt manner I could, made her an offer of my ſervice, to deliver her from the tyrant her father. I gave her an account of a little farm I had on the borders of *Cumberland*, a purchaſe I had made, on account of the charms of the ground, and a ſmall pretty lodge which ſtood in the middle

middle of it, by a clump of old trees, near a murmuring ſtream; that if ſhe pleaſed, I would take her to that ſweet ſilent ſpot, and enable her to live in peace; with contentment and tranquillity of mind; though far away from the ſplendors and honours of the world: and conſidering that a chriſtian is not to conform to the world, or to the pomps and vanities of it; its grand cuſtoms and uſages; its dreſs and entries; its ſtage repreſentations and maſquerades, as they miniſter to vice, and tend to debauch the manners; but are to look upon ourſelves as beings of another world, and to form our minds with theſe ſpiritual principles; it follows then, I think, that a pleaſing country ſituation for a happy pair muſt be grateful enough. There peace and love and modeſty may be beſt preſerved; the truth and gravity of our religion be ſtrictly maintained; and every lawful and innocent enjoyment be for ever the delights of life. Away from the idle modes of the world; perpetual love and unmixed joys may be our portion, through the whole of our exiſtence here; and the inward principles of the heart be ever laudable and pure. So will our happineſs as mortals be ſtable,—ſubject to no mixture or change; and when called away from this lower hemiſphere, have nothing to fear, as *we uſed this world*,

as

as *though we uſed it not*; as we knew no gratifications and liberties but what our religion allows us: as our enjoyments will be but the neceſſary convenience and accommodation, for paſſing from this world to the realms of eternal happineſs: Follow me then, Miſs *Dunk*; I will convey you to a ſcene of ſtill life and felicity, great and laſting as the heart of woman can wiſh for.

The charming *Agnes* ſeemed not a little ſurprized at what I had ſaid, and after looking at me very earneſtly for a minute or two, told me, ſhe would give me an anſwer to Mr. *Curl*'s letter in leſs than half an hour, which was all ſhe could ſay at preſent, and with it I returned to give him an account of the reception I had. It will do, he ſaid, after he had read the letter I brought him from Miſs *Dunk*, but you muſt be my young man for a week or two more, and take ſome more things to the ſame place. He then ſhewed me the letter, and I read the following lines.

SIR,

I am extremely obliged to you for your concern about my happineſs and liberty, and will own to you, that in my diſmal ſituation, I would take the friend you recom-

commend, for a guide through the wilderneſs, if I could think his heart was as ſound as his head. If his intentions were as upright as his words are fluent and good, I need not be long in pondering on the ſcheme he propoſed.—But can we believe him true, as *Lucinda* ſay in the play?

The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

The conqueſt gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.

To this *Curl* replied in a circumſtantial manner, and vouched very largely for me. I delivered his letter the next morning, when I went with ſome acts of parliament to old *Dunk*, and I found the beauty, his daughter, in a roſy bower;—*Simplex munditiis*, neat and clean as poſſible in the moſt genteel undreſs; and her perſon ſo vaſtly fine, her face ſo vaſtly charming; that I could not but repeat the lines of *Otway*,——

Man when created firſt wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and ſilent as his vaſſal br tes;
But when a heav'n-born maid, like you appear'd,
Strange p eaſures fill'd his ſoul, unloos'd his tongue,
And his firſt talk was love.———

A deal

A deal I ſaid upon the occaſion: we became well acquainted that day, as her father had got a diſorder that obliged him to keep his bed, and by the time I had viſited her a month longer, under various pretences of buſineſs invented by the ingenious *Curl*, *Agnes* agreed to go off with me, and commit herſelf intirely to my care and protection: But before I relate this tranſaction, I think it proper to give my readers the picture of this lady; and then an apology for her flying away with me, with whom ſhe was but a month acquainted.

The picture of Miſs Dunk.

Agnes in her perſon was neither tall nor thin, but almoſt both, young and lovely, graceful and commanding: She inſpired a reſpect, and compelled the beholder to admire and love and reverence her. Her voice was melodious; her words quite charming; and every look and motion to her advantage. Taſte was the characteriſtic of her underſtanding: Her ſentiments were refined: And a ſenſibility appeared in every feature of her face. She could talk on various ſubjects, and comprehended them, which is what few ſpeakers do: but with the fineſt diſcernment, ſhe was timid, and ſo diffident of her opinion, that ſhe often con-

concealed the fineſt thoughts under a ſeeming ſimplicity of ſoul. This was viſible to a hearer, and the decency of ignorance added a new beauty to her character. In ſhort, poſſeſſed of excellence, ſhe appeared unconſcious of it, and never diſcovered the leaſt pride or precipitancy in her converſation.—Her manner was perfectly polite, and mixed with a gaiety that charmed, becauſe it was as free from reſtraint as from boldneſs.

In ſum, excluſive of her fine underſtanding, in her dreſs, and in her behaviour, ſhe was ſo extremely pleaſing, ſo vaſtly agreeable and delightful, that ſhe ever brought to my remembrance, when I beheld her, the *Corinna* deſcribed in the beautiful lines of *Tibullus:*

Illam quicquid agit, quoquo veſtigia flectit,
Componit furtim ſubſequiturque decor;
Seu ſolvit crines, fuſis decet eſſe capillis;
Seu compſit comptis eſt veneranda comis.
Urit ſeu tyria voluit procedere pulla;
Urit ſeu nivea candida veſte venit.
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

When love would ſet the gods on fire, he flies
To light his torches at her ſparkling eyes.
Whate'er *Corinna* does, where'er ſhe goes,
The graces all her motions ſtill compoſe.

How her hair charms us, when it looſely falls,
Comb'd back and ty'd, our veneration calls!
If ſhe comes out in ſcarlet, then ſhe turns
Us all to aſhes,—though in white ſhe burns.
Vertumnus ſo a thouſand dreſſes wears,
So in a thouſand, ever grace appears.

Such was the beautiful *Agnes*, who went off with me, and in ſo doing acted well and wiſely, I affirm, on her taking me only for an honeſt man; for there is no more obedience due from a daughter to her father, when he becomes an unrelenting oppreſſor, than there is from a ſubject to an Engliſh king, when the monarch acts contrary to the conſtitution. Paſſive obedience is as much nonſenſe in a private family, as in the government of the prince. The parent, like the king, muſt be a nurſing father, a rational humane ſovereign, and ſo long all ſervice and obedience are due. But if, like the prince, he becomes a tyrant, deprives his daughter of her natural rights and liberties; will not allow her the bleſſings of life, but keep her in chains and miſery; ſelf-preſervation, and her juſt claim to the comforts of exiſtence and a rational freedom, give her a right to change her ſituation, and better her condition. If ſhe can have bread, ſerenity, and freedom, peace and little, with an honeſt man, ſhe is juſt to herſelf in going off with ſuch a deli-

deliverer. Reaſon and revelation will acquit her.

Thus juſtly thought Miſs *Dunk*, and therefore with me ſhe fled at midnight. We met within half a mile of her father's houſe, by the ſide of an antient wood, and a running ſtream, which had a pleaſing effect, as it happened to be a bright moonſhine. With her foot in my hand, I lifted her into her ſaddle, and as our horſes were excellent, we rid many miles in a few hours. By eight in the morning, we were out of the reach of old *Dunk*, and at the ſign of the *Pilgrim*, a lone houſe in *Eſur-vale*, in *Hertfordſhire*, we breakfaſted very joyfully. The charming *Agnes* ſeemed well pleaſed with the expedition, and ſaid a thouſand things that rendered the journey delightful. Twelve days we travelled in a fulneſs of delights, happy beyond deſcription, and the thirteenth arrived at a village not far from my little habitation. Here we deſigned to be married two days after, when we had reſted, as there was a church and a parſon in the town, and then ride on to *Foley-farm* in *Cumberland*, as my ſmall ſpot was called, and there ſit down in peace and happineſs.

But the ſecond day, inſtead of riſing to the nuptial ceremony, to crown my life with unutterable bliſs, and make me beyond all mankind happy, the lovely *Agnes* fell ill of a fever. A ſenſe of weight and oppreſſion diſcovered the inflammation within, and was attended with ſharp and pungent pains. The blood could not paſs off as it ought in the courſe of circulation, and the whole maſs was in a violent fluctuation and motion. In a word, ſhe died in a few days, and as ſhe had requeſted, if it came to that, I laid her out, and put her into the coffin myſelf. I kept her ſeven days, according to the cuſtom of the old *Romans*, and then in the dreſs of ſorrow, followed her to the grave.—Thus was my plan of happineſs broken to pieces. I had given a roundneſs to a ſyſtem of felicity, and in the place of it, ſaw death and horror, and diſappointment before me.

What to do next I could not tell. One queſtion was, ſhould I return to *Orton-lodge*, to my two young heireſſes? No: they wanted two years of being at age.—Then, ſhall I ſtay at *Foley-farm* where I was, and turn hermit? No: I had no inclination yet to become a father of the deſarts.—Will you return to *London* then, and ſee if fortune has any thing more in reſerve

reſerve for you? This I liked beſt; and after ſix months deliberations on the thing, I left my farm in the care of an old woman, and ſet out in the beginning of *January*.

A winter night-ſcene on the mountains of Weſtmoreland.

§. 13. It was as fine a winter's morning as I had ſeen, which encouraged me to venture among the *Fells* of *Weſtmoreland*; but at noon the weather changed, and an evening very terrible came on. A little after three, it began to blow, rain, and ſnow very hard, and it was not long before it was very dark. We loſt the way quite, and for three hours wandered about in as diſmal a night as ever poor travellers had. The ſtorm rattled: The tempeſt howled: We could not ſee the horſe's heads, and were almoſt dead with cold. We had nothing to expect but death, as we knew not which way to turn to any houſe, and it was impoſſible to remain alive till the day appeared. It was a diſmal ſcene. But my time was not yet come, and when we had no ground to expect deliverance, the beaſts of a ſudden ſtopt, and *Soto* found we were at the gate of a walled yard. There he immediately made all the noiſe he could, and it was not long before a ſervant with a lanthorn came.

He related our caſe within, and had orders to admit us. He brought me into a common parlour, where there was a good fire, and I got dry things. The man brought me half a pint of hot alicant, and in about half an hour, I was alive and well again. On enquiring where I was, the footman told me, it was Doctor *Stanvil*'s houſe; that his maſter and lady were above in the dining-room, with ſome company, and he had directions to light me up, when I had changed my cloaths, and was recovered. Upon this I told him I was ready, and followed him.

My arrival at Dr. Stanvil's houſe, and introduced to the Doctor, and company.

On the ſervant's opening a door, I entred a handſome apartment, well lighted with wax, and which had a glorious fire blazing in it. The doctor received me with great politeneſs, and ſaid many civil things upon fortune's conducting me to his houſe. The converſation naturally fell upon the horrors of the night, as it ſtill continued to rain, hail, and blow, beyond what any of the company had ever heard; and one of the ladies ſaid, ſhe believed the winter was always far more boiſterous and cold among the *Fells of Weſtmoreland*, than in any other part of *England*, for which ſhe gave ſeveral good

good reaſons: The ſolemn mountains, the beautiful vallies, the falling ſtreams, form one of the moſt charming countries in the world in ſummer-time; but in winter, it is the moſt dreadful ſpot of earth, to be ſure.

The ſurpriſing ſtory of Mrs. Stanvil.

The voice of the lady who talked in this manner, I thought I was well acquainted with, but by the poſition of the candles, and the angle of a ſcreen in which ſhe ſat, I could not very well ſee her face: Amazement however began to ſeize me, and as an elegant ſupper was ſoon after brought in, I had an opportunity of ſeeing that Miſs *Dunk* whom I had buried, was now before my eyes, in the character of Dr. *Stanvil*'s wife, or, at leaſt, it was one ſo like her, it was not poſſible for me to diſtinguiſh the figures: —there was the ſame bright victorious eyes, and cheſnut hair; the complexion like a bluſh, and a mouth where all the little loves for ever dwelt; there was the fugitive dimple, the inchanting laugh, the roſy fingers, the fine height, and the mein more ſtriking than *Calypſo*'s. O heavens! I ſaid to myſelf, on ſitting down to ſupper, What is this I ſee! But as ſhe did not ſeem to be at all affected, or ſhewed the leaſt ſign of

her having ever ſeen me before that time, I remained ſilent, and only continued to look with admiration at her, unmindful of the many excellent things before me.—In a minute or two, however, I recovered myſelf. I eat my ſupper, and joined in the feſtivity of the night. We had muſic, and ſeveral ſongs. We were eaſy, free, and happy as well-bred people could be.

Finn's obſervation, and diſcourſe in my bed-chamber, on the company's retiring to their apartments.

At midnight we parted, and finding an eaſy-chair by the ſide of my bed, I threw myſelf into it, and began to reflect on what I had ſeen; *Finn* ſtanding before me with his arms folded, and looking very ſeriouſly at me. This laſted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the honeſt fellow ſpoke in the following manner.—I beg leave, Sir, to imagine you are perplexing yourſelf about the lady of this houſe, whom I ſuppoſe you take for Miſs *Dunk*, we brought from the other ſide of *England*, half a year ago, and buried in the next church-yard to *Blenkern*. This, if I may be ſo free, is likewiſe my opinion. I would take my oath of it in a court of juſtice, if there was occaſion for that. However ſhe got out of the grave, and by whatever caſualty ſhe came to be Mrs. *Stanvil*,

vil, and miſtreſs of this fine houſe; yet I could ſwear to her being the lady who travelled with us from the weſt to *Cumberland*. But then, it ſeems very wonderful and ſtrange, that ſhe ſhould forget you ſo ſoon, or be able to act a part ſo amazing, as to ſeem not to have ever ſeen you before this night. This has aſtoniſhed me, as I ſtood behind your chair at ſupper, looking full at her; and I obſerved ſhe looked at me once or twice. What to ſay to all this, I know not; but I will make all the enquiry I can among the ſervants, as to the time and manner of her coming here, and let you know to-morrow, what I have been able to collect in relation to her. In the mean time, be adviſed by me, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow, and think no more of the matter to the loſs of your night's reſt. We have had a wonderful deliverance from death by getting into this houſe, I am ſure, and we ought to lie down with thankfulneſs and joy, without fretting ourſelves awake for a woman, or any trifling incident that could befall. Beſide, ſhe is now another man's property, however it came to paſs, and it would be inconſiſtent with your character to think any more of her. This may be too free; but I hope, Sir, you will excuſe it in a ſervant who has your intereſt and welfare at heart.—Here

the ſage *Finn* had done. He withdrew, and I went to ſleep.

Finn's account of Mrs. Stanvil, which he had from the ſervants.

Betimes the next morning, *Finn* was with me, and on my aſking what news, he ſaid, he had heard ſomething from all the ſervants, and more particularly had got the following account from the doctor's own man:—that Dr. *Stanvil* had a ſmall lodge within three miles of the houſe we were in, and retired there ſometimes to be more alone, than he could be in the reſidence we were at; that this lodge was a mere repoſitory of curioſities, in the middle of a garden full all the herbs and plants that grew in every country of the world, and in one chamber of this houſe was a great number of ſkeletons, which the doctor had made himſelf; for it was his wont to procure bodies from the ſurrounding church-yards, by men he kept in pay for the purpoſe, and cut them up himſelf at this lodge: that ſome of theſe dead bodies were brought to him in hampers, and ſome in their coffins on light railed cars, as the caſe required: that near ſix months ago, the laſt time the doctor was at his lodge, there was brought to him by his men the body of a young woman in her coffin, in order to a diſſection as uſual, and

and the bones being wired; but as it lay on the back, on the great table he cuts up on, and the point of his knife at the pit of the ſtomach, to open the breaſt, he perceived a kind of motion in the ſubject, heard a ſigh ſoon after, and looking up to the head, ſaw the eyes open and ſhut again: that upon this, he laid down his knife, which had but juſt ſcratched the body, at the beginning of the *linea alba*, (as my informer called it) and helped himſelf to put it into a warm bed: that he took all poſſible pains, by adminiſtering every thing he could think uſeful, to reſtore life, and was ſo fortunate as to ſet one of the fineſt women in the world on her feet again. As ſhe had no raiment but the ſhroud which had been on her in the coffin, he got every thing belonging to dreſs that a woman of diſtinction could have occaſion for, and in a few days time, ſhe ſparkled before her preſerver in the brightneſs of an Eaſtern princeſs: He was quite charmed with the beauties of her perſon, and could not enough admire her uncommon underſtanding: He offered to marry her, to ſettle largely on her, and as ſhe was a ſingle woman, ſhe could not in gratitude refuſe the requeſt of ſo generous a benefactor: My informer further related, that they have both lived in the greateſt happineſs ever ſince;

ſince; and the doctor, who is one of the beſt of men, is continually ſtudying how to add to the felicities of her every day: that he offered to take her up to *London* to paſs the winters there, but this ſhe refuſed, and deſired ſhe might remain where ſhe was in the country, as it was really moſt agreeable to her, and as he preferred it to the town.

A reflexion on Miſs Dunk's marrying Dr. Stanvil.

This account made the thing quite plain to me. And to judge impartially, conſidering the whole caſe, I could neither blame the lovely *Agnes* for marrying the doctor, nor condemn her for pretending to be a ſtranger to me. She was fairly dead and buried, and all connexion between us was at an end of courſe, as there had been no marriage, nor contract of marriage. And as to reviving the affair, and renewing the tenderneſs which had exiſted, it could anſwer no other end than producing unhappineſs, as ſhe was then Mrs. *Stanvil*, in a decent and happy ſituation. And further, in reſpect of her marrying the doctor ſo ſoon after her ſeparation from me, it was certainly the wiſeſt thing ſhe could do, as ſhe had been ſo entirely at his diſpoſal, was without a ſtitch to cover her, and I in

all probability, after burying her, being gone up to *London*, or in ſome place, where ſhe could never hear of me more; I might likewiſe have been married, if any thing advantageous had offered after laying her in the church-yard. And beſide, ſhe neither knew the place ſhe fell ſick in, nor the country the doctor removed her to, as ſoon as ever he could get any clothes to put on her. So that, naked and friendleſs as ſhe was, without any money, and ignorant of what became of me; without a poſſibility of informing herſelf; I could not but acquit her. I even admired her conduct, and reſolved ſo far to imitate her, in regard to the general happineſs, that nothing ſhould appear in my behaviour, which could incline any one to think, I had ever ſeen her before the night the tempeſt drove me to her houſe. I was vexed, I own, to loſe her. But that could be no reaſon for making a ſenſeleſs uproar, that could do nothing but miſchief.

As compoſed then as I could be, I went down to breakfaſt, on a ſervant's letting me know they waited for me, and found the ſame company, who had ſo lately parted to ſlumber, all quite alive and chearful, eaſy and happy as mortals could be. At the requeſt of Dr. *Stanvil*, who was extremely

tremely civil, I ſtaid with them two months, and paſſed the time in a delightful converſation, intermixed with muſic, cards, and feaſting. With ſadneſs I left them all, but eſpecially on account of parting for ever with the late Miſs *Dunk*. It was indeed for the pleaſure of looking at her, that I ſtaid ſo long as I did at Dr. *Stanvil*'s; and when it came to an eternal ſeparation, I felt that morning of my departure, an inward diſtreſs it is impoſſible to give an idea of to another. It had ſome reſemblance (I imagine) of what the viſionaries call a deraliction; when they ſink from extaſy to the black void of horror, by the ſtrength of fancy, and the unaccountable operation of the animal ſpirits.

My departure from Dr. Stanvil's houſe.

Here, before I proceed, I think I ought to remove ſome objections that may be made againſt my relation of Mrs. *Stanvil*'s coming to life again, and her being brought from the couch of laſting night to a bridal bed. It is not eaſy to believe, that after I ſeemed certain ſhe was dead, and kept her the proper number of days before interment; ſaw her lie the cold wan ſubject for a conſiderable time, and then

Some obſervations on Mrs. Stanvil's coming to life again, after being taken out of the grave.

then let down into the grave; yet from thence ſhe ſhould come forth, and now be the deſire of a huſband's eyes. This is a hard account ſure. But nevertheleſs, it is a fact. As to my being miſtaken, no leſs a man than Dr. *Cheyne* thought Colonel *Townſend* dead: (See his *Nervous Caſes:*) And that ſeveral have lived for many years, after they had been laid in the tomb, is a thing too certain, and well-known, to be denied. In *Bayle*'s dictionary, there is the hiſtory of a lady of quality, belonging to the court of *Catharine de Medicis*, who was brought from the church-vault, where ſhe had been forty-eight hours, and afterwards became the mother of ſeveral children, on her marriage with the Marquis *D'Auvergne*. —The learned Dr. *Conner*, in his hiſtory of *Poland*, gives us a very wonderful relation of a gentleman's reviving in that country, after he had been ſeemingly dead for near a fortnight; and adds a very curious diſſertation on the nature of ſuch recoveries. The caſe of *Dun Scotus*, who was found out of his coffin, on the ſteps going down to the vault he was depoſited in, and leaning on his elbow, is full to my purpoſe. And I can affirm from my own knowledge, that a gentleman of my acquaintance, a worthy excellent man, was

buried alive, and found not only much bruiſed and torn, on opening his coffin, but turned on one ſide. This many ſtill living can atteſt as well as I. The reaſon of opening the grave again, was his dying of a high fever in the abſence of his lady, who was in a diſtant county from him; and on her return, three days after he was buried, would have a ſight of him, as ſhe had been extremely fond of him. His face was ſadly broke, and his hands hurt in ſtriving to force up the lid of the coffin. The lady was ſo affected with the diſmal ſight, that ſhe never held up her head after, and died in a few weeks. I could likewiſe add another extraordary caſe of a man who was hanged, and to all appearance was quite dead, yet three days after his execution recovered as they were going to cut him up.—How theſe things happen, is not eaſy to account for; but happen they do ſometimes. And this caſe of Mrs. *Stanvil*, may be depended on as a fact.

N. B. The

N. B. The following is the thing promiſed the Engliſh reader at page 137.

The legend on the monument of Homonœa, *tranſlated into Engliſh.*

Atimetus.

If it was allowed to lay down one's life for another, and poſſible by ſuch means, to ſave what we loved from the grave, whatever length of days were allotted me, I would with pleaſure offer up my life, to get my *Homonœa* from the tomb; but as this cannot he done, what is in my power I will do,—fly from the light of heaven, and follow you to the realms of laſting night.

Homonœa.

My deareſt *Atimetus*, ceaſe to torment your unhappy mind, nor let grief thus feed on your youth, and make life bitterneſs itſelf. I am gone in the way appointed for all the mortal race: All muſt be numbered with the dead. And ſince fate is inexorable, and tears are in vain, weep not

not for me, once more I conjure you. But may you be ever happy, may Providence preſerve you, and add to your life thoſe years which have been taken from mine.

The perſon who erected the monument to the memory of Homoncea.

Stop, traveller, for a few minutes, and ponder on theſe lines.

Here lies *Homoncea*, whom *Atimetus* preferred to the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious women of his time. She had the form of *Venus*, the charms of the graces; and an underſtanding and ſenſibility, which demonſtrated that wiſdom had given to an angel's form, a mind more lovely. Before ſhe was twenty, ſhe was diſſolved. And as ſhe had practiſed *righteouſneſs*, by carrying it well to thoſe about her, and to all that were ſpecially related, ſhe *parted* with them, as ſhe had *lived* with them, in *juſtice* and *charity*, in *modeſty* and *ſubmiſſion*, in *thankfulneſs* and *peace*. Filled with divine thoughts, inured to contemplate the perfections of God, and to acknowledge his providence in all events, ſhe died with the humbleſt reſignation to the Divine Will, and was only

ly troubled that ſhe left her huſband a *mourner*. Excellent *Homonœa*.

May the earth lie light upon thee, and in the morning of the reſurrection, may you awake again to life, and riſe to that immortality and glory, which God, the righteous Judge, will give to true worth and dignity;—as rewards to a life adorned with all virtues and excellencies, — the *dikaiómata*,—that is, the *righteous acts* of the Saints.

SECTION

SECTION XII.

Opinion's foot is never, never found
Where *knowledge* dwells, 'tis interdicted ground;
At *wiſdom*'s gate th' *opinion*'s muſt reſign
Their charge, thoſe limits their employ confine.
Thus trading barks, ſkill'd in the wat'ry road,
To diſtant climes convey their precious load.
Then turn their prow, light bounding o'er the main,
And with new traffic ſtore their keels again.
Thus far is clear. But yet untold remains,
What the good genius to the crowd ordains,
Juſt on the verge of life.
He bids them hold
A ſpirit with erected courage bold.
Never (he calls) on fortune's faith rely,
Nor graſp her dubious gift as property.
Let not her ſmile tranſport, her frown diſmay,
Nor praiſe, nor blame, nor wonder at her ſway,
Which reaſon never guides: 'tis fortune ſtill,
Capricious chance, and arbitrary will.
Bad bankers, vain of treaſure not their own,
With fooliſh rapture hug the truſted loan.
Impatient, when the pow'rful bond demands
Its unremember'd cov'nant from their hands.
Unlike to ſuch, without a ſigh reſtore
What fortune lends: anon ſhe'll laviſh more.
Repenting of her bounty, ſnatch away,
Yea, ſeize your patrimonial fund for prey.
Embrace her proffer'd boon, but inſtant riſe,
Spring upward, and ſecure a laſting prize,

The

The gift which *wiſdom* to her ſons divides;
Knowledge, whoſe beam the doubting judgment guides,
Scatters the ſenſual fog, and clear to view
Diſtinguiſhes falſe int'reſt from the true.
Flee, flee to this, with unabating pace,
Nor parly for a moment at the place,
Where *pleaſure* and her *harlots* tempt, nor reſt,
But at *falſe wiſdom*'s inn, a tranſient gueſt:
For ſhort refection, at her table ſit,
And take what ſcience may your palate hit:
Then wing your journey forward, till you reach
True *wiſdom*, and imbibe the truth ſhe'll teach.
Such is th' advice the friendly *genius* gives,
He periſhes who ſcorns, who follows lives.
SCOTT's CEBES. (17)

§. 1. WITH this advice of the *genius* in my head, (which by chance I had read the morning I took my leave of Dr. *Stanvil*,) I ſet out, as

A reflexion as I rid from Dr. Stanvil's houſe.

(17) As the table of *Cebes* does beſt in proſe, and the Rev. Mr. *Collier* the Nonjuror's tranſlation of this fine *mythological picture* is not good, I ſhall place another verſion of this *table* at the end of this Section. I made it at the requeſt of a young lady, who did not like Mr. *Collier*'s verſion. The fine picture does to be ſure, in his Engliſh, look more like a work in the cant language of *L'Eſtrange*, or *Tom Brown*, than the antient and charming painting of *Cebes* the *Theban* philoſopher. It is fitter to make the learned men of a beer-houſe laugh, than to delight and improve people of breeding and underſtanding.

as I had reſolved, for *York*, and deſigned to go from thence to *London*; hoping to meet with ſomething good, and purpoſing, if it was poſſible, to be no longer the *Rover*, but turn to ſomething uſeful, and fix. I had loſt almoſt all at the gaming-table, (as related) and had not thirty pounds of my laſt hundred remaining: This, with a few ſheep, cows and horſes at *Orton-lodge*, and a very ſmall ſtock at my little farm, on the borders of *Cumberland*, was all I had left. It made me very ſerious, and brought ſome diſmal apprehenſions in view: But I did not deſpair. As my heart was honeſt, I ſtill truſted in the providence of God, and his adminiſtration of things in this world. As the infinite power and wiſdom of the Creator was evident, from a ſurvey of this magnificent and glorious ſcene;—as his care and providence over each particular, in the adminiſtration of the great ſcheme was conſpicuous; can man, the favourite of heaven, have reaſon to lift up his voice to complain, if he calls off his affections from folly, and by natural and ſupernatural force, by reaſon and revelation, overbears the prejudices of fleſh and blood;—if he ponders the hopes and fears of religion,—and gives a juſt allowance to a future intereſt? *Hearken to the commandments*, (ſaith the Lord,) *and your peace ſhall be as a river.*

§. 2. On

§. 2. On then I trotted, brave as the *man of wood*, we read of in an excellent French writer, (18) and hoped at the end of every mile to meet with ſomething fortunate; but nothing extraordinary occurred till the ſecond evening, when I arrived at a little lone public-houſe, on the ſide of a great heath, by the entrance of a wood. For an hour before I came to this reſting-place, I had rid in a tempeſt of wind, rain, lightning and thunder, ſo very violent, that it brought to my remembrance old *Heſiod*'s deſcription of a ſtorm. *A tempeſt.*

Then *Jove* omnipotent diſplay'd the god,
And all *Olympus* trembled as he trod:
He graſps ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
Then aims the bolts, and bids his lightnings play,
They flaſh, and rend thro' heav'n their flaming way:
Redoubling blow on blow, in wrath he moves,
The ſing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves:

A night

(18) In *Claude*'s reply to *Arnaud*, the French papiſt, we are told it was the humour of the *Prince of Condé*, to have a *man of wood* on horſe-back, dreſt like a field-officer, with a lifted broad-ſword in its hand; which figure was faſtened in the great ſaddle, and the horſe it was on always kept by the great *Condé*'s ſide, when he travelled or engaged in the bloody field. Fearleſs the man of *wood* appeared in many

A night of clouds blots out the golden day,
Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
Nor ſlept the wind; the wind new horror forms,
Clouds daſh on clouds before th' outragious ſtorms;
While tearing up the ſands, in drifts they riſe,
And half the deſarts mount th' encumber'd ſkies:
At once the tempeſt bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the ſky.

It was a dreadful evening upon a heath, and ſo much as a buſh was not to be met with for ſhelter: but at laſt we came to the thatched habitation of a publican, and I thought it a very comfortable place: We had bread and bacon, and good ale for ſupper, and in our circumſtances, it ſeemed a delicious meal.

The Author is informed of an old acquaintance of his, who lived not far from the inn he arrived at.

§. 3. This man informed me, that about a mile from his habitation, in the middle of the wood, there dwelt an *old phyſician*, one Dr. *Fitzgibbons*, an Iriſh gentleman, who had one very pretty daughter, a ſenſible woman, to whom he

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many a well-fought day; but as they purſued the enemy one afternoon through a foreſt, in riding hard, a bough knocked off the wooden warrior's head; yet ſtill he galloped on after flying foes, to the amazement of the enemy, who ſaw a *hero* purſuing without a head. *Claude* applies this image to popery.

he was able to give a good fortune, if a man to both their liking appeared; but as no ſuch one had as yet come in their way, my landlord adviſed me to try the adventure, and he would furniſh me with an excuſe for going to the Doctor's houſe. This ſet me a thinking: Dr. *Fitzgibbons*, an Iriſh gentleman, I ſaid: I know the man. I ſaved his ſon's life, in *Ireland*, when he was upon the brink of deſtruction, and the old gentleman was not only then as thankful as it was poſſible for a man to be, in return for the good I had done him, at the hazard of my own life; but aſſured me, a thouſand times over, that if ever it was in his power to return my kindneſs, he would be my friend to the utmoſt of his ability. He muſt ever remember, with the greateſt gratitude, the benefit I had ſo generouſly conferred on him and his. All this came full into my mind, and I determined to viſit the old gentleman in the morning.

§. 4. Next day, as I had reſolved, I went to pay my reſpects to Dr. *Fitzgibbons*, who remembered me perfectly well, was moſt heartily glad to ſee me, and received me in the moſt affectionate manner. He immediately began to repeat his obligations to me, for the deliverance I had given his ſon,

and that if it was in his power to be of ſervice to me in *England*, he would leave nothing undone that was poſſible for him to do, to befriend me. (19) He told me, that darling ſon of his, whoſe life I had ſaved, was an eminent phyſician at the court of *Ruſſia*, where he lived in the greateſt opulence and reputation: and as he owed his exiſtence as ſuch to me, his father could never be grateful enough in return. Can I any way ſerve you, Sir? Have you been fortunate or unfortunate, ſince your living in *England?* Are you married or unmarried? I have a daughter by a ſecond wife, and if you are not yet engaged, will give her to you, with a good fortune, and in two years time, if you will ſtudy phyſic here, under my direction, will enable you to begin to practice, and get money as I have

(19) The caſe was this. As I was returning one ſummer's evening from *Tallow-Hill's*, where I had been to ſee a young lady, (mentioned in the beginning of my firſt volume,) I ſaw in a *deep glen* before me two men engaged; a black of an enormous ſize, who fought with one of thoſe large broad ſwords which they call in *Ireland*, *Andrew Ferraro*; and a little thin man with a drawn rapier. The *white* man I perceived was no match for the *black*, and muſt have periſhed very ſoon, as he had received ſeveral wounds, if I had not haſtened up to his relief. I knew him to be my acquaintance, young *Fitzgibbons*, my neighbour

have done in this country. I have ſo true a ſenſe of that generous act you did to ſave my ſon, that I will with pleaſure do any thing in my power that can contribute to your happineſs.

To this I replied, by thanking the doctor for his friendly offers, and letting him know, that ſince my coming to *England* ſeveral years ago, which was occaſioned by a difference between my father and me; I had met with ſeveral turns of fortune, good

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bour in the ſame ſquare of the college that I lived in; and immediately drawing an excellent Spaniſh tuck I always wore, took the *Moor* to myſelf, *Fitzgibbons* not being able to ſtand any longer; and a glorious battle enſued. As I was a maſter at the ſmall ſword in thoſe days, I had the advantage of the *black* by my weapon, (as the broad ſword is but a poor defence againſt a rapier,) and gave him three wounds for every ſlight one I received: But at laſt he cut me quite through the left collar-bone, and in return, I was in his vaſt body a moment after. This dropt the *robber*, who had been a trumpeter to a regiment of horſe; and *Fitzgibbons* and I were brought, by ſome people paſſing that way, to his father's houſe at *Dolfins-barn*, a village about a mile from the ſpot where th's affair happened. A ſurgeon was ſent for, and we recovered in a few weeks time; but my *collar-bone* was much more troubleſome to me, than the wounds *Fitzgibbons* had were to him, though he loſt much more blood. This was the ground of the obligation the doctor mentioned in his converſation with me.

and bad, and was at preſent but in a very middling way; having only a little ſpot among the mountains of *Richmondſhire*, with a cottage and garden on it, and three or four beaſts, which I found by accident without an owner, as I travelled through that uninhabited land; and a ſmall farm of fifty acres with ſome ſtock, on the borders of *Cumberland*, which I got by a deceaſed wife. This, with about fifty guineas in my purſe, was my all at preſent; and I was going up to *London*, to try if I could meet with any thing fortunate in that place; but that, ſince he was pleaſed to make me ſuch generous offers, I would ſtop, ſtudy phyſic as he propoſed, and accept the great honour he did me in offering me his daughter for a wife. I told him likewiſe very fairly and honeſtly, that I had been rich by three or four marriages ſince my being in this country; but that I was unfortunately taken in at a gaming-table, by the means of two Iriſh gentlemen he knew very well, and there loſt all; which vext me the more, as I really do not love play:—that as to my father, I had little to expect from him, though he had a great eſtate, as our difference was about religion; (which kind of diſputes always have the cruelleſt tendency;) and the wife you know he married, a low cunning woman,

man, does all ſhe can to maintain the variance, and keep up his anger to me, that her nephew may do the better on my ruin. I have not writ to him ſince my being in *England:* Nor have I met with any one who could give me any account of the family. This is my caſe, Sir.

And what (Dr. *Fitzgibbons* ſaid) is this fine religious diſpute, which has made your father fall out with a ſon he was once ſo fond of?—It was about *trinity in unity*, Sir: a thing I have often heard your ſon argue againſt by leſſons he had from you, as he informed me. My father is as *orthodox* as *Gregory Nazienzen*, among the ancient fathers, or *Trapp* and *Potter*, *Webſter* and *Waterland*, among the modern doctors; and when he found out, that I was become an *unitarian*, and renounced his *religion* of *three Gods*, the horrible *creed* of *Athanaſius*, and all the deſpicable explications of his admired divines, on that ſubject;—that I inſiſted, that notwithſtanding all the ſubtle inventions of learned men, through the whole chriſtian world, yet God Almighty hath not appointed himſelf to be worſhipped by precept or example in any one inſtance in his holy word, under the character of Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;—that the worſhip of three perſons and one

God is expreſly contrary to the ſolemn determination of *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles;—and in numbers of inſtances in the New Teſtament it is declared, that the one God and Father of all is the only ſupreme object, to whom all religious worſhip ſhould be directed:—that for theſe reaſons, I renounced the received doctrine of a co-equal trinity, and believed our great and learned divines, who laboured to prevent people from ſeeing the truth as it is in Jeſus, would be in ſome tribulation at Chriſt's tribunal; where they are to appear ſtripped of all worldly honours, dignities, and preferments, poor, naked, wretched mortals, and to anſwer for their ſupplement to the goſpel, in an invented *hereſy* of *three Gods*.—When my father heard theſe things, and ſaw the religious caſe of his ſon, his paſſion was very great. He forbid me his table, and ordered me to ſhift for myſelf. He renounced me, as I had done the *triune God*.

The doctor wondered not a little at the account I had given him, (as my father was reckoned a man of great abilities,) and taking me by the hand, ſaid, I had acted moſt glorioufly: that what loſt me my father's affection, was the very thing that ought to have induced him to erect a ſtatue to my honour

honour in his garden:—that ſince I was pleaſed to accept of his offer, his friendſhip I might depend on:—that if I would, I ſhould begin the next day the ſtudy of phyſic under his direction, and at the end of two years, he would give me his daughter, who was not yet quite twenty.

The picture of Julia Fitzgibbons.

§. 5. Juſt as he had ſaid this, Miſs *Fitzgibbons* entred the room, and her father introduced me to her. The ſight of her aſtoniſhed me; though I had before ſeen ſo many fine women, I could not help looking with wonder at her. She appeared one of thoſe fineſt creatures, whom we cannot enough admire, and upon acquaintance with her, became much more glorious.

What a vaſt variety of beauty do we ſee in the infinity of nature. Among the ſex, we may find a thouſand and a thouſand perfect images and characters; all equally ſtriking, and yet as different as the pictures of the greateſt maſters in *Italy*. What amazing charms and perfections have I beheld in women as I journeyed through life. When I have parted from one; well I ſaid, I ſhall never meet another like this inimitable maid; and yet after all, *Julia* appeared

divinely fair, and happy in every excellence that can adorn the female mind. Without that exact regularity of beauty, and elegant ſoftneſs of propriety, which rendered Miſs *Dunk*, whom I have deſcribed in theſe Memoirs, a very divinity, *Julia* charmed with a graceful negligence, and enchanted with a face that glowed with youthful wonders, beauties that art could not adorn but always diminiſhed. The choice of dreſs was no part of *Julia*'s care, but by the neglect of it ſhe became irreſiſtible. In her countenance there ever appeared a bewitching mixture of ſenſibility and gaiety, and in her ſoul, by converſe we diſcovered that generoſity and tenderneſs were the firſt principles of her mind. To truth and virtue ſhe was inwardly devoted, and at the bottom of her heart, though hard to diſcover it, her main buſineſs to ſerve God, and fit herſelf for eternity. In ſum, ſhe was one of the fineſt originals that ever appeared among womankind, peculiar in perfections which cannot be deſcribed; and ſo inexpreſſibly charming in an attractive ſweetneſs, a natural gaiety, and a ſtriking negligence, a fine underſtanding, and the moſt human heart; that I found it impoſſible to know her without being in love with her: Her

power

power to pleaſe was extenſive indeed. In her, one had the loveliеſt idea of a woman.

The Author marries Miſs Fitzgibbons his ſeventh wife.

§. 6. To this fine creature I was married at the end of two years from my firſt acquaintance with her; that is, after I had ſtudied phyſic ſo long, under the care and inſtruction of her excellent father; who died a few weeks after the wedding, which was in the beginning of the year 1734, and the 29th of my age. Dying, he left me a handſome fortune, his library, and houſe; and I imagined I ſhould have lived many happy years with his admirable daughter, who obliged me by every endearing means, to be exceſſively fond of her. I began to practiſe upon the old gentleman's death, and had learned ſo much in the two years I had ſtudied under him, from his lecturing and my own hard reading, that I was able to get ſome money among the opulent round me; not by art and colluſion, the caſe of too many doctors in town and country, but by practiſing upon conſiſtent principles. The method of my reading, by Dr. *Fitzgibbons*'s directions, was as follows; and I ſet it down here for the benefit of ſuch gentlemen, as chuſe to ſtudy in the private manner I did.

A METHOD *of ſtudying* PHYSIC *in a private Manner: By which means a Gentleman, with the Purchaſe of a* Diploma, *may turn out* DOCTOR, *as well as if he went to* PADUA, *to hear* MORGANNI.

THE firſt books I got upon my table, were the *lexicons* of *Caſtellus* and *Quincy*; one for the explication of antient terms; and the other of modern. Theſe, as Dictionaries, lay at hand for uſe, when wanted.

I then opened the laſt edition of *Schelhammer*'s *Herman Conringius*'s *Introductio in univerſam artem medicam, ſingulaſque ejus partes*; I ſay the laſt edition, 1726, becauſe that has an excellent preface by *Hoffman*. This book, which comes down to the beginning of the 17th century, I read with great care; eſpecially *Gonthier Chriſtopher Schelhammer*'s notes, and additions, which have enriched the work very much. (By the way, they were both very great men, and bright ornaments to their profeſſion. They writ an amazing number of books on medicine. *Conringius* died December 1681, aged 75. *Schelhammer*, in January 1716, in the 67th year of his age.)

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The next introductory book to the art, was *Lindenius renovatus de ſcriptis medicis, quibus præmittitur manuductio ad medicinam.* This book was firſt called *Libro duo de ſcripturis, &c.* and written by *Vander Linden*, a famous *Leyden* profeſſor, who publiſhed it in the year 1637, in a ſmall octavo. In the ſame form it was printed in 1651 and 1662: theſe three editions at *Amſterdam:* But the valuable edition is that of *Nuremberg*, 1686, by *George Abraham Merklinus*, who made very many and excellent additions to this fourth edition, and called it *Lindenius renovatus*, as he had augmented it to a vaſt 4to. *John Antonides Vander Linden* died in March 1664, aged 55. And *Merklinus* in April 1702, in the 58th year of his age. They both writ many books in phyſic: but there have been ſuch improvements made by the diligence and ſucceſs of modern phyſicians, that it would be only loſs of time to read over all their works, or all the authors of the 17th century.

The next books I opened, were the learned *Daniel Le Clerc's hiſtory of phyſic*, which commences with the world, and ends at the time of *Galen*; and the great Dr. *Friend's hiſtory*, which is a continuation of *Le Clerc*, down to *Linacre*, the founder of the

the College of Phyſicians, in the reign of *Henry* VIII.——Theſe books ſhewed me the origin and revolutions of phyſic, and the antient writers and their works on this ſubject. By the way, *Daniel Le Clerc* died in June 1728, aged 76, and ſome months.

When I had read theſe things,* I turned next to *botany*, and read *Raii Methodus plantarum emendata, Londini* 1703. *Raii Synopſis methodica ſtirpium*, Ed. 3. And *Tournefort's Inſtitutiones rei herbariæ.* Theſe books with a few obſervations of my own, as I walked in the gardens, the fields, and on the plains, furniſhed me with ſufficient knowledge of this kind for the preſent. The vaſt folios on this ſubject are not for beginners.

Chemiſtry was the next thing my director bid me look into, and to this purpoſe I peruſed *Boerhaave's Elementa chemiæ*, and *Hoffman's Obſervationes phyſico-chemiæ:* Theſe afford as much chemiſtry as a young phyſician need ſet out with: but as books alone give but an imperfect conception, I per-

* If *Mangetus* had publiſhed his *Bibliotheca ſcriptorum medicorum*, 2 vols. folio, at the time I am ſpeaking of, the Doctor, my friend, would have recommended it to a beginner.

performed moſt of the common operations in the *portable furnace of Becher.*

The *materia medica* in the next place had my attention, that is, thoſe animal, vegetable, and foſſil ſubſtances, which are uſed to prevent, cure, or palliate diſeaſes. And in order to know the names of all the drugs, their hiſtory, the adulterations they are ſubject to, their virtues, their doſe, their manner of uſing them, and the cautions which they require,—to get a ſufficient knowledge of this kind, I looked into *Geoffrey's materia medica*, and made a collection of the *materia* at the ſame time, that I might conceive and remember what I read.

Pharmacy, or the art of preparing and compounding medicines, was the next thing I endeavoured to be a maſter of. And that I might know how to exalt their virtues, to obviate their ill qualities, and to make them leſs nauſeous, I read to this purpoſe, *Quincy's pharmaceutical lectures* and *diſpenſatory:* and took care to be well verſed in all the *pharmacopœia*'s, thoſe of *London*, *Edinburgh*, *Paris*, *Boerhaave*, *Bate*, and *Fuller*. And I read very carefully *Gaubin's methodus præſcribendi.* This gave me the materials, and taught me the form of preſcribing.

Anatomy I ſtudied next, that is, the art of dividing the ſeveral parts of a body, ſo as to know their ſize, figure, ſituation, connexions, and make. I began with *Drake* and *Keil*, and then read over *Winſlow*. I had likewiſe open before me at the ſame time, at my entrance upon this ſtudy, a good ſet of plates, the tables of *Euſtachius* and *Cooper*, and turned them carefully over as I read. The doctor then ſhewed me how to diſſect, but chiefly by the direction of a book called the *Culter Anatomicus* of *Michel Lyſerus*, ou methode courte, facile, & claire de diſſequer les corps humaines. I was ſoon able to perform myſelf. It was the third edition of *Lyſerus*, 1679; which has many curious anatomical obſervations added to it by *Gaſpard Bartholin*, the ſon of the celebrated *Thomas Bartholin*, *Copenhagen* profeſſor. (*Michel Lyſére* was the diſciple of the great *Thomas Bartholin*. *Thomas* died, December 1680, in his 64th year. *Michel* in 1659,) a young man; regretté à cauſe de ſon merite. I had alſo *Nichol's Compendium*, and *Hunter's Compendium*. By theſe means, and by reading the authors who have written upon ſome one part only; ſuch as *Peyerus de glandulis inteſtinus. Experimenta circa pancras. De Graaf de organis generationis. Gaſp. Bartholin de diaphragm. Malpigius de pul-*

pulmonibus—de venibus—de liene, en de cornuum vegetatione. Lower de corde—de ventriculo, et de cerebri anat. Willis de reſpiratione. Gliſſon de hepatæ. Caſſerius de vocis auditusque organis. Walſalou de aure. Havers on the bones. Munro on the bones. Douglaſs on the muſcles. Morgagni adverſaria. Ruyſhii opera. Nuck's Adenographia. Wharton's Adenographia. Ridley's anatomy of the brain. Santorini obſervationes. Boneti ſepulchrum anatomicum. Blaſii anatomia animalium. Tyſon's anatomy of the oran-outang. By theſe means, I cut up the body of a young woman, I had from a neighbouring churchyard, and acquired knowledge enough of anatomy.

N. B. If all the pieces written upon ſome one part of the body, are not to be had ſingle, the reader inclined to the delightful ſtudy of *phyſic*, will find them in the *Bibliotheca Anatomica*, 2 vols. folio.

Here before I proceed, I will mention a very curious caſe, which occurred in my diſſecting the body I have ſpoken of. It was as remarkable an example of a preternatural ſtructure as ever appeared. In cutting her up, there was found *two vaginas*, and a right and left *uterus*.

Caſe of a young woman with a double vagina.

uterus. Each *uterus* had its correſponding *vagina*, and the *uteri* and the *vaginæ* lay parallel to each other; there was only one *varium*; but two perfect *hymens*. The *labia* ſtretched ſo as to take in the *anus*, terminating beyond it; and as they were in large ridges, and well armed, the whole had a formidable appearance. If it ſhould be aſked, Could a perfect ſuperfœtation take place in ſuch a perſon? Moſt certainly there might be one conception upon the back of another at different times; therefore, I ſhould not chuſe to marry a woman with two *vaginas*, if it was poſſible to know it before wedlock.

But to proceed,—The next things I read, were the *Inſtitutes of Medicine*, that is, ſuch books as treat of the œconomy and contrivance of nature in adapting the parts to their ſeveral uſes. The books purely *phyſiological*, are, *Keil's Tentamina. Sanctorii aphoriſmi. Bellini de pulſibus et urina. Borellus de motu animalium. Harvey de motu cordis*:—And *de generatione animalium*, (two admirable pieces.) *Friend's Emmenologia. Simpſon's* Syſtem of the Womb. And *Pitcairne's* Tracts. Theſe are the beſt things relating to *phyſiology*, which may be called the *firſt part* of the *Inſtitutions of Phyſic*.

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The 2d part of the Inſtitutes is the *Art of preſerving ſuch a ſyſtem as the body, in an order fit for the exerciſe of its functions as long as poſſible.* The 3d part is *pathology*, which teaches the different manners in which diſeaſes happen; and the various cauſes of theſe diſorders, with their attendants and conſequences: The 4th part is the *doctrine of ſigns*, by which a judgment is formed of the ſound or bad ſtate of the animal: And the 5th is *Therapentica*, that is, the means and method of reſtoring ſanity to a diſtempered body. Treatiſes on all theſe matters, are what we call *inſtitutions of phyſic*, and in relation to the four laſt mentioned, the beſt books are, *Hoffman's Syſtema medicinæ rationalis*, and *Boerhaave's Inſtitutions, with his lectures upon them.* Theſe books I read with great attention, and found them ſufficient.

Being inſtituted in this manner, I turned next to the practical writers, and read the hiſtory of diſeaſes and their cure from obſervations of nature. This is called *pathologia particularis*, and is the great buſineſs of a phyſician. All that has been ſaid is only preparatory to this ſtudy. Here then I firſt very carefully read the authors who have written a ſyſtem of all diſeaſes; and then, ſuch writers as have conſidered particular

cular caſes. The beſt ſyſtem writers are *Boerhaave's aphoriſms and comment. Hoffman's pathologia particularis*; being the laſt part of his *Syſtema medicinæ. Jumber's conſpectus medicinæ. Allen's Synopſis. Shaw's Practice of phyſic*; and *Lomnii opuſculum aureum.*

The writers on a few and particular diſtempers are, *Sydenham opera. Moreton's Puretologia. Bellini de morbis capitis et pectoris. Ramazzini de morbis artificiam. Wepſemus de apoplexia. Floyer on the aſthma. Aſtruc de lue venerea. Turner's ſynopſis:* And *of the ſkin. Muſgrave de arthritide. Highmore de paſſione hyſterica et hypocondria. Gliſſon de rachitide. Clericus de lumbrico lato. Daventer ars obſtetricandi. Mauriceau des femmes groſſes. Harris de morbis infantium. Turner's letter to a young phyſician.* All theſe books very carefully I read, and to your reading add the beſt obſervations you can any where get, or make yourſelf. I writ down in the ſhorteſt manner, abſtracts of the moſt curious and uſeful things, eſpecially the repreſentations of nature; and refreſhed my memory by often looking into my note-book. Every thing taken from nature is valuable. Hypotheſis is entertaining rather than uſeful.

And

And when I was reading the hiſtory of diſeaſes in the authors I have juſt mentioned, I looked into the antient Greek and Latin medical writers; for all their merit lies in this kind of hiſtory. Their pharmacy and anatomy is good for nothing. They ſcarce knew any thing of the human bodies, but from the diſſections of other animals, took their deſcriptions. The great *Veſalius* in the beginning of the 16th century, was the firſt that taught phyſicians to ſtudy nature in diſſecting human bodies; which was then conſidered by the church as a kind of ſacrilege. (20) As to *chemiſtry*, they had no notion of it. It was not heard of till ſome hundred years after the lateſt of them. In botany they had made little progreſs. In ſhort, as they knew little of botany;—nothing of chemiſtry; as their ſyſtems of natural

(20) When *Veſalius* began to diſſect human bodies, he was conſidered by the people as an impious cruel man; and before he could practice publicly, he was obliged to get a deciſion in his favour from the *Salamanca divines*. C'eſt ce qui engagea *Charles* V. de faire faire une conſultation aux theologiens de *Salamanque*, pour ſavoir ſi en conſcience on pouvoit diſſequer un corps humain, pour en connoître la ſtructure. (*Niceron* Memoirs.) They would not let him ſettle in *France*; but the republic of *Venice* gave him a profeſſor's chair at *Padua*, where he diſſected publicly, and taught anatomy ſeven years. He was but 18, when he publiſhed

natural philoſophy and anatomy were falſe and unnatural, (and it is upon anatomy and natural philoſophy, that phyſiology or the uſe of the parts is founded,) we can expect nothing from the antients upon theſe heads, but mere imaginations, or notions unſupported by obſervation or matter of fact. It is their hiſtory of diſeaſes ſupports their character. *Hyppocrates*, in particular, excels all others on this head: but this great man was not perfect even in this. Knowledge in nature is the daughter of time and experience. Many notions of the animal œconomy were then abſurd; and if *Hippocrates* was too wiſe to act always up to his theory, yet he could not be entirely free from its influence.

The names of the antient original greek medical writers are, *Hippocrates*, *Dioſcorides*, *Aritæus*,

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liſhed his famous book, *La fabrique du corps humain*, which was the admiration of all men of ſcience: And a little after, he made a preſent of the firſt *ſkeleton* the world ever ſaw, to the univerſity of *Bale*; where it is ſtill to be ſeen. This great man, *Andrew Veſal*, was born the laſt of April, 1512; and in the 58th year of his age, October 15, 1564, he was ſhipwrecked on the iſle of *Zante*, and in the deſerts there was famiſhed to death. His body was found by a goldſmith of his acquaintance, who happened to land there not long after, and by this man buried. *Veſal*'s works are two volumes in folio, publiſhed by *Herman Boerhaave*, *Lugduni Batavorum*, 1725. Every phyſician ought to have them.

Aritæus, *Galen*, and *Alexander*. The latin writers of phyſic are, *Celſus*, *Scribonius Largus*, *Cælius Aurelianus*, *Marcellus Empericus*, *Theodorus Priſcianus*, and *Sextus Placitus*. We have beſides ſeveral *collectors*, as *Oribaſius*, *Aetius*, *Paulus Æginita*, &c. *Nicander*, the medical poet; and the *fragments* of *Soranus*, *Rufus Epheſius*, *Zonorates*, *Vindicianus*, *Diocles Caryſtius*, *Caſſius*, and a few others: but all theſe may be looked into afterwards. The original authors are ſufficient in the noviciate.

As to the latin medical writers, *Celſus*, and *Cælius Aurelianus* only, are worth reading. *Celſus* lived in the latter end of the reign of *Auguſtus*, and is admirable for the purity of his latin, and the elegance of his ſenſe. You muſt have him night and morning in your hands, till you are a maſter of the terms and expreſſions peculiar to phyſic, which occur in him. The ſtyle of *Cælius* is very bad, and his cavils tedious: but his deſcription of diſeaſes is full and accurate. In this reſpect he is a very valuable writer. He lived in the ſecond century, as did *Galen* likewiſe.

As to *Hippocrates*, who was contemporary with *Socrates*, he was born the firſt year of the 80th Olympiad, 460 before Chriſt.

Chriſt. *René Chartier*'s Edit. *Paris*, 1639, is the moſt pompous: but *Vander Linden*'s, *Leyden*, 1668, 2 vols. in 8vo. is the beſt. When I read *Hippocrates*, I did alſo look into *Proſper Alpini*'s good book, *De præſagienda vita et morte ægrotantium:* In which he has with great care collected and methodized all the ſcattered obſervations of *Hippocrates*, relating to the dangerous or ſalutary appearances in diſeaſes. At the ſame time, I likewiſe read this great man's *Medicina Methodica.* (He died profeſſor of botany at *Padua*, Feb. 1617, Æt. 64. and was born November, 1553.) I did likewiſe look into the beſt commentators on *Hippocrates*; whoſe names you will find in *Conringius*'s Introduction, which I have mentioned.

N. B. The beſt edition of *Dioſcorides*'s *Materia medica*, is that of *Frankfort*, 1598, folio. The beſt edition of *Aritæus*, who lived before *Julius Ceſar*'s time (as *Dioſcorides* did, *A. D.* 46) is *Boerhaave*'s 1731, folio. The beſt edition of *Galen*'s works, are that of *Bâle*, 1538, in 5 vols. and that of *Venice*, 1625, in 7 volumes. *Alexander of Tralles* flouriſhed in the 6th century, under *Juſtinian the Great*, and left the following works, *Therapentica*, *Lib.* 12. *De ſingularum corporis partium vitiis, ægritudinibus,*

& in-

& injuriis, *Lib. 5. Epiſt. de lumbricis: Tractatus de puerorum morbis: Liber de febribus.* The beſt *greek* copy is that of *Stephens*, *Paris*, 1548, folio. In *greek* and *latin*. *Baſil*, 1658. But in neither of theſe editions is to be found the Epiſtle *de lumbricis*. You muſt look for that in the 12th volume of *Fabricius*'s *Bibliotheca Græca*.

In the laſt place, beſides all the authors I have mentioned, I likewiſe looked into the original *obſervation writers*, and *miſcellaneous books* relating to *phyſic*. They afford excellent knowledge, where the authors are faithful and judicious. Such are the *obſervationes medicæ* of *Nicolaus Tulpius* (a curious book; and the dedication of it to his ſon *Peter*, a ſtudent in phyſic, good advice; 2d edition, 1652, is the beſt: it is a fourth part larger than the 1ſt edition, that came out in 1641.) The *obſervationes et curationes medicinales* of *Petrus Foreſtus*, *Lib.* 22. — The *obſervationes medicæ* of *Joannes Theodorus Schenkius*.——And the various Journals, and Tranſactions of learned Societies; which are repoſitories in which the phyſician finds much rare and valuable knowledge. And as a phyſician ought to have a little acquaintance with the modern practice of ſurgery, I concluded with *Heiſter*'s, *Turner*'s, and *Sharp*'s *Surgery*.

By

By this method of ſtudying *phyſic* in the middle of a wood, and employing my time and pains in reading the antients, and conſidering their plain and natural account of diſeaſes, I became a *Doctor*, as well as if I had been a *regular collegiate* in the world.--- But it is time to think of my *various ſtory*, and I ſhall detain my reader no longer from it, than while he reads the following tranſlation of the charming *mythological picture of Cebes*; which is placed here, as the golden 10th *Satire* of *Juvenal* is put after the XIIIth Section of this work, by way of *entertainment between* the *acts*.

A Tranſlation of the Table of Cebes.

The thing is a Dialogue between an Old Man and a Traveller.

WHILE we were walking in the *temple* of *Saturn*, (in the city of *Thebes*,) and viewing the votive honours of the God, the various offerings which had been

A Tranſlation of the Mythological Picture of Cebes: *By the Rev. and famous Jeremy Collier.*

AS we were taking a turn in *Saturn*'s *temple*, we ſaw a great many conſecrated preſents, remarkable enough for their curioſity: Amongſt the reſt, we took particular

Collier.

been preſented to that deity, we obſerved at the entrance of the Fane, a picture tablet that engaged our attention, as it was a thing entirely new, both with regard to the painting and the deſign. For ſome time, we ſtood conſidering the device and fable, but ſtill found ourſelves unable to gueſs the meaning. The piece did not ſeem to be either a city or a camp; but was a kind of a walled court, that had within it two other incloſures, and one of them was larger than the other. The firſt court opened at a gate, before which a vaſt crowd of people appeared, impatient to enter; and with-

cular notice of a picture hung over the door; the piece we perceived was all emblem and mythology; but then the repreſentation was ſo ſingular and out of cuſtom, that we were perfectly at a loſs whence it ſhould come, and what was the meaning of it. Upon a ſtrict view, we found it was neither a city, nor a camp, but a ſort of court, with two partitions of the ſame figure within it, tho' one of them was larger than the other. The firſt court had a crowd of people at the gate, and within we ſaw a great company of women. Juſt at the entrance of the firſt gate, there ſtood an old man,

Collier.

in a group of female figures was repreſented. Stationed at the porch without, was ſeen a venerable form who looked like ſome great teacher, and ſeemed to warn the ruſhing multitude. Long we gazed at this work, but were not able to underſtand the deſign, till an old man came up to us, and ſpoke in the following manner.

§. 1. *O.* It is no wonder ſtrangers, that you cannot comprehend this picture: for even our inhabitants are not able to give a ſolution of the allegoric ſcene. The piece is not an offering of any of our citizens, who by his geſture and countenance, ſeemed to be buſy in giving advice to the crowd as they came in. And being long *at a ſtand* about the deſign of the fable, a grave man ſomewhat in years, *making up*, begins to *diſcourſe us* in this manner. *Gentlemen*, ſays he, I underſtand you are ſtrangers, and therefore 'tis no wonder the hiſtory of this picture ſhould *puzzle you:* For there are not many of our own countrymen that can explain it. For you are to obſerve, this is none of our *town manufacture**. But a long while ago, a certain *outlandiſh* man † of

* The Greek words which Mr. *Collier* renders *town-manufacture*, are πολιτικον αναθημα.

† And what he calls *outlandiſh*, is ξενος.

tizens, but the work of a foreigner, a man of great learning and virtue, and a zealous disciple of the *Samian* or *Elean* sages, who arrived here many years ago, and by his conversation instructed us in the *best learning*, which is *morality*. It was he built and consecrated this *temple* to *Saturn*, and placed here this picture you see before you.

Collier.

of great sense and learning, and who by his discourse and behaviour, seemed to be a disciple of *Pythagoras* and *Parmenides*; this gentleman, I say, happening to travel hither, built this structure, and dedicated both the temple and this piece of painting to *Saturn*. Sir, said I, had you any acquaintance with this gentleman. Yes, says he, I had the benefit of his conversation, and was one of his admirers a long time. For, to my thinking, tho' he was but young, he talked at a *strange significant rate* *.

N. B. The remainder of *Collier*'s facetious version, is omitted for want of room.

* The Greek is, διελεγετο ωιλλα και σωουδαια.

T. And did you know, (I ſaid) and converſe with this wiſe man?

O. Yes, (he replied) I was long acquainted with him, and as he was but young, and talked with great judgment upon the moſt important ſubjects, with aſtoniſhment I have liſtened to him, and with pleaſure heard him explain the moral of this fable.

T. Expound to us then, (I conjure you) the meaning of the picture, if buſineſs does not call you away; for we long to be inſtructed in the *deſign* of the *piece*.

O. I am at leiſure, (the old man anſwered) and willingly conſent to your requeſt; but I muſt inform you firſt, there is ſome danger in what you aſk. If you hearken with attention, and by conſideration underſtand the precepts, you will become wiſe, virtuous, and bleſt*: if otherwiſe, you will be abandoned, blind, and miſerable†. The explanation of the picture reſembles the *enigma* of the *Sphinx*, which ſhe propoſed to every paſſenger that came that way. If they could expound the riddle, they were ſafe; but if they failed in the attempt, they were deſtroyed by the monſter‡. *Folly* is as it were a *Sphinx* to man-

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* Εσισθε φρονιμοι και ευδαιμονες.

† Αφρονες, και κακοδαιμονες, και πικροι, και αμαθεις.

‡ This monſter, who lived near *Thebes*, was ſaid to be the daughter of *Typhon* and *Echidna*, and had a head and face like a girl, wings like a bird, and in the reſt, like a dog.

kind. She asks you, How is good and ill defined? If you cannot explain the problem, and happen to misjudge, you perish by degrees, and become the victim of her cruelty. You do not die immediately, as the unhappy did by the *Theban* monster; but by the force and operation of folly, you will find yourself dying from day to day, your rational part wounded and decayed, every noble power of the soul confounded, and like those given up to punishment for life, feel the last of those pangs, which guilt prepares for the stupid; but if by thinking, you can understand and discern the boundaries of good and ill, then *folly* like the *Sphinx* must perish, and your life will be blest with happiness and serenity.—Hear me then with all your attention.

These things being previously observed by the old man, and we intreating him to begin, he lifted up a wand he held, and pointing to the *picture*, said, the first inclosure represents *human life*, and the multitude at the gate, those who are daily entring into the world. That aged person you see on an eminence, directing with one hand, and holding in the other a roll, which is the code of reason, is the *genius* of *mankind*; benevolent, he seems to bend, and teach the people what they ought to

do; ſhews them as they enter into life the path they ought to take; the way which leads to danger, and that which bears to ſafety and happineſs.

T. And which is the way, (I ſaid) and how are they to find it?

O. That you ſhall know hereafter: but at preſent you muſt take notice of that painted woman ſeated on a throne very near the gate. She is called *Deluſion*, and by every art, with fawn and ſoft infection, preſents a *bowl* of *ignorance* and *error* to all that enter into life. They take the cup, and in proportion to what they have drank of the intoxicating mixture, are led away by the *women* you ſee, at a little diſtance from *Impoſture*, to *deſtruction* ſome, and ſome to *ſafety*; leſs erring and leſs blind thoſe being who have but taſted of deluſion's cup.

Theſe women ſo variouſly dreſt, and ſo profuſely gay, are called the *Opinions*, *Deſires*, and *Pleaſures*: You obſerve how they embrace each mortal as he arrives within the gate, promiſe the greateſt bleſſings, and compel their votaries to wander with them where they pleaſe.

T. But who (I aſked) is that woman placed on a globe, who appears not only blind, but ſeems to be wild and diſtracted?

In-

Inceſſantly ſhe walks about, and flings her favours capriciouſly: From ſome ſhe ſnatches their effects and poſſeſſions, and beſtows them upon others.

O. They call her *Fortune*, (replied the old man.) Her attitude marks her character. Her gifts are as unſtable as her tottering ball; and all who depend upon her ſpecious promiſes, are deceived when moſt they truſt her, and find themſelves expoſed to the greateſt misfortunes.

T. There is a great crowd I perceive ſurrounding her, and if too commonly ſhe meditates miſchief, whenever ſhe ſmiles, what is the meaning of their attendance?

O. Theſe are the *inconſiderate*, and ſtand there to catch the toys ſhe blindly ſcatters among them; (wealth, fame, titles, an offſpring, ſtrength or beauty, the victor's laurel, and arbitrary power:) Thoſe who rejoice, and are laviſh in their praiſes of this divinity, have received ſome favours from her, and call her the goddeſs of *good fortune:* But thoſe whom you ſee weeping and wringing their hands, are ſuch whom ſhe has deprived of every good; they curſe her as the goddeſs of *ill fortune.*

T. But (replied I) as to riches, glory, nobility, a numerous poſterity, power, and honour, which you called *toys*, why are they not *real advantages?*

O. Of theſe things (our *inſtructor* anſwered) we ſhall ſpeak hereafter more fully: At preſent it is better to continue the explication of the picture.

§. 2. Caſt your eyes next then on that higher *incloſure*, (proceeded the old man) and take notice of the women on the outſide thereof. You obſerve how wantonly they are dreſt: The firſt of them is *Incontinence*, looſely zoned, her boſom bare; and the other three are, *Riot*, *Covetouſneſs* and *Flattery*. They watch for the *favourites* of *fortune*. You ſee they careſs them, and try to bring them to the pleaſures of their ſoft retreat; where the bowl ſparkles, the ſong reſounds, and joys to joys ſucceed in every jocund hour: But at length *Diſtreſs* appears, and the favourite of a day diſcovers, that his *happineſs* was merely *imaginary*, under a deluſion; but the *evils* that attend his pleaſures *real*. When he has waſted all he had received from fortune, he is forced to enter himſelf into the ſervice of thoſe miſtreſſes, and by them compelled to dare the fouleſt and moſt deſperate deeds; villain and knave he becomes; ſtabs for a purſe; his country ſells for gold; and by deceit and ſacrilege, by perjury, treachery, and theft, endeavours for ſome time to live. But ſhiftleſs at length, and unable to acquire

quire ſupport by crimes, they are conſigned to the dire gripe of *Puniſhment*.

T. What is ſhe, I beg you will inform us?

O. Look beyond thoſe women, called the Opinions, (continued the old man) and you will ſee a *low gate*, opening into a dark and narrow cave: you may obſerve at the entrance of it, three female figures very ſwarthy and foul, covered with rags and filthineſs; and near them, ſtanding naked by their ſide, a frightful lean man *. Cloſe to him is another woman, ſo meagre and ghaſtly you perceive, that it is not poſſible for any thing to reſemble him more.

T. We ſee them, and requeſt to be informed who they are?

O. The firſt with a whip in her hand, is *Puniſhment*, and next to her ſits *Sadneſs*, with her head reclining on her knees; that woman tearing her hair is *Trouble*; the naked lean man is *Sorrow*, and the image by his ſide *Wild Deſpair*. You ſee they are all going to ſeize the unhappy man of pleaſure, and make him feel the greateſt pain and anguiſh: For they carry him to the houſe of *Miſery*, and in the pit of *Woe* he is to

* This man Mr. *Collier* calls, an *ill-looking ſkeleton of a fellow*, with ſcarce a tatter to his limbs. Cant! The Greek is, τις δυσειδης λεπτος, και γυμνος.

paſs the remainder of life, unleſs *Repentance* comes to his relief.

T. And what then follows, (I ſaid) if *Repentance* interpoſes?

O. She reſcues him from his tormentors, and gives him a new view of things. He has from her ſome account of *true learning*, but the hint ſo ſhort, that it may lead him likewiſe to *falſe learning*. If he be ſo happy as to underſtand, and chuſe right, he is delivered from prejudice and error, and paſſes the reſt of his days in tranquillity and peace: but if he be miſtaken, inſtead of *wiſdom*, he only gains that amuſing *counterfeit*, which turns him from *vice* to *ſtudious folly*.

T. Great (I replied) are the riſks we mortals run: But who is this *falſe learning?*

§. 3. *O.* At the entrance of the ſecond incloſure *, you may obſerve a woman neatly dreſt, and of a good appearance; decent the port,—ſpotleſs the form: This is the *counterfeit*, but the vulgar call her *true learning:* Even the happy few, who ſucceed in the purſuit of wiſdom, are commonly detained too long by this deceiving fair one: Nor is it ſtrange; for, ſkilled as ſhe

* The three incloſures in *Cebes*, allude to the diviſion of human life into the *ſenſual*, the *ſtudious*, and the *virtuous*.

ſhe is in all the learning, and in every art can grace the head, you ſee what crouds of admirers ſhe has; *poets*, *orators*, *logicians*, *muſicians*, *arithmeticians*, *geometricians*, *aſtrologers*, and *critics*.

T. But who (I aſked my inſtructor,) are thoſe *women*, ſo buſy on every ſide, and ſo earneſt in their addreſſes to this company? They look like *Incontinence* and her companions, and the *Opinions* whom you ſhewed us in the firſt court. Do they alſo frequent the ſecond incloſure?

O. Yes, (replied the old man,) *Incontinence* is ſometimes ſeen here. The *Opinions* do likewiſe enter; for the early portion theſe men received from *Impoſture* ſtill operates. *Ignorance* finds a place here; and even *Extravagance* and *Folly*. They remain under the power of theſe, till having left *falſe learning*, they enter upon the path that leads to *Wiſdom*. When they arrive at the enlightening ground of *Truth*, they get her *ſovereign remedy* *, and are freed from the ill

* Mr. *Collier* tranſlates it,—*they enter into a courſe of phyſic*. The Greek is, και πινουσι την καθαρτικην δυναμιν τουτων. And what Mr. *Collier* a little before tranſlates,—*She opens a vein, and gives them a glaſs of her conſtitution*:—when they have taken the *ſtirrup cup*:—*brimmers*:—the *laſſes friſk* about: Salute with *a deal of welcome*, and then *lug them off*,—ſome to ruin,

ill effects of *Ignorance* and *Error*. This enables them to throw off the *wild hypotheſis*, — the *learned romance*, — and to employ the precious hours of life in thinking to the wiſeſt purpoſes. Had they ſtaid with *falſe learning*, they never could have delivered themſelves from theſe evils.

T. Proceed then, I pray you, (ſaid I) and ſhew us the way that leads to *Happineſs* and *Wiſdom*.

§. 4. *O.* Do you ſee (proceeded the venerable man,) that riſing ground, which appears ſo *deſart* and *uninhabited*. You may obſerve upon it a *little gate*, that opens in a narrow and unfrequented path; the avenue a rugged rocky way. You perceive a little onward, a ſteep and craggy mountain with precipices on either ſide, which ſink to a frightful depth. This is the way to *Wiſdom*.

T. It ſeems a dreadful way as painted in this table.

O. Yet

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ruin, and ſome to the *gallows*: — All this, and much more *night-cellar ſtuff*, the *Theban philoſopher* had not an idea of, as any one may ſee who can turn to the *Greek*. How *Collier* learned ſuch guard-phraſes, and why he uſed them, ſeemed for ſome time very ſtrange to me, till I was informed by one who knew this *Divine* well, that in the days of his youth, he kept very low company, and was known at ſeveral night-houſes. In that period of his life, he tranſlated *Cebes*.

O. Yet higher ſtill obſerve that rock, towards the mountain's brow, and take notice of the two figures which ſit upon its edge, and appear to be as beautiful and comely as the goddeſs of health. They are ſiſters; *Temperance* the one, *Patience* the other. With friendſhip in their looks, and arms protended over the verge of the cliff, you ſee them lean, to encourage thoſe who paſs this way, and rouze the ſpirits of the fainting ſons of Wiſdom, who has ſtationed theſe two ſiſters there. They urge the brave men on; tell them the hardſhips will leſſen by degrees,—the paſſage will become more eaſy and agreeable as they advance, and offer them their aſſiſtance to aſcend the ſummit, and reach the top of the rock. That being gained, they ſhew them the eaſineſs and pleaſantneſs of the reſt of the way to Wiſdom: The charming road invites one's eyes: How ſmooth and flowery, green and delightful, does it appear!

T. It does indeed.

§. 5. *O.* Look next (the excellent old man continued,) at that diſtant blooming wood, and near it you will ſee a beautiful meadow, on which there ſeems to fall a light as from a purer heaven, a kind of *double day*. In this *lightſome field* *, you may perceive

* Λειμωνοειδὴς, ᾗ φωτὶ πολλῷ καταλαμπόμενος.

perceive a gate which opens into another *incloſure*, which is the abode of the bleſſed. Here the *Virtues* dwell with *Happineſs*. In this region of eternal beauty, the *righteous reſt*.

T. It does appear a charming place.

O. Obſerve then near the *portal*, a *beauteous form* of a compoſed aſpect†: She ſeems mature in life, and her robe is quite plain, without affectation or ornaments. Her eyes are piercing; her mien ſedate: She ſtands not on a *globe*, (like *Fortune*) but upon a *cube* of marble, fixed as the rock ſhe is on before the gate. You ſee on either ſide of her two *lovely nymphs*, the very copies of her looks and air. This *matron* in the middle is *true learning*, Wiſdom herſelf; and the two young beauties are *Truth* and *Perſuaſion*. Her ſtanding on a *ſquare*, is an expreſſive type of certainty in the way to her; and denotes the unalterable and permanent nature of the bleſſings ſhe beſtows on thoſe who come to her. From her they receive courage and ſerenity; that confidence and contempt of fear, which exempts the happy poſſeſſors from any diſturbance, by the accidents and calamities of life.

T. Theſe

† Καθεστηκυῖα τὸ πρόσωπον, *conſtanti vultu*, or *conſtans vultum*.

T. Theſe are valuable gifts. But why without the walls does *Wiſdom* ſtand?

O. To preſent the purifying bowl to thoſe who approach, and reſtore them to themſelves. As a phyſician by degrees firſt finds out the cauſe of a violent diſorder, and then removes it, in order to reſtore the man to health; ſo *Wiſdom*, as ſhe knows their malady, adminiſters her ſovereign medicine, and frees them from all their evils. She expels the miſchiefs they had received from deluſion, their *ignorance* and *error*, and delivers them from *pride*, *luſt*, *anger*, *avarice*, and all the other vices they had contracted in the firſt *incloſure*. In a word, ſhe reſtores them to ſanity, and then ſends them in to *Happineſs* and the *Virtues*.

T. Who are they? (I ſaid).

§. 6. *O.* Do you not ſee within the gate, (my inſtructor replied) a ſociety of *matrons*, beautiful and modeſt, dreſt unaffected, and without any thing of the gay exceſs? Theſe are *Science* and her ſiſters, *Fortitude*, *Juſtice*, and *Integrity*, *Temperance*, *Modeſty*, *Liberality*, *Continence*, *Clemency*, and *Patience*. They hail their gueſts, and the company ſeem to be in raptures.

T. But when the friends to virtue are admitted into this charming ſociety, where do they lead then to?

O. See you not (reſumed the good old man,) the hill beyond the grove; that eminence which is the higheſt point of all the incloſures, and commands a boundleſs proſpect. There, on a glorious throne, you may obſerve a majeſtic perſon in her bloom, well dreſt, but without art or laviſh coſt, and her temples adorned with a beautiful *Tiar:* This is *Happineſs*, the regent of that bleſſed abode, and as the moral heroes approach her, you may perceive her, with the Virtues who ſtand aſſiſtant round her, going to reward the friends of wiſdom with ſuch crowns as are beſtowed on conquerors.

T. Conquerors! (I ſaid) In what conflicts have theſe perſons been victorious?

O. They have, in their way to the realm of Happineſs, deſtroyed the moſt formidable and *dangerous monſters*, who would have deſtroyed them, if they had not been ſubdued: Theſe *ſavage beaſts* at war with man are, *ignorance* and *error*; *grief*, *vexation*, *avarice*, *intemperance*, and every thing that is *evil.* Theſe are vanquiſhed, and have loſt all their power. The moral hero triumphs now, though their ſlave before.

T. Great atchievements indeed! A glorious conqueſt. But excluſive of the honour of being crowned by *Happineſs* and the *Virtues*, is there any ſalutary power in the crown that adorns the hero's head?

O. There

O. There is, young man. The virtue of it is great. Poſſeſſing this, he is happy and bleſſed. He derives his felicity from no external object, but from himſelf alone.

T. O happy victory! And being thus crowned, what does the hero do—where next his ſteps?

O. Conducted by the *Virtues*, he goes back to ſurvey his firſt abode, and ſee the crowd he left;—how miſerably they paſs their time; waſte all their hours in crimes, and in the whirl of paſſions live. *Slaves* to *ambition*, *pride*, *incontinence*, *vanity*, and *avarice*, they appear tormented with endleſs anxiety. They have forgot the inſtructions the good *genius* gave them, at their entrance into life, and ſuffer thus becauſe they cannot find the way to *Wiſdom*.

T. True: (I ſaid) But I cannot comprehend, why the *Virtues* ſhould bring the heroes back to the place they came from: Why ſhould they return to view a well-known ſcene?

O. The reaſon (anſwered my inſtructor) is, becauſe they had not a true idea of what they had ſeen. Surrounded by a confuſion of things as they paſſed on, they could not diſtinctly perceive what was done. The miſts of ignorance and error obſcured the proſpect as they journied on, and by that means, they were ſubject to miſtakes. They could

could not always diſtinguiſh between *good* and *evil*. But now that they have attained to *true learning*, with concern they behold the *mad world* the *Virtues* ſhew them again, and being enlightned by wiſdom, are perfectly happy in themſelves. The miſery of the numberleſs fools they behold now, ſtrikes them very ſtrongly, and gives them a delightful reliſh for their preſent happineſs.

T. It muſt be ſo. And when they have ſeen theſe things, where do they then go?

O. Wherever they pleaſe. Safely they may travel where they will: In all times, and in all places they are ſecure, as their *integrity* is their *defence*. Every where they live eſteemed and beloved by all. The *female monſters* I have mentioned, *Grief*, *Trouble*, *Luſt*, *Avarice*, or *Poverty*, have now no power to hurt them; but as if poſſeſſed of ſome virtuous drug, they can graſp the viper, and defy deſtruction.

T. What you ſay is juſt. But who are all theſe perſons deſcending the hill?

O. Thoſe that are crowned (the old man ſaid) are the happy few I have deſcribed. You ſee what joy is in their faces: And thoſe who ſeem forlorn and deſperate, under the command of certain women, are ſuch who by their folly have not found the way to *true learning*; or ſtopping at the rough

rough and narrow aſcent you obſerved, went to look for an eaſier path, and ſo quite loſt the road. The tormentors who drive them on are, *Trouble*, *Deſpair*, *Ignominy*, and *Ignorance*. Wretched you ſee them return into the firſt *incloſure*, to *Luxury* and *Incontinence*: and yet they do not accuſe themſelves as the authors of their own ruin, which is very ſtrange; but rail at Wiſdom, and revile her ways; aſſerting, that the true pleaſures of life are only to be found in *luxury* and *riot*. Like the *brutes*, they place the *whole ſatisfaction of man* in the *gratification of ſenſual appetite*.

T. But who are thoſe other lovely women, who return down the hill ſo full of gaiety and mirth?

O. They are the *Opinions*, who having conducted the virtuous to the region of light, are coming back to invite and carry others thither, by ſhewing them the felicity and ſucceſs of thoſe they brought to the manſion of Wiſdom.

T. And do the *Opinions* never enter with thoſe they bring into that happy place, where the virtues and *true learning* reſide?

O. No: *Opinion* can never reach to *ſcience*; they only deliver their charge into the hands of wiſdom, and then, like ſhips that give up their lading, in order to ſail for a new cargo,

cargo, they return to bring other *Eleves* to reaſon and felicity.

T. This *explanation* of the *table*, (I ſaid) is quite ſatisfactory: But you have not yet informed us, what the *good genius* bids the multitude do, as they appear on the verge of life?

O. He charges them to act with courage, and be magnanimous and brave in all events; a thing I recommend to you, young man; and that you may have a true idea of this, I will tell you what I mean by a *bold ſpirit*, in paſſing through this world.

§. 7. *O.* Then lifting up his arm again, and pointing with his wand to a *figure* in the *picture*; that *blind woman* ſtanding on a *globe*, as I told you before, is *Fortune.* The *genius* forbids us to truſt her, or imagine her ſmiles will be laſting happineſs. Reaſon is never concerned in what ſhe does. It is Fortune ſtill; without principle ſhe acts, is arbitrary and capricious, and inconſiderately and raſhly for ever proceeds. Regard not then her favours, nor mind her frowns: But as ſhe gives and takes away, and often deprives of what we had before, we are neither to eſteem or deſpiſe her; but if we ſhould receive from her a gift, take care to employ it immediately to ſome good purpoſe, and eſpecially in the acquiſition of true ſcience, the moſt laſting and precious poſſeſſion.

poſſeſſion. If we act otherwiſe, in reſpect of Fortune, we imitate thoſe wretched uſurers, who rejoice at the money paid in to them, as if they received it for their own uſe; but pay it back with regret, forgetting the condition, that it was to be returned to the proprietor on demand. Regardleſs of Fortune then, and all her changes in this mortal life, the *genius* adviſes to paſs bravely on, without hearkning to the ſolicitations of *Incontinence* and *Luxury* in the firſt incloſure, to reject their *temptations*, and go on to *falſe learning:* With her he would have us make a ſhort ſtay, to learn what may be of ſervice to uſe in our journey to Wiſdom. This is the advice of the *genius* to thoſe who enter into life.

T. Here the good *old man* had done, and I thanked him for his explanation of the *picture*. Only one thing (I ſaid) there was more, which I muſt requeſt he would tell me the meaning of. What is it we can get by our ſtay with *falſe learning?*

O. Things (he anſwered) that may be of uſe to us. The *languages*, and other parts of education, which *Plato* recommends, may hinder us from being worſe employed, and keep us from illicit gratification. They are not abſolutely neceſſary to true happineſs; but they contribute to make us better. Something good and uſeful they do afford;

afford; though virtue, which ought to be the principal buſineſs in view, may be acquired without them. We may become wiſe without the aſſiſtance of the arts, tho' (as obſerved before,) they are far from being uſeleſs: as by a good tranſlation made into our own tongue, we may know what an author means, and yet by taking the pains to become maſters of the original language, might gain more advantages,—ſuch as entring better into the writer's ſenſe, and diſcovering ſome beauties which cannot otherwiſe be found: So the uſeful things in the ſciences may be very quickly and eaſily learned, and though by great labour in becoming accurately acquainted with them, we might fill our heads with ſpeculations, yet this cannot make us the wiſer and better men. *Without being learned*, we may be *wiſe* and *good*.

T. And are the *learned* then in no better a condition than the *people* in reſpect of *moral excellence?* (I ſaid). Are the *ſpeculations* of the *ſcholar*, and the *arts* and *fine inventi ns* of the *ſchools*, of no uſe in *perfecting* the *moral character?* This to me ſeems a little ſtrange.

O. Blind as the *crowd* is the *man of letters*, in this particular (my inſtructor replied): All his *ſtudies* and *curious knowledge* have no *relation* to his *living right*. With all the *tongues*,

tongues, and all the *arts*, he may be a *libertine*, a *ſot*, a *miſer*, or a *knave*, a traitor to his country, and have no moral character at all. This we ſee every day.

T. But what is the cauſe of ſo ſtrange a thing, I requeſted to know? I obſerve that theſe *men of letters* ſeem to ſit down contented in the *ſecond incloſure*, and do not attempt to go on to the *third* where *Wiſdom* reſides; though they ſee continually before their eyes ſo many paſſing on from the *firſt court*, where they had lived for ſome time in lewdneſs and exceſs, to the habitation of of *true learning*.

O. It is their remaining in this *ſecond incloſure*, that occaſions their being inferior in moral things to thoſe who have not had a learned education. *Proud* and *ſelf-ſufficient* on account of their *languages*, *arts*, and *ſciences*, they deſpiſe what Wiſdom could teach them, and will not give themſelves the trouble of aſcending with difficulty to the manſion of *true learning*. They have no taſte for the *leſſons* of *Wiſdom*; while the *humble* mount to her exalted dwelling, thoſe *ſcholars*, as you ſee, are ſatisfied with their *ſpeculations* and *vain conceits*. *Dull* and *untractable* in the *improvement* of their *hearts*, and regardleſs of that *exact rectitude of mind and life*, which is only worth a rational's toiling for (as he is an *Eleve* for eternity,) they

they never think of *true wiſdom*, nor mind her *offered light*. Their *curious ingenious notions*, are what they only have a reliſh for; the *imaginations* of thoſe *men of letters* cannot reach that ineffable peace and contentment, that ſatisfaction and pleaſure, which flow from a *virtuous life* and an *honeſt heart*. This is the caſe of our *learned heads*, unleſs *repentance* interferes to make them *humble*, and ſcatters the *vain viſions* they had from *falſe opinion*.

This (concluded the venerable teacher) is the *explication* of this *parable* or *allegory*. May you oft revolve upon theſe *leſſons*, and lend your whole attention to the attainment of *true wiſdom*, that you may not embrace her *ſhadow*, the *ſpeculations* and *inventions* of the *learned*, but, by this *inſtruction*, acquire the *true principles* of *morality* and *goodneſs*. (21)

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(21) This is not all the *table of Cebes*. There follows a *diſputation* in the *Socratic* method, concerning the claim of *wealth*, and other *externals*, to the *title* of *good things*: but it is *dry*, and no part of the *picture* or *mythology*. For this reaſon I ſtop here.

As to the *picture of Cebes*, it is to be ſure a fine thing, and greatly to the honour of the *Theban philoſopher*, who was one of the diſciples of *Socrates*; and about twenty at the time of the death of his maſter: *Socrates* died by the executioner, in the 70th year of his age, before our Lord, 402.——*Cebes* was about eighty, at the birth of *Epicurus*.

But

A remark on the table of Cebes.

But after all that can be ſaid in praiſe of this excellent remain of antiquity, ſtill the little *ſyſtem of ethics* is but a *poor performance*, in reſpect of any ſection of the *goſpel* of *Chriſt*. *Cebes* ſays nothing of the *Deity*: Nor does he mention the *miſchiefs* of *vice*, and the *benefits* of *virtue*, as a *divine conſtitution*.

An Apoſtle, on the contrary, (to mention only one particular out of a thouſand from the *Chriſtian books*,) calls to the human race in the following manner: "I beſeech you, brethren, by the mercies of Almighty God, the Father of the Univerſe, who hath graciouſly admitted you to the faith, and revealed the terms of acceptance; that ye preſent your bodies now a living ſacrifice, holy and acceptable to the Deity, which is the reaſonable and ſpiritual ſervice required of you in the time of the goſpel; and not offer the bodies of beaſts any more, as the Heathen world were wont to do.

And, as perſons now wholly devoted to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, be not conformed to the faſhions and ways of this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind; that ye may prove what is the good, the acceptable, and perfect will of God. Abhor that which is evil, in all your dealings: Cleave to that which is good: Let love be without diſſimulation, and be kindly affectioned one to another; not advancing yourſelves, but in honour preferring one another. Be not ſlothful in buſineſs, but fervent in ſpirit; as ſerving the Lord Jehovah in your ſeveral ſtations. Rejoice in hope of a refreſhment to come, in the realms of bliſs: Be patient in tribulation, which God will reward, and continue inſtant in prayer.

In ſum, let us follow the ſteps of *Chriſt*, and in imitation of his *divine humility*, his *devotion*, his *love*, be for ever *meek* and *forbearing*, *gentle* and *charitable*, and *live in the ſpirit of prayer*."

What is there in the *table of Cebes* like this *ſpiritual and religious virtue*, this *love to God*, this *zeal for his honour and ſervice*, and an *intire dependence upon him* in all conditions of life? The *virtues* of the *heroes of antiquity* are noble and excellent qualities; — their courage, and juſtice, and temperance, and gratitude, and love to their country, are fine things: but they ſeem to have been calculated for the *civil life*. Thoſe *heroes* were virtuous without being pious, and appear rather as ſelf-ſufficient independent beings, than as ſervants and votaries of God Almighty. It is theſe *Chriſtian virtues* I have mentioned, that *adorn* and *perfect human nature*. It is theſe things that *moſtly* contribute to the *happineſs of the world*, and *of every man in it*.

N. B. Mr. *Scott*, at the end of his *Notes* on *Cebes*, has the following remark.—If this philoſopher had repreſented the effects of virtue and vice as a *divine conſtitution*, he would have ennobled his inſtruction, and done greater ſervice to the intereſt of morality. But thoſe important intereſts are effectually provided for by revelation. There the precepts of virtue are the laws of God. There we find a clear and compleat ſyſtem of his will. There our obedience is encouraged by hope in his pardoning mercy and powerful aſſiſtance, by the life, death, and reſurrection of his own ſon; and by promiſes and threatnings which extend the reward of righteouſneſs, and the puniſhment of wickedneſs unto a future ſtate of exiſtence.

SECTION

SECTION XIII.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, purſue.
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?
The tenth Satire of Juvenal. DRYDEN.

Omnibus in terris quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa remota
Erroris nebula: quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pæniteat, votique peracti?
JUVENALIS, *Sat.* X. (22)

§. 1. HAVING married the illuſtrious *Julia*, as related in my laſt Section, and by the death of her father ſoon after

The unfortunate death of Julia.

(22) Sir *Robert Stapylton* has done this *Satire* in the following manner.

In all th' earth, from *Cales* weſtward to the ſtreams
Of *Ganges* gilded with the *morning beams*,
To few men good and ill unmaſk'd appear,
For what with reaſon do we hope or fear?
What haſt thou by thy happieſt project gain'd,
But thou repent'ſt thy pains and wiſh obtain'd?

after the wedding, acquired a handſome ſettlement, a conſiderable ſum of money, and a valuable collection of books; I thought myſelf ſo happily ſituated in the midſt of flouriſhing

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Mr. *Dryden*'s tranſlation is by far the fineſt, to be ſure. It is a charming thing: but whether it comes ſo near the intended *humour* and *briſk turns* of *Juvenal*, as a *third tranſlation* the Reader will find at the end of this ſection, may admit of ſome conſideration.—I add here the ſixteen laſt lines of *Dryden's Verſion*, the moſt beautiful part of the Satire; that it may be near for comparing with the tranſlation I have mentioned.—And for the ſame reaſon, I likewiſe place here the ſame number of lines done by *Stapylton*.

Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain:
Forgive the gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind;
A ſoul that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, hardned to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of *Hercules*
To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is virtue: What I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhipp'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

DRYDEN.

Yet that for ſacrifice thou may'ſt prepare
Thy white hog, and for ſomething make thy pray'r.

Pray

flouriſhing mercies, and ſo well ſecured from adverſity, that it was hardly poſſible for the flame of deſtruction to reach me. But when I had not the leaſt reaſon to imagine calamity was near me, and fondly imagined proſperity was my own, infeli-

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Pray that the Gods be graciouſly inclin'd,
To grant thee health of body, and of mind.
Aſk a ſtrong ſoul that may death's terrors ſcorn,
And think to die, as good as to be born;
As great a gift of nature, that no croſs
Can daunt, that knows no paſſion, fears no loſs:
That *Hercules* his labours can digeſt,
Far better than *Sardanapalus*'s feaſt,
His wenches, or his feather-beds; I ſhow
What thou thyſelf may'ſt on thyſelf beſtow.
The path to peace is virtue; All the powers
Will be our own, if wiſdom be but ours:
And yet to thee, vain fortune, we have given
The name of goddeſs, and plac'd thee in heav'n.

STAPYLTON.

Ut tamen et poſcas aliquid, voveaſque ſacellis
Exta, et candiduli divina tomacula porci:
Orandum eſt, ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.
Fortem poſce animum, et mortis terrore carentem,
Qui ſpatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat
Naturæ, qui ferre queat quoſcunque labores,
Et venere, et cœnis, et pluma *Sardanapali*;
Monſtro, quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare: ſemita certè,
Tranquillæ per virtutum patet unica vitæ.
Nullum numen habes, ſi ſit prudentia: ſed te
Nos facimus, fortuna, deam, cœloque locamus.

JUVENAL.

city came ſtalking on unſeen; and from a fulneſs of peace, plunged us at once into an abyſs of woe. It was our wont, when the evenings were fine, to take boat at the bottom of a meadow, at the end of our garden, and in the middle of a deep river, paſs an hour or two in fiſhing; but at laſt, by ſome accident or other, a ſlip of the foot, or the boat's being got a little too far from the bank-ſide, *Julia* fell in and was drowned. This happened in the tenth month of our marriage. The loſs of this *charming angel* in ſuch a manner, ſat powerfully on my ſpirits for ſome time; and the remembrance of her perfections, and the delights I enjoyed while ſhe lived, made me wiſh I had never ſeen her. To be ſo vaſtly happy as I was, and be deprived of her in a moment, in ſo ſhocking a way, was an affliction I was hardly able to bear. It ſtruck me to the heart. I ſat with my eyes ſhut ten days.

A reflection on the death of Julia.

§. 2. But loſſes and pains I conſidered were the portion of mortals in this trying ſtate, and from thence we ought to learn to give up our *own wills*; and to get rid of all *eager wiſhes*, and *violent affection*, that we may take up our *reſt* wholly in that which *pleaſeth* God: Carrying

ing our ſubmiſſion to him ſo far, as to bleſs his *correcting* hand, and *kiſs* that *rod* that cures our paſſionate eagerneſs, perverſeneſs, and folly.

We ought likewiſe to learn from ſuch things, to look upon the ſad accidents of life, as not worthy to be compared with what *Chriſt* underwent for our ſakes, who, *though he was a Son, yet he learnt obedience by the things that he ſuffered*; and with Chriſtian reſignation live in a quiet expectance of a future happy ſtate, after our patience has had its perfect work: Conſidering that theſe light and momentary afflictions, are not worthy to be *compared* with the *glory* that *Chriſt* hath purchaſed for us; and if we are *faithful to death*, hath promiſed to beſtow upon us.

In all theſe things reſigning to the *wiſdom* of God, and not merely to his will and authority, believing his diſpoſal to be wiſeſt and beſt; and that his declarations and promiſes are true, though we cannot in ſome caſes diſcern the reaſon of ſuch an *end*, and ſuch *means* being connected: Nor can imagine how ſome *promiſes* can be made good. *Patience*, (I ſaid) my ſoul! *Patience*, and what thou knoweſt not now, thou

ſhalt know in a *little time.* Thus I reaſoned, as I ſat with my eyes ſhut.

Thoughts on wives and whores.

§. 3. And when I had done, I called to *Soto ô Finn*, my man, to bring the horſes out immediately, and I would go ſomewhere or other to ſee new ſcenes, and if I could, get *another wife:* As I was born with the diſeaſe of repletion, and had made a reſolution not to fornicate; it was incumbent on me to have a ſiſter and companion, with whom I might lawfully carry on the ſucceſſion. As a friend to ſociety, and paſſively-obedient to the laws of my higher country, a wife for ever, I declared; for, if on loſing one, we can be ſtill ſo fortunate as to get another, who is pretty without pride; witty without affectation; to virtue only and her friends a friend:

Whoſe ſenſe is great, and great her ſkill,
For reaſon always guides her will;
Civil to all, to all ſhe's juſt,
And faithful to her friend and truſt:
Whoſe character, in ſhort, is ſuch,
That none can love or praiſe too much.

If ſuch a charmer ſhould again appear, and ten thouſand ſuch there ever are among the ſex, ſilly and baſe though the majority may

may be; what man could ſay he had had enough of *wedlock*, becauſe he had buried ſeven ſuch wives? I am ſure I could not. And if, like the men who were but ſtriplings at fourſcore, in the beginning of this world, I was to live for ages, and by accidents loſt ſuch partners as I have deſcribed; I would with rapture take hundreds of them to my breaſt, one after another, and piouſly propagate the kind. The moſt deſpicable of all creatures is a *whore*. An *abomination* to *heaven*: And if *God* was a mere fanciful fear; yet ſuch a wretch the *proſtitute* is, that neither *honour* nor *honeſty* can ever be expected from her. But, in *defiance* to *divine* and *human laws*, ſhe lives a *foe* to *mankind*; to *ruin* the *fortune*, *pox* the *body*, and for ever *damn* the *ſoul* of the miſerable man, who is dunce enough to become a *Limberham* to the *execrable wretch*. The misfortunes I have known happen to gentlemen of my acquaintance, by *ſtreet-whores*, *chamber-whores*, and *kept-whores*, would make a volume as large as this I am writing: and leave another world quite out of the hiſtory. I have ſeen gentlemen of the beſt fortunes and education, become *worn-out beggars* in the ſtreets of *London*, without any thing hardly to cover them, by the means of thoſe execrable harlots; ſome have become *bullies* to bawdy-houſes; and

many I have beheld going to the gallows, by maintaining the falſeſt and leaſt-engaging of women: But take a modeſt ſenſible woman to your heart, who has the fear of the great God before her eyes, and a regard to the laws of her country: Share your fortune generouſly with her, that ſhe may have her innocent amuſements and dreſs, be for ever good-humoured, be true to her bed, and every felicity you may taſte that it is poſſible to enjoy in this lower hemiſphere. Let a wife be our choice, as we are *rationals*.

The ſtate of Orton-lodge, on my arrival.

§. 4. With theſe notions in my head, I mounted my horſe; and determined, in the firſt place, to pay a viſit to my two beauties at *Orton-lodge*, who were by this time at age, and ſee what opinions they had acquired, and if they had any command for me: But when I arrived at my romantic ſpot, I found the ladies were gone, all places ſhut up, and no ſoul there; the key of the houſe-door was left for me, and a note faſtened to it, to inform me how the affair was.

SIR,

SIR,

Not having had the favour of hearing from you for almoſt three years, and deſpairing of that honour and happineſs any more, we have left your fine ſolitude, to look after our fortunes, as we are of age; and on enquiry have found, that old *Cock*, our cruel guardian, is dead and gone. We are under infinite obligations to you, have an extreme ſenſe of your goodneſs, and hope, if you are yet in the land of the living, that we ſhall ſoon be ſo happy as to get ſome account of you, to the end we may return the weighty balance due from,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,
and ever humble ſervants,

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From the date of this letter it appeared, that they were not a month gone before my arrival; but to what place they ſaid not, and it was in vain for me to enquire. I found every thing in good order, and all the goods ſafe; the garden full of fruits and vegetables, and plenty of various eatables in the houſe, pickled, potted, and preſerved. As it was in the month of *June*, the ſolitude looked vaſtly charming

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in its vales and foreſt, its rocks and waters; and for a month I ſtrove to amuſe myſelf there, in fiſhing, ſhooting, and improving the ground; but it was ſo dull, ſo ſad a ſcene, when I miſſed the bright companions I had with me in former days; who uſed to wander with me in the vallies, up the hills, by the ſtreams, and make the whole a paradiſe all the long day, that I could not bear it longer than four weeks; and rid from thence to Dr. *Stanvil*'s ſeat to aſk him how he did, and look once more at that fine curioſity, Miſs *Dunk* that was, but at the time I am ſpeaking of, his wife. However, before I left my lodge, I made a diſcovery one day, as I was exploring the wild country, round my little houſe, that was entertaining enough, and to this day, in remembrance, ſeems to me ſo agreeable, that I imagine a relation of this matter may be grateful to my Readers. It contains the ſtory of a lady, who cannot be enough admired, can never be ſufficiently praiſed.

The Hiſtory of the beautiful LEONORA.

§. 5. AS I rambled one ſummer's morning, with my gun and my dog, over the vaſt mountains, which ſurrounded me at *Orton-lodge*, I came as the ſun was riſing to a valley about four miles from my houſe, which I had not ſeen before, as the way to it, over the *Fells*, was a dangerous road. It was green and flowery, had clumps of oaks in ſeveral ſpots, and from the hovering top of a precipice at the end of the glin, a river falls ingulphed in rifted rocks. It is a fine rural ſcene.

Here I ſat down to reſt myſelf, and was admiring the natural beauties of the place, when I ſaw three *females* turn into the vale, and walk towards the *water-fall*. One of them, who appeared to be the miſtreſs, had an extravagance of beauty in her face, and a form ſuch as I had not often ſeen. The others were pretty women, dreſt like quakers, and very clean. They came very near the water where I was, but did not ſee me, as I was behind two rocks which almoſt joined: And after they had looked a while, at the headlong river, they went back, and entring a narrow-way between

two hills diſappeared. I was greatly ſurpriſed at what I had ſeen, not imagining I had ſuch a neighbour in *Richmondſhire*, and reſolved to know who this beauty was. The wonders of her face, her figure, and her mien, were ſtriking to the laſt degree.

Ariſing then as ſoon as they were out of ſight, I walked on to the turning I ſaw them enter; and in half an hour's time came to a plain, through which ſeveral brooks wandered, and on the margin of one of them, was a grove and a manſion. It was a ſweet habitation, at the entrance of the little wood; and before the door, on banks of flowers, ſat the illuſtrious owner of this retreat, and her two maids. In ſuch a place, in ſuch a manner, ſo unexpectedly to find ſo charming a woman, ſeemed to me as pleaſing an incident as could be met with in travelling over the world.

At my coming near this lady, ſhe appeared to be aſtoniſhed, and to wonder much at ſeeing ſuch an inhabitant in that part of the world: but on pulling off my hat, and telling her I came to viſit her as her neighbour; to pay my humble reſpects to her, and beg the honour of her acquaintance; ſhe aſked me, from what vale or mountain I came, and how long I had been a re-

a reſident in that wild part of the world? This produced a compend of ſome part of my ſtory, and when I had done, ſhe deſired me to walk in. Coffee and hot rolls was ſoon brought, and we breakfaſted chearfully together. I took my leave ſoon after, having made her a preſent of ſome black cocks and a hare I had ſhot that morning; and hoped, if it was poſſible to find an eaſy way to my lodge, which I did not yet know, that I ſhould ſome time or other be honoured with her preſence at my little houſe; which was worth her ſeeing, as it was ſituated in the moſt delightful part of this romantic ſilent place, and had many curioſities near it; that in the mean time, if it was agreeable, I would wait upon her again, before I left *Richmondſhire*, which would be ſoon: For I only came to ſee how things were, and was obliged to haſten another way. This *beauty* replied, that it would give her pleaſure to ſee me, when I had a few hours to ſpare. Three times more then I went very ſoon; we became well acquainted, and after dinner one day, ſhe gave me the following relation.

My name was *Leonora Starsfield* before I married an Iriſhman, one *Burk*, whom I met at *Avignon* in *France*. He is one of the handſomeſt men of the age, though his

hopes were all his fortune; but proved a villain as great as ever diſgraced mankind. His breeding and his eloquence, added to his fine figure, induced me to fancy him an angel of a man, and imagined I had well beſtowed a hundred thouſand pounds, to make him great, and as happy as the day is long: For three months he played the *god*, and I fondly thought there was not ſuch another happy woman as myſelf in all the world. I was miſtaken. *Burk* found out by ſome means or other, that I had concealed five thouſand pounds of my fortune from his knowledge; and that I was in my heart ſo good a *proteſtant*, that it was impoſſible to bring me over to *popery*, or ever get me to be an *idolator* at the *maſs*, before the *tiny god of dough*:—that I could never be brought to look upon the *invented ſuperſtitions*, and *horrible corruptions* of the *church of Rome*, as the true religion; nor be ever perſuaded to aſſiſt at the *Latin ſervice* in that communion, as it muſt be an *abomination* to *Chriſt* and to *God*, if the *goſpel* may be depended upon as the *rule of faith*:—When *Burk* perceived theſe things, he threw off the diſguiſe, and appeared a *monſter* inſtead of a man, as he was a *bigot* of the firſt order, a furious *papiſt*, (which I did not know, when we married;) and as he was by nature as *cruel*, as he was *avari-*

avaricious by principle, he began to uſe me in the vileſt manner, and by *words* and *deeds*, did all he could to make my life a burthen to me. He was for ever abuſing me in the vileſt language; curſing me for a heretic for ever damned; and by blows compelling me to inform him where my money was. He has left me all over blood very often, and when he found I ſtill held out, and would not diſcover to him what remained of my fortune; nor, which I valued much more than my money, violate my religion, by renouncing the cuſtoms and practice of the reformed church, and joining in the *ſinful worſhip* of the *maſs*; he came to me one night with a ſmall oak ſapling, and beat me in ſuch a manner as left me almoſt dead. He then went out of the houſe, told me he would return by twelve, and make me comply, or he would break every bone in my body. This happened at a country-ſeat of mine in this ſhire; all the ſervants being obliged to lie every night in an out-houſe, that he might have the more power over me. His *exceſſive avarice* was but one cauſe of this inhuman behaviour: It was the *zeal* of this *raging bigot* for his *ever-curſed popery*, that made him act the unrelenting inquiſitor.

I aſked

A reflexion on popery.

I aſked you, Sir, before I began my ſtory, if you were a *catholic*, and as you aſſured me you were the very reverſe, I may indulge myſelf a little in expreſſing my reſentments againſt that *religion* of *Satan*, which the *Popiſh doctors* drew out of the *bottomleſs pit*. It is a *religion formed in hell* by *devils*, and from them brought by thoſe *arch-politicians*, the *maſs-prieſts*, to make the *world* their *ſlaves*, or rack the human race to death, by torments that would perhaps *melt even devils*. *O bloody and infernal ſcheme of worſhip!* Surely there is ſome choſen curſe, ſome hidden thunder in the ſtores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the men, who owe their greatneſs to their *apoſtaſy* from the religion of Chriſt Jeſus; and to the woes and pains they lay on mankind. By the *religion* of *modern Rome*, you ſee in me a wife almoſt tortured to extinction by a *holy Roman catholic huſband*: Nor am I the only married proteſtant woman, who has felt the ſtripes and bruiſes of a mercileſs popiſh companion. Thouſands to be ſure have ſuffered as well as I upon the ſame account, though none in ſo miſerable a manner. Even fathers have loſt all bowels for their children, and become the moſt violent perſecutors, when the *bleſſed religion* of *popery* has been

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in diſpute. Children, for its ſake, have deſtroyed their parents; and the world has been turned into a *field of blood*, to feed and ſupport thoſe dreadful *ſlaughterers*, the *maſs-prieſts*; and *gratify* the *blind* and *impious religious fancies* of their *well-taught religioniſts*, commonly called *catholics*. What I have ſuffered gives me a true ſenſe of *popery*. It has made me conſider its *errors* and *iniquities* with double attention. I tremble at the thoughts of its prevailing in this land. (23)

But

An Addreſs to the Proteſtant Ladies of Great Britain.

(23) What a thing, Ladies, is *Popery!* Whether we conſider it in a religious view, or regard it as a political contrivance, to gratify the avarice, and ambition of the clergy, it appears the juſt object of our contempt, as well as of our abhorrence. It does not only make its prieſts the ſlaughterers of mankind; witneſs the *inquiſition*, the *Moriſco's*, *Thorn* *, *England*, *Ireland*, *France*, the *Low Countries*, *Hungary*, and other theatres of barbarity, the moſt ſhocking and inhuman; but it cauſes even *huſbands* to become *mere devils* to wives, who are angels of women in mind and body, and can only be charged with their being *proteſtants*. So *Burk* the *papiſt* behaved to one of the fineſt and moſt excellent women I have ſeen. Nor was this lady the only unhappy one I have known made

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* The *Moriſco*'s were expelled *Spain*, *A. D.* 1492.——The *inquiſition* was erected four years after; — and the *doings* at *Thorn*, (by which the quantity of blood formerly ſpilt on the ground by *ever-curſed Popery* was increaſed) in the year 1724.

But as to my tragical relation, (continued *Leonora:*) — Being thus left by *Burk* in this ſad ſituation, bleeding, and miſerable with pains, but ſtill in dread of worſe uſage on his return; I crawled down ſtairs, to a ſmall door in a back place, which opened to a private way out of the houſe. This was known only to myſelf, as it was a paſſage my father had made, (in caſe of thieves, or any villains,) from a little unfrequented cellar, by a narrow aſcending arch, to a thicket in the corner of a ſhrub-

by

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made ſo by *popiſh* huſbands. I have ſeen a thouſand *proteſtant* wives, the moſt amiable and worthy women, as wretched as cruelty could make them, by their huſband's zeal for the *maſs-prieſts religion*; a religion fit only for hell, and that ought to make every proteſtant female tremble at the idea of a *catholic* huſband: He may be as kind and good to a Romiſh wife, as it is poſſible for man to be to a woman; but if he marries a *proteſtant*, he muſt be a *Satan* to her by virtue of his religion. Never hearken then, O ye proteſtant ladies, to a *popiſh ſuitor*; however rich or outwardly agreeable he may be. Think of the principles and ſpirit of that church, whoſe unſucceſsful attempts on our religion and liberties, have given occaſion for the ſolemnity of the 5th of *November*, and that of the 23d of *October*. *Blood* and *cruelty* are her *conſtitution:* And by thoſe principles and practices with regard to civil ſociety, as well as by her *doctrines*, ſhe *promotes infidelity*, and ſtrives to render the *word of God of none effect*. She *deſtroys* the *credibility* of the Goſpel. —— Could that religion come down from heaven,

which

by field, at a ſmall diſtance from the houſe. To a labyrinth made in this ſmall grove I made what haſte I could, and had not been long there, before I perceived through the trees my inhuman huſband; and as he came near me, heard him ſay, ſhe ſhall tell me where my money is, (for all ſhe has is mine;) and worſhip our *lady* and the *hoſt*, or I will burn her fleſh off her bones, and make her feel as many torments here, as the *heretics* are tortured with in everlaſting pain. The ſight of the monſter made me tremble to ſo violent a degree, that I was ſcarcely able to proceed to the cottage of a poor woman, my ſure friend, about two miles from the place I was hid in; but I did my beſt to creep through croſs-ways, and after many difficulties, and ſuffering much

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which claims a right not only to proſecute ſingle perſons, but to devote whole nations to deſtruction by the blackeſt treachery, and moſt inhuman maſſacres;— and which teaches ſuch *abſurdities* as *tranſubſtantiation*, *maſſes*, *purgatory*, *penances*, *indulgences*, and *attrition*: — Abſurdities that diſſipate the poor *Romans* of thoſe guilty fears, which natural conſcience might otherwiſe keep alive in men. Such things (without mentioning the *adoration* of the *croſs* and other *images*, and the increaſing multitude of *imaginary mediators*,) intirely deſtroy the *credibility* of any ſyſtem with which they are connected. God cannot be the author of a ſcheme which *weakens* and *corrupts* the law of nature. —— No popery then for you.

much by going over ditches, I got to my reſting-place. The old woman, my nurſe, ſcreeched at the ſight of me, as I was ſadly torn, and all over gore. Such a ſpectacle to be ſure has ſeldom been ſeen. But by peace and proper things, I got well again in two months, and removed to this lone houſe, which my father had built in this ſpot for his occaſional retirement. Here I have been for two years paſt, and am as happy as I deſire to be: Nay vaſtly ſo, as I am now free and delivered from a monſter, whoſe avarice and cruelty made me a ſpectacle to angels and men: Becauſe, Sir, I would not reduce myſelf to the ſtate of a beggar, to ſatisfy his inſatiable love of money: nor worſhip his *dead-woman*, and *bit of bread*; his *rabble* of *ſaints*, *images*, *relicks*, and that *ſovereign cheat*, the *Pope*; becauſe I would not give up all I had, and become an *idolater*, as far more *deſpicable* and *ſinful* than the *ancient Pagans*; as the *Romiſh ritual* and *devotions*, are more *ſtupid* and *abominable* than the *Heathen religion*; for diſobedience in theſe reſpects, *pains* and *penalties* without ceaſing were my appointment, and I was for ſome months as miſerable as the damned.

Such, Sir, was my *fatal marriage*, which I thought would be a ſtock of ſuch felici-

ties,

ties, that time only by many years could reduce to an evaneſcent ſtate, and deprive me of: As *Venus* was at the *bridal* with her whole retinue; the *ardent amorous boy*, the *ſiſter-graces* in their looſe attire; *Aglavia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphroſine*, bright, blooming, and gay; and was attended by *Youth*, that *wayward thing* without her; was conducted by *Mercury*, the *god* of *eloquence*, and by *Pitho*, the *goddeſs* of *perſuaſion*; as all ſeemed pleaſurable and inchanting, my young imagination formed golden ſcenes, and painted a happineſs quite glorious and ſecure. But how precarious and periſhing is what we mortals call felicity! *Love* and his *mother* diſappeared very ſoon, as I have related; and to them ſucceeded *impetuous paſſion*, intenſe, raging, terrible, with all the *furies* in the train. The *maſked hero* I had married, was a *Phalaris*, a *miſer*, a *papiſt*; a wretch who had no taſte for love, no conception of virtue, no ſenſe of charms; but to *gold* and *popery* would ſacrifice every thing that is *fair* and *laudable*. Le *Diable a quatre* he ſhined in as a player, and was the *Devil himſelf* in *fleſh* and *blood*. Where is the reſt of your gold, you bitch? with uplifted arm, was the thundering *cry* in my ears. You ſhall be a *catholic*, damn you, or I'll pinch off the fleſh from your bones.

Here

A remark on this lady.

Here the beautiful *Leonora* had done, and I wondered very greatly at her relation: Nor was her *action* in ſpeaking it, and the *ſpirit* with which ſhe talked, leſs ſurpriſing. With admiration I beheld her, and was not a little pleaſed, that I had found in my neighbourhood ſo extraordinary a perſon, and ſo very fine an original. This lady had ſome reaſon to abhor the word *catholic*, and might well be angry with *popery*, though ſhe carried her reſentment a little too far; but had the Reader ſeen her *attitude*, her *energies*, and the *faces* ſhe made, when ſhe mentioned the *corruptions* of *popery*, or the word *huſband*; ſure I am, it would be thought much more ſtriking than *Garrick* in *Richard*, or *Shuter* in his *exhibition* of *Old Philpot*. I was greatly delighted with her, and as ſhe was very agreeable in every thing, I generally went every ſecond day to viſit her, while I continued in *Richmondſhire*; but this was not long. I journeyed from thence to pay my reſpects to Dr. *Stanvil* and his lady, whom I have mentioned before. And what happened there, I ſhall relate in the next Section: Only ſtop a few minutes my good Reader, to peruſe the tranſlation of the *tenth Satire* of *Juvenal*; which is placed here

here by way of entertainment, as I ſaid in another place, and to make good my aſſertion, that we know not what we would be at in our fancies and our fears.

The Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

SURVEY mankind, muſter the herd
From ſmootheſt chin to deepeſt beard;
Search ev'ry climate, view each nation,
From loweſt to the higheſt ſtation;
From Eaſtern to the Weſtern *Indies*,
From frozen *Poles* to th' line that ſinges;
Scarce will you find one mortal wight,
Knows *good* from *ill*, or wrong from right*:
'Cauſe clouds of luſt and paſſion blind,
And bribe with intereſts the mind;
And while they combat in our heart,
Our fondneſs crowns the conqu'ring part.
What is the thing under the ſun,
That we with reaſon ſeek or ſhun?
Or juſtly by our judgment weigh'd,
Should make us fond of, or afraid?
Whate'er is luckily begun,
Brings ſure repentance at long-run.

* The deſign of this fine *Satire* is to ſhew, that *endowments* and *bleſſings* of the *mind*, as *wiſdom*, *virtue*, *juſtice*, and *integrity* of *life*, are the only things worth praying for.

The diſtant object looming great,
Poſſeſt, proves oft an empty cheat;
And he who wins the wiſh'd-for prize,
A trouble often dearly buys.
Some for their family importune,
And beg their ruin for a fortune.
The courteous gods granting their prayers,
Have intail'd curſes on their heirs.
Of wizards ſome inquire their doom,
Greedy to know events to come,
And by their over-caution run
On the ſame fate they ſtrove to ſhun:
Some have petition'd to be great,
And eminent in church and ſtate.
This in the war's a famous leader,
T'other at bar a cunning pleader;
The cauſe on either ſide inſure you,
By dint of noiſe ſtun judge and jury:
And if the buſineſs won't bear water,
Banter and perplex the matter.
But their obſtrep'rous eloquence
Has fail'd ev'n in their own defence:
And ſaving others by haranguing,
Have brought themſelves at laſt to hanging.
Milo preſuming on his ſtrength,
Caus'd his own deſtiny at length.
The greedy care of heaping wealth,
Damns many a ſoul and ruins health,
And in an apoplectic fit,
Sinks them downright into the pit.
How many upſtarts crept from low
Condition, vaſt poſſeſſions ſhow?
Whoſe eſtate's audit ſo immenſe
Exceeds all prodigal expence.
With which compare that ſpot of earth,
To which theſe mushroons owe their birth:

Their

Their manners to dad's cottage ſhow,
As *Greenland* whales to dolphins do.
In *Nero*'s plotting diſmal times,
Riches were judg'd ſufficient crimes.
Firſt ſwear them traitors to the ſtate,
Then for their pains ſhare their eſtate.
Fat forfeitures their toils reward:
Poor rogues may paſs without regard.
Some are hook'd in for ſenſe and wit,
And ſome condemn'd for want of it.
The over-rich *Longinus* dies,
His bright heaps dazzled envious eyes.
Neither could philoſophy,
Wiſdom, deſert, or piety,
Rich *Seneca* from his pupil ſave,
'Tis fit he ſend him to a grave,
And then reſume the wealth he gave.
The guards the palaces beſet,
For noble game they pitch their net:
While from alarms and pangs of fear,
Securely ſleeps the cottager.
If you by night ſhall happen late,
To travel with a charge of plate;
With watchful eyes and panting heart,
Surpriz'd, each object makes you ſtart:
While rack'd with doubts, oppreſt with fear,
Each buſh does an arm'd thief appear:
A ſhaken reed will terror ſtrike,
Miſtaken for a brandiſh'd pike.
Before the thief, the empty clown *
Sings unconcern'd, and travels on*.

With

* The Latin of theſe two lines is—
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

With warm petitions moſt men ply
The gods, their bags may multiply;
That riches may grow high and rank,
Outſwelling others in the bank.
But from plain wood and earthen cups,
No poiſon'd draught the peaſant ſups.
Of the gold goblet take thou care,
When ſparkling wine's ſpic'd by thy heir:
Then who can blame that brace of *wiſe men*,
That in differing moods deſpiſe men:
Th' old merry lad ſaunters the ſtreets
And laughs, and drolls at all he meets:
For paſtime rallies, flouts, and fools 'em,
Shams, banters, mimics, ridicules 'em.
The other ſage in maudling wiſe,
Their errors mourns with weeping eyes.
Dull fools with eaſe can grin and ſneer,
And buffoons flout with ſaucy jeer.
What ſource could conſtant tears ſupply,
To feed the ſluices of each eye;

Or

Which *Dryden* tranſlates thus—

The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Shadwell, Poet Laureat in King *William*'s time, does it thus—

While the poor man, void of all precious things,
In company of thieves, jogs on and ſings.

Holiday thus—

Before the thief, who travels empty, ſings.

Stapylton thus—

The poor wayfaring man, that doth not bring
A charge along, before the thief will ſing.

Or t'others merry humour make,
His ſpleen continually to ſhake?
Could he in ſober honeſt times
With ſharp conceit tax petty crimes:
And every where amongſt the rout,
Find follies for his wit to flout†;
Which proves that *Gotham* and groſs climes,
Produce prodigious wits ſometimes.
The joys and fears of the vain crowd,
And whimp'ring tears he'd jear aloud;
Wiſely ſecure, fortune deride,
By foppiſh mortals deify'd;
Bid her be hang'd, and laugh at fate,
When threatned at the higheſt rate;
Whilſt fools for vain and hurtful things,
Pour out their prayers and offerings,
Faſt'ning petitions on the knees*,
Of their regardleſs deities*.
For place and power, how many men vie,
Procuring mortal hate and envy;
Heralds long-winded titles ſound,
Which the vain owners oft confound.

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† *Juvenal* here means *Democritus*.

* The Latin of theſe two lines is —

Propter quæ fas eſt genua incerare deorum.

Which Mr. *Dryden* does not tranſlate at all:—His lines are —

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd:
'Tis plain from hence that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.

Down go their ſtatues in diſgrace;
The party hangs up in the place.
In rage they break chariot triumphant,
Becauſe a knave 'fore ſet his rump on't:
Poor horſes ſuffer for no fault,
Unleſs by bungling workmen wrought.
The founder's furnace grows red hot,
Sejanus' ſtatue goes to pot:
That head lately ador'd, and reckon'd
In all th' univerſe the ſecond,
Melted, new forms and ſhapes aſſumes,
Of piſs-pots, frying-pans, and ſpoons*.
The crowd o'erjoyed that *Cæſar*'s living,
Petition for a new thankſgiving;
How the baſe rout inſult to ſee
Sejanus dragg'd to deſtiny †.

Would you on theſe conditions, Sir,
Be favourite and prime miniſter,
As was *Sejanus?* Stand poſſeſt
Of honours, power, and intereſt;

Diſpoſe

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* Mr. *Dryden's* Engliſh is,—

Sejanus, almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great *Sejanus*, crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils: And of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen trade.

The Latin is,—

Jam ſtrident ignes, jam follibus atque caminis
Ardet adoratum populo caput, et crepat ingens
Sejanus: Deinde ex facie toto orbe ſecunda
Fiunt urceoli, pelves, ſartago, patellæ.

† *Sejanus*, the vile miniſter of *Tiberius*, was executed by order of the Emperor, *A. D.* 31. and to prevent his ſuſpecting any ſuch thing, and providing againſt

Diſpoſe ſupreme commands at will.
Promote, diſgrace, preſerve, or kill;
Have foot and horſe-guards, the command
Of armies both by ſea and land.
Had you not better aſk in prayer,
To be ſome petty country mayor;
There domineer, and when your pleaſure's
Condemn light weights, break falſe meaſures;
Though meanly clad in ſafe eſtate,
Than chuſe *Sejanus* robes and fate?
Sejanus then, we muſt conclude,
Courting his bane, miſtook the good.
Craſſus and *Pompey*'s fate of old,
The truth of this ſure maxim told:
And his who firſt bow'd *Rome*'s ſtiff neck,
And made the world obey his beck *.
The novice in his accidence,
Dares pray his wit and eloquence
May rival Roman *Cicero*'s fame,
And Greek *Demoſthenes*' high name:
Yet to both theſe their ſwelling vein
Of wit and fancy prov'd their bane.
No pleading dunce's jobbernowl
Revenge e'er doom'd to grace a pole.

---

againſt the calamity, which the *favourite* might eaſily have done, as he commanded the *Prætorians*, and had all power given him, his maſter named him his colleague in the conſulſhip; which of all things *Sejanus* moſt deſired, and thought the higheſt mark of his ſovereign's affection. So true it is that we know not what we wiſh for.

* *Julius Cæſar*, who acquired the ſovereign ſway by art and ſlaughter, and when a tyrant, fell by his own deſires.

The trophies which the vanquiſh'd field
Do to the glorious victors yield,
Triumphant conquerors can bleſs,
With more than human happineſs:
This Roman, Grecian, and barbarian,
Spurr'd to acts hazardous and daring;
In ſweat and blood ſpending their days,
For empty fame, and fading bays.
'Tis the immoderate thirſt of fame,
Much more than virtue does inflame:
Which none for worſe or better take,
But for her dower and trapping's ſake.
The fond ambition of a few,
Many vaſt empires overthrew;
While their atchievements with their duſt,
They vainly to their tombſtones truſt:
For ſepulchres like bodies lie,
Swallow'd in death's obſcurity *.

Behold how ſmall an urn contains
The mighty *Hannibal*'s remains:

That

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* The beautiful Latin is,—

——————Et laudis titulique Cupido
Hæſuri ſaxis cinerum cuſtodibus: ad quæ
Diſcutienda valent ſterilis mala robora ficus:
Quandoquidem data ſunt ipſis quoque fata ſepulchris.

Which Mr. *Dryden* renders in the following manner.

This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.

That hero, whoſe vaſt ſwelling mind
To *Afric* could not be confin'd:
Nature's impediments he paſt,
And came to *Italy* at laſt:
There, after towns and battles won,
He cries, *comrades*, there's nothing done,
Unleſs our conqu'ring powers
Break down *Rome*'s gates, level her towers,
Root up her poſts, and break her chains,
And knock out all oppoſers brains:
Whilſt our troops ſcour the city thorough,
And fix our ſtandard in *Saburra**.
But what cataſtrophe of fate,
Does on this famous leader wait:
His conduct's baffled, army's broke,
Carthage puts on the *Roman* yoke:
Whilſt flight and baniſhment's his fate,
His ruin'd country's ſcorn and hate.
Go, madman, act thy frantic part,
Climb horrid *Alps*, with pains and art;
Go, madman, to be with mighty reputation,
The ſubject of a declamation †,
One world's too mean, a trifling thing,
For the young *Macedonian* king;
He raves like one in baniſhment,
In narrow craggy iſland pent:

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* The greateſt ſtreet in *Rome*.

† The Latin is,—

——— —— I demens currepur *Alpes*.
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool.
DRYDEN.

In one poor globe does ſweat and ſqueeze,
Wedg'd in and crampt in *little-eaſe*.
But he who human race once ſcorn'd,
And ſaid high *Jove* King *Philip* horn'd,
While *manag'd oracles* declare
The ſpark great *Ammon*'s ſon and heir;
At *Babylon*, for all his huffing,
Finds ample room in narrow coffin.
Man ſwells with bombaſt of inventions,
When ſtript, death ſhews his true dimenſions.
So do we read wild *Xerxes* rent
Mount *Athos* from the continent,
And in a frolic made a ſhift,
To ſet it in the ſea adrift:
With ſhips pav'd o'er the *Helleſpont*,
And built a floating bridge upon't:
Drove chariots o'er by this device,
As coaches ran upon the ice.
He led ſo numberleſs a rout,
As at one meal drank rivers out.
This tyrant we in ſtory find,
Was us'd to whip and flog the wind;
Their jailor *Eolus* in priſon,
Ne'er forc'd them with ſo little reaſon:
Nor could blue *Neptune*'s godhead ſave him,
But he with fetters muſt enſlave him.
Yet after all theſe roaring freaks,
Routed and broke he homeward ſneaks;
And ferries o'er in fiſhing boat
Through ſhoals of carcaſſes afloat;
His hopes all vaniſh'd, bilked of all
His gaudy dreams: See pride's juſt fall.
The frequent ſubject of our prayers,
Is length of life and many years:
But what inceſſant plagues and ills,
The gulph of age with miſchief fills!

We can pronounce none happy, none,
Till the laſt ſand of life be run.
Marius's long life was th' only reaſon,
Of exile and *Minturnian* priſon.
Kind fate deſigning to befriend
Great *Pompey*, did a fever ſend,
That ſhould with favourable doom,
Prevent his miſeries to come:
But nations for his danger griev'd,
Make public prayers, and he's repriev'd:
Fate then that honour'd head did ſave,
And to inſulting *Cæſar* gave.
'Tis the fond mother's conſtant prayer,
Her children may be paſſing fair:
The boon they beg with ſighs and groans,
Inceſſantly on marrow-bones.
Yet bright *Lucretia*'s ſullen fate,
Shews fair ones are not fortunate.
Virginia's chance may well confute you,
Good luck don't always wait on beauty.
Let not your wills then once repine,
Whate'er the gods for you deſign.
They better know than human wit,
What does our exigence befit.
Their wiſe all-ſeeing eyes diſcern,
And give what beſt ſuits our concern.
We blindly harmful things implore,
Which they refuſing, love us more.
Shall men aſk nothing then? Be wiſe,
And liſten well to ſound advice.
Pray only that in body ſound,
A firm and conſtant mind be found:
A mind no fear of death can daunt,
Nor exile, priſon, pains nor want:
That juſtly reckons death to be
Kind author of our liberty:

Baniſhing

Baniſhing paſſion from our breaſt,
Reſting content with what's poſſeſt:
That ev'ry honeſt action loves,
And great *Alcides'* toil approves,
Above the luſts, feaſts, and beds of down,
Which did *Sardanapalus* drown.
This mortals to themſelves may give;
Virtue's the happy rule to live.
Chance bears no ſway where wiſdom rules,
An empty name ador'd by fools.
Folly blind Fortune did create,
A goddeſs, and to heaven tranſlate. (24)

H.

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(24) As I had not room for all the Xth *Satire*, what is ſeen here, is rather an *abridgement* than an intire verſion: But the whole *ſenſe* of the author is preſerved, though ſeveral of his examples and illuſtrations are left out.

And ſo excellent a thing, Dr. *Burnet*, biſhop of *Saliſbury* thought this *Satire*, that in his famous *Paſtoral Letter* he recommends it, (and the *Satires of Perſius*,) to the peruſal and practice of the divines in his dioceſe, as the beſt *common places* for their ſermons; and what may be taught with more profit to the audience, than all the new ſpeculations of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd, than for the edification of the flock. In the Satires, nothing is propoſed but the quiet and tranquillity of the mind. Virtue is lodged at home (as Mr. *Dryden* expreſſes it, in his fine dedication to the Earl of *Dorſet*,) and diffuſed to the improvement and good of human kind. *Paſſion*, *intereſt*, *ambition*, *myſtery*, *fury*, and every cruel conſequence, are baniſhed from the doctrine of theſe *ſtoics*, and only the *moral virtues* inculcated, for the *perfection* of *mankind*.

But

But ſo *unreaſonable* and *infatuated* are our *ſhepherds*, too many of them I mean, that a rational chriſtian cannot go to church without being ſhocked at the *abſurd* and *impious* work of their pulpits. In town and country, almoſt every Sunday, thoſe *bright theologers* are for ever on the *glories* of *trinity in unity*, and teaching their *poor people* that *God Almighty came down from heaven to take fleſh upon him*, and make *infinite ſatisfaction* to himſelf. This is the *cream* of chriſtianity, in the account of thoſe *teachers*. The *moral virtues* are nothing, compared to a man or a woman's ſwallowing the *divine myſtery* of an *incarnate God Almighty*. Over and over have I heard a thouſand of them on this *holy topic*, *ſweating* and *drivelling* at each *corner* of their mouths with eagerneſs to convert the world to *their myſteries*.—The *adorable myſtery!* ſays one *little prieſt*, in my neighbourhood in *Weſtminſter*. —The more *incomprehenſible* and *abſurd* it appears to *human reaſon*, the *greater honour* you do to *heaven* in *believing* it, ſays another *wiſe man* in the country. But tell me, ye excellent divines, tell me in print if you pleaſe, if it would not be doing more honour to the *law of heaven*, to inform the people, that the *true chriſtian profeſſion* is, to *pray to God our Father for grace, mercy, and peace, through the Lord Jeſus Chriſt*; without ever mentioning the *Athanaſian ſcheme*, or *trinity in unity*: (which you know no more of than ſo many pigs do, becauſe it is a *mere invention*, and *not to be found* in the *Bible*:) And in the next place, to tell your *flocks* in ſerious and practical addreſs, that their *main buſineſs* is, as the *diſciples* of the *holy Jeſus*, a *good life*;—to *ſtrive againſt ſin* continually, and be *virtuous* and *uſeful* to the utmoſt of our power;—to *imitate* the *purity* and *goodneſs* of their *great maſter*, (*the Author of eternal ſalvation to all them that obey him*,) and by *repentance* and *holineſs of heart*, *in a patient continuance in well-doing*, make it the labour of their every day, to *live ſoberly*, *righteouſly*, and *godly* in this preſent world: You muſt become *partakers*

takers of a divine nature, having eſcaped the corruption that is in the world through luſt, and by acquiring the *true principles* of *chriſtian perfection*, render yourſelves *fit* for the *heavenly bliſs*. This, my dearly beloved brethren, is the great deſign of *Chriſt* and his *goſpel*. You muſt receive *Jeſus Chriſt* as your *Saviour* and *Mediator*,—you muſt be *exerciſed unto godlineſs*, and have the *ways of God* in your *hearts*. By a courſe of *obedience* and *patience*, you muſt *follow* the *captain of our ſalvation* to *his glory*.

To this purpoſe, I ſay, our clergy ought to preach; and if in ſo ſaying, they think me wrong, I call upon them to tell me ſo in *print*, by *argument*; that I may either publicly acknowledge a miſtaken judgment;—or prove, that too many miniſters miſlead chriſtian people in the article of faith and practice. By the ſtrict rules of chriſtian ſimplicity and integrity, I ſhall ever act.

SECTION

SECTION XIV.

Bear me, ye friendly powers, to gentler ſcenes,
To ſhady bow'rs, and never-fading greens;
To flow'ry meads, the vales, and mazy woods,
Some ſweet ſoft ſeat, adorn'd with ſprings and floods
Where with the muſes, I may ſpend my days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays.
With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring as to reſt;
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame,
Diſſolving turns to aſhes whence it came;
And my freed ſoul departs without a groan;
In tranſport wings her flight to worlds unknown.

The Author goes to viſit Dr. Stanvil and his lady. Æt. 29, July 2, 1734.

§. 1. FROM *Orton-lodge* I went to *Baſſora*, to pay my reſpects to Dr. *Stanvil* and his charming conſort. I was received by them both with the greateſt goodneſs and civility; but as before, this lady did not ſeem to have had any former acquaintance; one might well think from the part ſhe acted, that ſhe had never ſeen me, till the accident I have related brought me to her huſband's houſe. I did not however even hint any thing to the contrary, but turning to the Doctor a little after my arrival, began to aſk him ſome queſtions.

§. 2.

A queſtion propoſed to Dr. Stanvil, how the Spaniſh Fly acts in bliſter-ſtupors.

§. 2. As he had an Eſſay on fevers in his hand, when I entered the room, I requeſted to know, how he accounted for the effects of *Cantharides*, in raiſing and ſtrengthening a low trembling pulſe, and driving the natural heat and efflatus of the blood outward,—in giving relief in delirious ravings, ſtupors, and loſs of reaſon,—in reducing continual fevers to diſtinct remiſſions,—and in cleanſing and opening the obſtructed glands and lymphatics, ſo as to bring on the critical ſweats, let looſe the ſaliva and glandular ſecretions, and bring down the thick ſoluble urine? How does *bliſtering*, ſo happily brought in by the phyſical bully of this age, Dr. *Radcliff*, ſo wonderfully cool and dilute the blood? It ſeems to me ſomewhat ſtrange.

The Doctor's opinion, how the Cantharides act on the body in bliſters.

§. 3. Dr. *Stanvil* replied: It is eaſily accounted for. The *Spaniſh fly*, that extremely hot and perfectly cauſtic inſect, is ſtocked with a ſubtile, active, and extremely pungent ſalt, which enters the blood upon the application of the bliſter, and paſſes with it through the ſeveral glandular ſtrainers and ſecretory ducts. This ſtimulating force of

the fly's ſalt, occaſions the pain felt in making the water with a bliſter, (which may be taken off by a thin emulſion made with the pulp of roaſted apples in milk and water,) and cauſes the liberal, foul and ſtinking ſweats, while the *Epiſpaſtic* is on.

This being evident, it is plain from thence, that the penetrating ſalts of the *fly*, that is, the volatile pungent parts of the *cantharides*, act in the blood by diſſolving, attenuating, and rarifying the viſcid coheſions of the lymph and ſerum; by ſtimulating the nervous coats of the veſſels, throw off their ſtagnating viſcidities, and by cleanſing the glands, and forcing out the coagulated ſerum, reſtore the circulation and freedom of lymph from the arteries to the veins; opening, ſcouring and cleanſing at the ſame time, the expurgatory glands.

The wiſdom and goodneſs of God in the production of the Spaniſh fly, for the benefit of man.

In ſhort, as common cathartics purge the guts, and cleanſe and throw off their clammy, ſtagnating, and obſtructing contents, by rarifying and diſſolving the viſcid coheſions of the fluids, and by ſtimulating the ſolids; ſo do the active ſalts of the

the *fly* penetrate the whole animal machine, become a glandular lymphatic purge, and perform the ſame thing in all the ſmall ſtraining conveying pipes, that common purgatives effect in the inteſtines: and as by this means, all the ſluices and outlets of the glandular ſecretions are opened, the *cantharides* muſt be cooling, diluting, and refrigerating in their effects to the greateſt degree, though ſo very hot, cauſtic, and pungent in themſelves. So wonderfully has the great *Creator* provided for his *creature*, *man*; in giving him not only a variety of the moſt pleaſing food; but ſo fine a medicine, (among a thouſand others) as the *Spaniſh fly*, to ſave him from the *deſtroying fever*, and reſtore him to health again. It is not by a *diſcharge* of *ſerum*, as too many doctors imagine, that a *bliſter* relieves, for five times the quantity may be brought off by bleeding, vomiting, or purging; but the benefit is intirely owing to that *heating*, *attenuating*, and *pungent ſalt* of this *fly*, (and this fly only,) which the *divine power* and *goodneſs* has made a *lymphatic purgative*, or *glandular cathartic* for the relief of man, in this fatal and tormenting malady. Vaſt is our obligation to God for all his providential bleſſings. Great are the wonders that he doth for the children of men.

§. 4. Here

§. 4. Here the *Doctor* dropt off his chair, juſt as had he pronounced the word men, and in a moment became a lifeleſs ſordid body. His death was occaſioned by the blowing up of his ſtomach, as I found upon opening his body, at the requeſt of his lady.— When the blood which is confined within the veſſels of the human body, is agitated with a due motion, it maintains life; but if there be a ſtagnation of it in an artery, it makes an *aneuriſm*; in a vein, a *varix*; under the ſkin, a *bruiſe*; in the noſe, it may excite an *hæmorrhage*; in the veſſels of the brain, an *apoplexy*; in the lungs, an *hæmoptoe*; in the cavity of the *thorax*, an *empyema*; and when it perfectly ſtagnates there, immediate *death*.

Dr. Stanvil's ſudden death, and the cauſe of it.

An animal (obſerve me Reader) muſt live ſo long as this fluid circulates through the conical pipes in his body, from the leſſer baſe in the centre, the heart, to the greater in the extreme parts; and from the capillary evaneſcent arteries, by the naſcent returning veins to the heart again; but when this fluid ceaſes to flow through the incurved canals, and the velocities are no longer in the inverſe duplicate ratio of the inflated pipes, then it dies. The animal has

has done for ever with *food* and *ſex*; the two great principles which move this world, and produce not only ſo much honeſt induſtry, but ſo many wars and fightings, ſuch cruel oppreſſions, and that variety of woes we read of in the tragical hiſtory of the world. Even one of them does wonders. *Cunnus teterrima belli cauſa.* And when united, the force is irreſiſtible.

But as I was ſaying, when this fluid ceaſes to flow, the man has done with *luſt* and *hunger*. The *pope*, the *warriour*, and the *maid*, are ſtill. The machine is at abſolute reſt, that is, in perfect *inſenſibility*: And the ſoul of it is removed to the *veſtibulum* or *porch* of the *higheſt holy place*; in a *vehicle*, (ſays *Wollaſton*, and *Burnet* of the *Charter-houſe*,) as *needful* to our *contact* with the *material ſyſtem*;—as it muſt exiſt with a *ſpiritual body* to be ſure, (ſays the Rev. Mr. *Caleb Fleming*, in his ſurvey of the ſearch after ſouls,) becauſe of its being preſent with its Saviour, beholding his glory, who is in human form and figure, which requires ſome ſimilitude in the vehicle, in order to the more eaſy and familiar ſociety and enjoyment. Or, as the learned *Maſter* of *Peter-houſe*, Dr. *Edmund Law*, and Dr. *Sherlock*, Biſhop of *London*, informs us, it remains *inſenſible* for ages, till the *conſummation*

mation of all things;—from the diſſolution of the body, is *ſtupid*, *ſenſeleſs*, and *dead aſleep* till the *reſurrection*.

Such was the caſe of my friend, Dr. *Stanvil*; he dropt down dead at once. A rarefaction in his ſtomach, by the heat and fermentation of what he had taken the night before at ſupper, deſtroyed him. That concave viſcus, or bowel, which is ſeated in the abdomen below the diaphragm, I mean the ſtomach, was inflamed, and as the deſcending trunk of the *aorta* paſſes down between it and the ſpine, that is, between the ſtomach and back part of the ribs, the inflation and diſtention of the bowel compreſſed and conſtringed the tranſverſe ſection of the artery *aorta*, in its deſcending branch, and by leſſening it, impeded the deſcent of the blood from the heart, and obliged it to aſcend in greater quantity than uſual to the head. By this means, the parts of the head were diſtended and ſtretched with blood, which brought on an apoplexy, and the operation upward being violent, the equilibrium was intirely broken, and the vital tide could flow no more. This I found on opening the body. I likewiſe obſerved that, excluſive of the compreſſure of the deſcending trunk of the artery *aorta*, the muſcular coats of the ſtomach

mach were ſtretched, inflated, and diſtended; and of conſequence, the blood-veſſels which enter into the conſtitution of thoſe muſcles, were ſtretched, dilated, and turgid with blood, and therefore the blood could not be driven forward in the courſe of its circulation with its natural and due velocity, but muſt prove an obſtacle to the deſcent of the blood from the heart, and oblige almoſt the whole tide to move upwards. This, and the conſtringing the *aorta*, at its orifice or tranſverſe ſection, between the coſtæ and the bowel called the ſtomach, is enough, I aſſure you, Reader, to knock up the head of a giant, and put a ſtop to all the operations of nature. Thus fell this gentleman in the 32d year of his age.

The character of Dr. Stanvil.

§. 5. Whether the learned Dr. *Edmund Law* (25), and the great Dr. *Sherlock*, biſhop

(25) *N. B.* Dr. *Law* is ſtill *maſter of Peter-houſe, Cambridge*, and not only one of the moſt learned men of the age, but as fine a gentleman and as good a man as lives. His merits, I am ſure, as a ſcholar and a chriſtian, intitled him to the maſterſhip of St. *John*'s, on the death of Dr. *Newcomb*; tho' he loſt it, as often the beſt men do in reſpect of things temporal. But notwithſtanding all the fine learning of Dr. *Law*, I think he is miſtaken in many of his notions, and eſpecially in

biſhop of *London* (26), be right, in aſſerting, the human ſoul *ſleeps like a bat or a ſwallow*, in ſome cavern for a period, till the laſt trumpet awakens the *hero* of *Voltaire* and *Hanault*, I mean *Lewis* XIV. to anſwer for his treachery, falſhood, and cruelty; or, whether that excellent divine Mr. *Fleming* has declared the truth, in maintaining in his late ſurvey, that the *conſcious ſcheme* was the *doctrine* of *Chriſt* and his *apoſtles*; this however is certain, that my

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in his *Notes on Archbiſhop King's book of Evil*; as I intend to ſhew in my *Notes* aforementioned: His *Tritheiſm* likewiſe requires a few animadverſions; which I ſhall humbly offer with plainneſs, fairneſs, and freedom.

(26) *N. B.* Dr. *Sherlock* biſhop of *London* died at *Fulham*, after a long and lingering illneſs, Saturday, July 18, 1761, three months after the great and excellent biſhop *Hoadley*; who departed this life at *Chelſea*, April 20, 1761. *Sherlock* and *Hoadley* never agreed; and which of them was right I attempt to ſhew in my *Notes on Men and Things and Books*. Which will be publiſhed as ſoon as poſſible. Why I think *Hoadley's Sermons* far preferable to *Sherlock's*; (vaſtly beautiful, though ſome *things* are in the diſcourſes of the latter;) and that my Lord of *Wincheſter's plain account of the Supper* is a moſt *rational* and *fine performance*; as *gold* to *earth* in reſpect of all that has been written againſt this book;—Why, I ſay, all *Hoadley's Tracts* are *matchleſs* and *invulnerable*, and that he was *victor* in the *Bangorian controverſy*, the Reader will find in many conſiderations on theſe ſubjects in the book called *Notes*, &c. aforementioned.

my friend *Stanvil* is either now preſent with his Saviour, beholding his glory, in a vehicle reſembling the body of our Lord; as the *diſſenter* juſt mentioned teaches;—or if, according to the author of the *Conſiderations on the ſtate of the world*, (Archdeacon *Law*) and *my Lord* of *London*, in his Sermons, the ſcriptures take no account of an intermediate ſtate in death, and we ſhall not awake or be made alive until the day of judgment; then will my friend have eternal life at the reſurrection; he was as worthy a man as ever lived; an *upright chriſtian deiſt*, whoſe life was one unmixed ſcene of virtue and charity. He did not believe a tittle of our prieſtly myſteries, or regard that religion which ſkulks behind the enormous columns of conſecrated opinions; but, as chriſtianity was revealed from heaven, to bring mankind to the worſhip of the one ſupreme God and governor of the world, and lead them into the paths of humanity, he rejected the *ſuperſtition* of *Monks* and their diſciples, and in regard to the voice of *reaſon*, and the *words* of the *goſpel*, adored only the *ſupreme Being*, manifeſted his *love* of *God* by *keeping* the *commandments*, and his *love* of his *neighbour*, by *doing all the good in his power*. Such a man was Dr. *John Stanvil*. If men of fortune would form their manners on ſuch a model, virtue

tue by degrees would ſpread through the inferior world, and we ſhould ſoon be free from ſuperſtition.

§. 6. Having mentioned the *ſleeping* and the *conſcious* ſchemes, I would here examine theſe opinions, and ſhew why I cannot think, a *dead inconſcious ſilence* is to be our caſe till the conſummation of the ages; as a happineſs ſo remote would weaken I believe the energy and influence of our conceptions and apprehenſions, in reſpect of faith, hope, and expectations. To curb deſire, or ſuffer ſeverely here, for the ſake of truth and virtue, and then ceaſe to be, perhaps for ten thouſand years to come, or much longer; (for there is not any thing in revelation, or an appearance out of it, that can incline a rational man to think he is near the day of judgment or general reſurrection;) this ſeems to be an obſtacle in the progreſs of the *pilgrim*: And therefore, why I rather think, we ſtep immediately from the *dark experiences* of this *firſt ſtate*, to a *bliſsful conſciouſneſs* in the regions of day, and by death are fixed in an eternal connexion with the wife, the virtuous, and the holy:——This, I ſay, I would in the next place proceed to treat of, by conſidering what the ſcriptures reveal in relation to death, and what is moſt proba-

ble in reaſon; but that it is neceſſary to proceed in my ſtory.

Mrs. Stanvil's behaviour on the death of her huſband.

§. 7. When the beautiful Mrs. *Stanvil* ſaw her huſband was really dead, and had paid that decent tribute of tears to his memory, which was due to a man, who left her in his will all his eſtates, real and perſonal, to be by her diſpoſed of as ſhe pleaſed, ſhe ſent for me to her chamber the next morning, and after a long converſation with her, told me, ſhe could now own who ſhe was, and inſtead of acting any longer by the directions of her head, let me know from her heart, that ſhe had ſtill the ſame regard for me, as when we travelled away together from her father's houſe in the Weſt, to the North of England: And if I would ſtay at *Baſſora* where I was, but for three months ſhe muſt be away, ſhe would then return, and her fortune and hand I might command. This I readily conſented to, and when the funeral was over ſhe departed. For the time agreed on, I continued in the houſe, and to a day ſhe was punctual in her return. We were married the week after, and I was even happier than I had ever been before; which muſt amount to a felicity in-

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conceivably great indeed. Six months we reſided at her ſeat, and then thought it beſt to pay a viſit to my father in *Ireland*. We arrived at *Bagatrogh Caſtle* in the weſtern extremity of that iſland, in the ſpring of the year 1735, and were moſt kindly received.

My father longed to ſee me, and was very greatly rejoiced at my coming; but I found him in a dying way, paralytic all over, and ſcarcely able to ſpeak. To my amazement, he was become as ſtrict an *unitarian* as myſelf, and talked with abhorrence of *Athanaſian* religion. This was owing, he ſaid, to my *MS. Remarks* I left with him on *Lord Nottingham's Anſwer to Mr. Whiſton's Letter to his Lordſhip*; which *MS.* of mine he had often read over when I was gone, and thereby was thoroughly convinced, on conſidering my reaſoning, that chriſtians are expreſly commanded, upon pain of God's diſpleaſure, to worſhip one ſupreme God, and him only, in the name and through the mediation of Jeſus Chriſt. Upon this religious practice as a fundamental rule he had at laſt fixed. He ſaw it was the ſafe way, and would never depart from it. He told me, the parſon of his pariſh, a right orthodox divine, who had been his chum in the univerſity, and very intimate with him,

was greatly troubled at this change in his ſentiments, and ſaid many ſevere things; but he no more minded the *Athanaſians* now, than he did the *idolatrous papiſts*. This gave me great pleaſure, and recompenſed me for what I had ſuffered on a religious account. I gave thanks to God that truth through my means had prevailed *.

THE CONCLUSION.

AND now, my candid Reader, to take my leave of you at this time, I have only to obſerve, that as this volume is full large, I cannot add my intended XVth ſection, but only ſay in a ſhort ſummary, that ſoon after my arrival at *Bagatrogh Caſtle*, my father's ſeat on *Mall-Bay*, on the coaſt of *Galway* in *Ireland*, the old gentleman died, and as, in a paſſion, he had irrevocably ſettled the greateſt part of his large eſtate on a near relation of mine, and had it not in his power to leave me more than a hundred a year, a little ready money, and

* The Reader will find theſe *Remarks* of mine, on *Lord Nottingham's Letter to Mr. Whiſton*, in my *Notes* relating to men, things, and books. Which will be publiſhed as ſoon as poſſible.

and a ſmall ſhip, which lay before his door in the Bay, he deſcended to the grave in great trouble, with many tears. Like old *Iſaac* over *Eſau*, he wept bitterly, and wiſhed in vain, that it was in his power to undo what he had done.

As ſoon as my father was buried, I returned to *England* with my wife, in the little veſſel, now my own, which lay in the Bay, and immediately after landing, and laying up my ſhip in a ſafe place, we went to *Baſſora* again, there lived for one year as happy as two mortals could be; but in the beginning of the year 1736, ſhe died of the ſmall-pox, and to divert my mind, it came into my head to go to ſea, and make ſome voyages in my own little ſhip, which was an excellent one for ſtrength and ſailing, though but a ſloop of twenty-five tons. I went captain myſelf, and had an ingenious young gentleman, one *Jackman*, for my mate, who had been in the *Eaſt-Indies* ſeveral times, ſix good hands, and two cabbin-boys. Every thing neceſſary, convenient, and fit, books, mathematical inſtruments, *&c.* we took on board, and weighed anchor the 5th of *July*, 1736.

We went on ſhore at the *Canary Iſlands*, the *Cape de Verd Iſlands*, and other places.

We paſſed the Sun in 15 degrees North latitude, and from that time ſtanding South, croſſed the *Line*; the heats intolerable, and the muſquitoes and bugs inſufferable. We ſoon loſt ſight of the *Northern* ſtar, and had the *Croſiers* and *Magellan* clouds in view. In three months time we anchored at *St. Catharine*'s on the coaſt of *Brazil*. The 2d of *December* we ſaw the *Streights la Maine*, that run betwixt *Terra del fuego* and *Staten*, and is the boundary between the *Atlantic* and *Pacific* oceans; but inſtead of venturing into them, and hazarding our lives among the impetuous blaſts and waves which ſweep round *Cape Horn*, (as Admiral *Anſon* did the 7th of *March* 1741, two months too late, by the fault of the miniſtry, in his way to the *South-Seas*,) we kept out at ſea to the Eaſt of *Staten-land*, and ran to the latitude 64, before we ſtood to the Weſtward. The weather was fine, as it was then the height of ſummer, to wit, in *December* and *January*. All the occurrences in this courſe, the diſcovery we made in the latitude above-mentioned of an *inhabited iſland*, governed by a young Queen, and what appeared and happened there, and in our run from thence to *Borneo* and *Aſia*, round the globe; and from *China* to *Europe*, on our return home; with the events we afterwards met with, and the

obſervations I made in other places, the Reader will find in a book called, *The Voyages and Travels of Dr. Lorimer.*

Nine years of my life were ſpent in travelling and ſailing about, and at laſt I returned to reſt and reflect, and in rational amuſements paſs the remainder of my time away. I retired to a little flowery retreat I had purchaſed within a few miles of *London*, that I might eaſily know what was doing in this hemiſphere, while I belong to it; and in the midſt of groves and ſtreams, fields and lawns, have lived as happily ever ſince, as a mortal can do on this *Planet*.

Dr. *Cheyne* (by the way I obſerve,) calls it a *ruined Planet*, in his wild poſthumous book; (27) (a notion he had from his maſter, *enthuſiaſtic Law*,) (28) but from what

(27) It is a queſtion with ſome, if this book was not written by the Doctor's *viſionary* daughter, or by her and the Rev. *Athanaſian bigot*, her brother. But as I knew the Doctor after he was a little crack'd with imaginary religion, and have heard him talk as in this book, I am poſitive it is his.

(28) *N. B.* The Rev. *Nonjuror*, Mr. *William Law*, the *father* of our *Methodiſts*, and the *diſciple* of *Jacob Behmen* the *theoſopher*, died at *King's Cliff* near *Nottingham*, April 13, 1761, ſeven days before biſhop *Hoadley*; againſt whom he was a bitter writer in the *Bangorian controverſy*. — I knew this *famous viſionary* very

what I have ſeen on three continents, and in traverſing the ocean round the globe, from Weſt to Eaſt, and from the Southern latitude 64, to 66 North; a *Planet* in reality ſo *divinely made* and *perfect*, that one can never ſufficiently adore and praiſe an *infinitely wiſe God* for ſuch a piece of his *handy work*:—A *world* ſo *wiſely contrived*, ſo *accurately made*, as to *demonſtrate* the *Creator's being and attributes*, and cauſe every rational mortal to acknowledge that *Jehovah* is our *God*, and *fear* and *obey* ſo *great* and *tremendous a Being*—the *power* and *glory of our God*.

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very well, and ſhall remark largely on his writings in my *Notes relating to Men and Things and Books*.

Law was the moſt amazing compound I have ever ſeen. He was a *man of ſenſe*, a *fine writer*, and a *fine gentlemen*; and yet the *wildeſt enthuſiaſt* that ever appeared among men. His temper was charming, ſweet, and delightful; and his manners quite primitive and uncommonly pious: He was all charity and goodneſs, and ſo ſoft and gentle in converſation, that I have thought myſelf in company with one of the men of the firſt church at *Jeruſalem* while with him. He had likewiſe the juſteſt notions of *chriſtian temper* and *practice*, and recommended them in ſo inſinuating a manner, that even a rake would hear him with pleaſure. I have not ſeen any like him among the ſons of men in theſe particulars. It was wrong to put him in the *Dunciad*, and call him *one Law*, as *Pope* does. He was really a very extraordinary man; and to his honour

But as I was ſaying, after my return, I bought a little ſpot and country-houſe, where I might reſt from my labours, and eaſily know what is doing in this hemiſphere:—how glorioufly our moſt gracious and excellent king endeavours to advance the felicity of his people, and promote the honour and dignity of *Great-Britain*:—how indefatigable the preſent miniſtry is in purſuing ſuch meaſures, as demonſtrate they have the intereſt of their country at heart;

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honour be it remembered, that he had the great concern of human life at heart, took a deal of pains in the pulpit, and from the preſs, (witneſs his two fine books on a devout life,) to make men fear God and keep his commandments. He was a good man indeed.

But what ſtrange books did he write! His *Appeal to the Deiſts* – His *Spirit of Prayer and Love*—His *earneſt and ſerious Anſwer to Trapp*—His *Notes and Illuſtrations on Behmen*—His *Replies to Hoadley*; and, what is ſtranger ſtill, his *abuſe* of biſhop *Hoadley*, in his *Appeal* I have mentioned.

Here, had I room, I would relate a very curious converſation that paſſed between Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, archbiſhop of *Caſhell* in *Ireland*, (a moſt excellent, moſt ſenſible, and moſt learned man,) and me, (at the third night's ſale of archbiſhop *King*'s library in *Dublin*,) in relation to Mr. *Law*. It happened on his Lordſhip's buying *Jacob Behmen's Works* for a pound, and then aſking me, who ſtood by him, if I had read them, and could enable him to underſtand them? But this I muſt place in my *Notes* aforementioned.

heart; as evince how well they ſupply the deficiencies of their predeceſſors in office: —and how zealouſly the combined wiſdom of the whole legiſlature acts for the preſervation of the Britannic conſtitution, and the liberties and properties of the people; that the ends of the late war may be anſwered, and the peace at laſt give univerſal ſatisfaction.

To hear ſuch news; and know what *France* and *Spain* are doing;—and what the renowned *Anti-Sejanus* is writing; (*Anti-Sejanus* who deſerves the curſe and hatred of the whole community *) I purchaſed a retirement near the capital; a ſpot ſurrounded with woods and ſtreams, plants and flowers; and over which a ſilence hovers, that gives a reliſh to ſtill-life, and renders it a contraſt to the buſy, buſtling, envious crowds of men.

Here I ſat down at laſt, and have done with hopes and fears for ever.

"Here grant me, heav'n, to end my peaceful days,
And paſs what's left of life in ſtudious eaſe;
Here court the muſes, whilſt the ſun on high,
Flames in the vault of heav'n, and fires the ſky;
Soon

* As an abetter of arbitrary power, and for attempting to raiſe the prerogative.

Soon as Aurora from her golden bow'rs,
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclin'd in ſilence on a moſſy bed,
Conſult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in deſcription view,
Live o'er paſt times, and build whole worlds anew;
Oft from the burſting tombs, in fancy raiſe
The ſons of Fame, who liv'd in antient days;
Oft liſten till the raptur'd ſoul takes wings,
While *Plato* reaſons, or while *Homer* ſings.
Or when the night's dark wings this globe ſurround,
And the pale moon begins her ſolemn round;
When night has drawn her curtains o'er the plain,
And ſilence reaſſumes her awful reign;
Bid my free ſoul to ſtarry orbs repair,
Thoſe radient orbs that float in ambient air,
And with a regular confuſion ſtray,
Oblique, direct, along the aerial way:
Fountains of day! ſtupendous orbs of light!
Which by their diſtance leſſen to the ſight:
And if the *glaſs* you uſe, t'improve your eyes,
Millions beyond the former millions riſe.
For no end were they made? Or, but to blaze
Through empty ſpace, and uſeleſs ſpend their rays?
Or ought we not with reaſon to reply,
Each lucid point which glows in yonder ſky,
Informs a ſyſtem in the boundleſs ſpace,
And fills with glory its appointed place:
With beams, unborrow'd, brightens other ſkies,
And worlds, to the unknown, with heat and life ſupplies.
But chiefly, O my ſoul, app'ly to loftier themes,
The opening heav'ns, and angels rob'd with flames;

Read

Read in the *ſacred leaves* how time began,
And the duſt mov'd, and quicken'd into man;
Here through the flow'ry walks of *Eden* rove,
Court the ſoft breeze, or range the ſpicy grove;
There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumb'ring prophets giv'n,
Or gaze on viſions from the throne of heav'n.
Thus lonely, thoughtful may I run the race
Of tranſient life, in no unuſeful eaſe:
Enjoy each hour, nor as it fleets away,
Think life too ſhort, and yet too long the day;
Of right obſervant, while my ſoul attends
Each duty, and makes heav'n and angels friends:
Can welcome death with *Faith*'s expecting eye,
And mind no pangs, ſince *Hope* ſtands ſmiling by;
Nor ſtudious how to make a longer ſtay,
Views heav'nly plains and realms of brighter day;
Shakes off her load, and wing'd with ardent love,
Spurns at the earth, and ſprings her flight above,
Soaring thro' air to realms where angels dwell,
Pities the ſhrieking friends, and leaves the leſſ-
ning bell."

THE END.